THE FATE OF MANSFIELD HUMPHREYS

Richard Grant White

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THE FATE OF MANSFIELD HUMPHREYS, WITH THE EPISODE OF MR. WASHINGTON ADAMS IN ENGLAND, AND AN APOLOGY

By RICHARD GRANT WHITE, AUTHOR OF "ENGLAND WITHOUT AND WITHIN," "SHAKESPEARE'S SCHOLAR," "THE NEW GOSPEL OF PEACE," "THE LIFE AND GENIUS OF SHAKESPEARE," ETC., ETC.

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TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

EVELYN HENRIETTA,

COUNTESS STANHOPE,

CHEVENING, SEVENOAKS, KENT.

Dear Lady Stanhope, —

Your name adorns the first page of this book, not only because I have the great pleasure of believing that you do it the honor of regarding it with some interest, but because there is propriety in its being thus distinguished. For although you may not find it wholly worthy of approval, I know that Chevening is conspicuous among the houses in England in which I may hope that it will be received with candor, with generosity, and with good will, and with a hearty acknowledgment besides of the warm, deep feeling toward England, reaching even to loving reverence, from which its writer could not free himself if he would, and which it has been ere this his pride and pleasure to reveal. Pray accept it as a slight tribute of respect and regard, fitly offered to one who, mistress of a house and member of a family in which distinction in literature and art, as well as in arms, accompanies high station, herself adds charm to that distinction, and to that station grace.

I am, dear Lady Stanhope,

Faithfully yours,

RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

Stuyvesant Square,
New York, 20th May, 1884.

NOTE.

I CANNOT allow this book to be published without an expression of my great regret for the manner in which Bulwer, Lord Lytton, is spoken of in its first chapter. It was not until that chapter was printed — it having been twice printed and published before — that I met with and read the autobiography and letters of Bulwer, edited by his son, the present Lord Lytton. That book has entirely changed my view of the character of its distinguished subject; and this I find is also the case with others. Beyond a doubt, in my mind, Bulwer was a gentleman, and a man of upright and noble nature. I cannot admire "Pelham," except for its cleverness; nor can I find in it more of satire than of sympathy on the writer's part with his hero. But I speak now of Bulwer the man. He was manifestly one of those writers whose style misrepresents their character. His rude speech to his "American" guest was merely an exhibition of generic ins—ularity; and is not to be laid up against the author of "The Caxtons," the Edward Bulwer who treated his austere mother with such an admirable union of delicacy, pride, and affection.

R. G. W.

ADVERTISEMENT.

A FEW chapters of this book appeared in "The Atlantic Monthly" magazine; and the first three were published in Edinburgh, with the title "Mr. Washington Adams in England." The Apology at the end of the book takes the place of a preface, if not in position, at least in the usual, and generally the better, order of reading.

But it is proper that the writer should say here that the first seven of the following chapters had been published in "The Atlantic" two months before the commencement, in "The Century," of the publication of "Lady Barberina;" no part of which he has yet had the pleasure of reading, and of the motive of which he has been told just as his own book is going to press.

24th May, 1884.

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THE FATE

OF

MANSFIELD HUMPHREYS.

I.

THE FELLOW-TRAVELERS. OLD ENGLAND AND NEW ENGLAND.

ONE bright September day I was on my way by rail from London to A—— in Marlshire, where I expected to ramble for half a week among the farmsteads and cottages, unknowing and unknown, and then to visit a gentleman of the county, whom I had not seen since he parted from me at my own door, leaving pleasant memories behind him. I was alone in the railway carriage, and was as nearly in a state of perfect happiness as a man could be who was away from home and from those who make it home, and the desire of whose life was not only unattained but unattempted. The air was soft; the

gray-blue sky was lightly clouded; the morning beamed with a mellow brightness that was like the smile of a happy woman. Sitting in the middle back seat, leaning at mine ease in mine inn, swift-moving, silent, secluded, luxurious, I looked alternately through one window and the other upon that beautiful human scenery of England which was such a never-ending, ever-varying source of delight to me that its only shadow was the regret which it now and then awakened that a certain steeple-crowned gentleman had not stayed at home and minded his business, instead of seeking that "freedom to worship God," which, having obtained, he immediately took vigorous measures to deny to others.

My reveries did not attain the dignity of thought; and I was as nearly in the state of sweet-doing-nothing as is possible to a man of English blood and "American" birth in the nineteenth century. The speed of the train was diminished by almost insensible degrees, until we stopped at one of the minor way-stations, where I saw half a dozen persons waiting: a clergyman, manifestly, not only from the cut and color of

his coat, and his hat, and his white tie in the morning, but most of all from his very clerical but cheerful countenance; a roughish, sharp-eyed commercial traveler or two; a lean, pale, spinster-looking gentlewoman, with a maid of dangerous freshness of lip and roundness of waist, carrying her bag; and a farmer, not big and burly, but rather under-sized, with a gnarled and almost knotted-visage. All these were evidently going short distances, and they disappeared into other carriages; when, just as the train was about moving, my open door was darkened by a porter who had in his hand a small portmanteau, on which I at once saw, among other labels and relics of others, two that interested me, — Boston and Roma. "Step quick, sir, please," said the porter; and the passenger was in his seat, with his portmanteau at his feet, before I recognized him. "Why, Humphreys, is it you? How came you here?" "In a fly," he answered, with a smile, partly at his old joke, partly of pleasant recognition. After a grasp of the hand, which was somewhat closer than it would have been if we had met in Broadway or in Beacon Street, we fell into the

quick inquiring and replying chat of compatriots who meet unexpectedly in a strange country.

Mansfield Humphreys, whose first name was William, but who was always called by his second, that of his mother's family, was a New England man, who spent a great part of his time in New York. His people were of well-settled respectability in the interior of Massachusetts; his father, a judge, an Episcopalian when Episcopalians were rare in the Old Commonwealth, an unflinching Federalist in the waning days of Federalism; his mother, the daughter of a Congregational minister. They were one of those numerous New England families who, having lived savingly in the past on fewer hundreds a year than many of them now have thousands, had yet been known through generations for their culture, their fine breeding, and their character. Whether all the men were brave we know not; and if all the women were not virtuous, that too was never known; but they were of that order of New England folk among whom the doing of a shabby thing was almost social death; and for generations they had

held their heads high with modest dignity; so that in the times when representatives were chosen because they were thought to be worthy of consideration and the fittest men to speak and act for their fellow-citizens, the Humphreys sat again and again in the General Court of Massachusetts. He was a Harvard man, and a lawyer by profession; but he had appeared little in the courts, and was chiefly employed as counsel for railway companies, in one or two of which he was a shareholder.

In the civil war, after standing uncertain for a while (for he was no abolitionist), he became a very pronounced Unionist; not because he went with the multitude, but chiefly, I suspect, because of his resentment of the political domineering and social arrogance of the South. He did not go into the army; for although he was very young at the time, he thought he could do more service out of the field than in it. "I 've no military instincts," he said; "if I were to put on a uniform, I should only feel as if I was going to a *bal costumé* in a character that did n't suit me. I hardly know one end of a gun from the other; I never

in my life fired even a revolver; and in battle I should count only as one man, either to shoot or to be shot at; but of such perhaps if I stayed at home I might count for quite half a dozen." Wherefore he stayed; and he did count for many half-dozens by his energy and skill in affairs, and his indomitable spirit in the darkest days of the Union. He was very versatile; and one unexpected manifestation of a special talent brought us into close communion. In a series of amateur dramatic performances, got up for the purpose of combining social entertainment with the raising of funds for the equipment of a regiment, I had acted as a sort of stage manager, and he had been general business manager and treasurer; but on the defection of one of the principal amateur artists, and the despair of the company at finding a *remplaçant*, he, to the surprise of all, declared that he would take the vacant *rôle* himself. To the still greater surprise of all, this sober lawyer and then nascent railway manager displayed a marked histrionic ability. Although he was a fine-looking fellow, he had a face and a figure that were

not impressively individual, and when he appeared upon the stage he was dressed and made up with such skill that, if his name had not been known, his nearest friends would not have recognized him. He played with an entire unconsciousness of self, and with such a dry, pungent humor that his speeches told like rifle-bullets on his audience. His success did not turn his head. After the war was over, he could not be induced to repeat his theatrical performances. He subsided again into his business, and grew moderately rich; and in the mature man who looked after stocks and legislatures no one, except a few who remembered the young fellow of fifteen years before, would have supposed there was an amateur actor of the first quality.

This was the man who dropped by my side, out of the clouds into a railway carriage. As we chatted, the train stopped again, and there entered our compartment a tall, fine-looking man, with dark eyes and hair, aquiline features, and military-looking moustache and whiskers in which a little gray was gleaming. He looked strong and alert, notwithstanding a pale face and a

rather slender figure. Taking off his hat, after bidding us good-morning, he put it into the rack above his head, and substituted for it a little black silk smoking-cap. Then he took up a railway novel and began to read.

Soon turning to Humphreys, who was on the opposite seat, he said, "I beg your pahdon, but would you kindly tell me if this is a fast train? I forgot to inquire."

"With pleasure," said Humphreys; "but I don't know, myself. I 'm quite a stranger here, — an American."

If instead of this answer in Humphreys' sweet, rich voice, he had received a snub, he could hardly have shown more astonishment in the change of the expression of his face. His eye rested a moment on Humphreys, and with "Ah, thanks," he slowly went back to his book. After reading awhile, with an uneasy hitch or two of his elbows, he suddenly turned to Humphreys again, saying, "I beg your pahdon, but you said you were an American. You were n't jokin'?"

"Not at all;" and after a glance at me, with an affirmative glance in reply, "my

friend here and I are both Americans, — Yankees. I 've been here before, but I believe this is his first visit to England."

"Indeed! That 's very surprisin'. Will you pahdon a stranger for saying so, but (I 've never been in America) you 're not at all the sort of person that we take Americans to be, and generally find 'em, if you 'll excuse me for sayin' so. Indeed, I know I 'm takin' a liberty; but I was so much surprised that — that — I 'm sure — I hope you 'll pahdon me."

It is impossible to exaggerate the manly courtesy and deference of his manner as he spoke, looking frankly and modestly from his hazel eyes; and the little hesitation in his speech rather lent it grace and charm.

"Pray don't apologize," said Humphreys, "but let me ask in turn, What sort of creature do you expect an American to be, — black, with woolly hair, or copper-colored, with a scalp-lock and a tomahawk in hand?"

He laughed gently, and replied, "Not exactly that; at least except in some cases. But the few Americans that I 've seen could be told for American across a theatre; their faces, their figures, their carriage, the cut of

their clothes, all told it; and if one were blind they could be known by their voices, and, if you 'll pahdon me, by the very queer language they used, which was English merely because it was n't anything else. I know I 've no right to presume on these criticisms to you ; but you seemed to invite it, after kindly passin' over my first intrusion."

"Pray be at ease on that score. We 're very glad, I 'm sure, of a little enlightenment in regard to those very queer people, 'the Americans,' who you seem to think are all as like as Rosalind's halfpence. But now pardon me for saying, in my turn, that if you were to come to Boston, you would be taken by most of my friends, at least in your evening dress, for a Yankee, except by those whose quick ears detected some slight John Bullish inflections in your voice, or whose quick eyes discovered some kindred and equally slight peculiarities of manner."

"I taken for a Yankee!" and he looked blank, and even slightly aghast.

It was the nearest approach to unpleasantness that our fellow-traveler had yet

been guilty of; but it was so honest and simple, so plainly without thought of offense, and so earnest, that Humphreys and I enjoyed it and laughed; at which he blushed like a girl, and then laughed himself, with gleaming teeth and mobile lips.

"Why," said Humphreys, "are you not English?"

"What a question! To be sure I am."

"English for many generations?"

"For more than I know. My people were here when William the Conqueror came over."

"So were mine; so were my friend's; so were those of most of our friends at home. Did you ever think of that?"

"Ah — yes. Just so; quite so, quite so. That 's an old story. But has n't there been some admixture — ah, some interminglin', or — ah, somethin'? Else how could we tell an American the moment we look at him, — the very moment don't you see? You find 'em in Paris, and all over the Continent, and you can tell 'em as you pass 'em in the street."

"Hardly, it would seem; for here 's a case this morning, perhaps two," with a glance

at me, who kept silence, "in which it seems the sure tests failed."

"Ah, yes, — 'm; just so; quite so, quite so. You 're right there. Bless my soul! I never was so astonished in my life as when you coolly told me you were an American."

"Coolly?"

"I beg your pahdon;" and again he blushed. "I meant no offense."

"Not more than I did, I 'm sure, when I said that you might be taken for a Yankee."

I saw by his eye that he winced again, internally; but he said nothing.

"Of course," said Humphreys, in an easy, off-hand manner, "we can always tell an Englishman by his face and his figure, and his dress and his speech."

"Ah, just so; I should think so," with a little involuntary drawing of himself up.

"Oh, yes; we all know an Englishman by his being red-faced and bull-necked and clumsy, with coat and trousers of a furious check, and a waistcoat of a different suit, and a lot of chains and rings, and his saying Hengland for England, and calling a hen a N. We can't mistake them." And as Humphreys told this off, there was a

good-natured smile upon his lip, and a twinkle in his eye that made it impossible for our carriage companion to take offense at what he himself had provoked. But he rejoined quickly and rather sharply, dropping his voice —

"I beg your pahdon, I beg your pahdon; you said that you 'd been here before. Did you ever happen to be in the company of an English gentleman?"

"This morning, at least, I hope and believe," said Humphreys, bowing, and looking him very steadily in the eye.

There was a slight pause, and then the Englishman said, "I ask your pahdon, I ask your pahdon; I see I was wrong. But it 's all so very odd, so very strange. The truth is that — you see that, as I told you, I 've never been in America, and the few Americans I 've seen I 've met by chance, and did n't know who or what they were, — and that, by the way, is n't an easy thing to find out about Americans; and so — well, I suppose," with a pleasant smile and a very sweet and simple courtesy, — "I suppose I have n't happened to fall in with an American gentleman until this mornin."

"A Roland for my Oliver," said Humphreys, with a frank smile; "but let us leave compliments and fencing, and talk a little plain common-sense. What do you mean by an American?"

"Oh, a man born in America, to be sure, — a man from the States."

"That's a definition that would quickly land you on very queer and heterogeneous shores. For it would include some millions of negroes, some tens of thousands of Indians, to say nothing of a greater number of sons of Irishmen and Germans, whose brothers and sisters, as well as whose parents, were born in Ireland or in Germany. Now all these people are almost as completely separated from each other, and from us Yankees, and from Virginians and South Carolinians, as if they or their parents had remained at home. The time will come when they — the whites among them at least — will all be blended into one people; but many generations must pass away before that is brought about. Meantime, they are all citizens of the United States, just as all your Irishmen and Scotchmen and East Indiamen are British subjects. But al-

though they are thus politically united, and, being scattered over a half-continent that has no distinctive name, are called Americans for convenience' sake, because there is no other way of designating them, they are in no sense one people, like the English people, or the Irish, or the Scotch, or the French, or even like the Germans and the Italians, who have been distinctive races or peoples from prehistoric times, but only recently have become politically nations."

"Ah, I see; just so, just so. But what has that to do with my takin' you and your friend, as a matter of course, for Englishmen, and my being taken for — for — a Yankee?"

"Well, this: Are you not apt to forget that New England was settled by Englishmen who went over there in large numbers (nearly forty thousand in less than twenty years) two centuries and a half ago, — Englishmen who were, so to speak, the most English of their kind; typical representatives of the Anglo-Saxon race as it had been developed in England during one thousand years; the men who beheaded Charles I. because he was a faithless tyrant, and who

made the Commonwealth: — who, as John Richard Green has told you, were in great part men of the professional and middle classes; some of them men of landed estate; some clergymen, some London lawyers, or young Oxford scholars; the bulk God-fearing farmers? Don't you forget that these men and their descendants, through a century and a half (with no important admixture), settled and built up the country, and framed a society and a system of government which, omitting only the elements of monarchy and aristocracy, was thoroughly English in its spirit, in its laws, and in its habits and customs — which indeed could not have been other than thoroughly English because *they* were English; and that American society, as they thus made it, was subjected to no considerable external influences until about fifty years ago? It is within that time, within the memory of men yet living and acting, that the emigration from other countries than England began. Fifty years ago the people of New England and Virginia (excluding the slaves) were probably the most thoroughly English people in the world."

The Englishman raised his eyebrows, and looked inquiringly.

"Because," Humphreys continued, in reply to the look, "there was less admixture of any foreign element among them than there was in England itself. You might then travel through New England in its length and breadth, and not encounter, in your journey, half a dozen names that were not English. Do you suppose that the blood, the nature, of these men was changed because, in contending for their rights as Englishmen, they had severed their political connection with the mother country? Did the absence of monarchy affect their race, or change their race traits? Were Cromwell's Ironsides any less Englishmen than Goring's troopers? Were Englishmen any less English under the Commonwealth than they had been before under Charles I., or than they became afterwards under Charles II.?"

"I suppose not. I never thought of that. But they were in England."

"And you infer that that made them Englishmen? I thought, on the contrary, that Britain became England because Eng-

lishmen lived there, possessed the country, and ruled it."

"Very true. Just so; quite so, quite so."

"Well, if a large body of Englishmen went to another country, and possessed it and ruled it, would they therefore cease to be Englishmen?"

"N-n-no; I can't see exactly how they would. But they might change, you know, in time, and by intermixture with other people, — natives of the new country, the aborigines, you know; and that would modify their language and their customs, and so gradually make them a different people."

"So it might, in a long period of time. But what are two centuries in the life of a race, and above all a race so scrupulously averse to social intermixture as the English race is when it colonizes? Aborigines! Why, the Englishmen that came from Jutland into Britain did n't sweep it so clean of the British tribes, as the Englishmen who came from Old England to America swept their part of the country clean of Americans. Yes" (in answer to a look of

surprise at the word), "Americans; for you 've only to turn back less than a hundred years in English literature to find the word 'American' applied (and rightly) only to the tribes for whose miserable remnants you have now to go to the Rocky Mountains, two thousand miles from Boston, — further than from London to St. Petersburg. And then these Englishmen clung with singular tenacity to every element of their English birthright, its laws, its language; and chiefly to its English Bible, which has been thus far the most indestructible of all the bonds of union between scattered men of English race, even the most godless of them. But we 're getting into deep water for a railway chat, and I 'm almost lecturing you."

"No, no; do go on. I suppose I knew all this before; but I never saw it before quite in this light."

"Well, however it all may be that I 've just been telling you, at the risk of being trite and commonplace, is it not reasonable in judging a country in which a new government and a new society have been established, to judge it by those who have

been longest under the influences of the country, physical, political, and social? Must not they be the best examples of what that new country, as you call it, and that new government and society have produced?"

"Ah! 'm! seems so; can't say but they are."

"How could it be otherwise? Now the most thoroughly English-seeming men that you will find in America are New England men and Virginians whose families have been in New England and Virginia for two hundred years. I remember a man on shipboard whom not one of those whom you call Britishers" —

"We?"

"Surely you, or nobody. It is a word never heard in the United States; absolutely unknown except as a quizzical quotation of what you must pardon me for calling British blundering."

"Well, well!" said our railway friend, a little testily. "There would seem to be no end to our blunderin'. You mean, I suppose, your English shipmates."

"Some were English, yes; but some were

Scotch, some Irish, and there was a handsome Welshman, with a sweet English wife. But they were all British subjects, as they might all have been citizens of the United States, — might they not?"

"I 'm afraid you 're an American Socrates, and are gettin' me into a corner with your questions; but I suppose that I must admit that they might."

"And in that case would they have ceased to be English, Irish, Scotch, and Welsh?"

"To be sure they would."

"How is that? Would the government under which they chose to live change their identity, their race, and make them other than they were born?"

"N-n-no. At least, I can't say just now how it would. But are n't you puttin' rather too fine a point on it, as we say in England?"

"And as we say in New England: — I think not. But be that as it may, this motley crowd of four races undertook to label some dozen or twenty of their fellow-passengers as foreigners, because they were born in America, — men of as unmitigated English blood as could be found between

the Humber and the Channel. But this one man whom I mentioned they positively refused to accept as an American, even upon the assurance of his countrymen; insisting upon it, in a hooting sort of way, that he was English. And so he was, — as English as King Alfred; but, as I happened to know, he was from the interior of New England, where his father's family and his mother's had lived for more than two hundred years."

"A singular exception, I suppose. There must always be such exceptions, you know."

"Pardon me, rather as *you* know; just such exceptions as you found my friend here and myself." And as Humphreys smiled, his good-natured colloquist smiled too, and said —

"You have me there. But you see, I 'm no fair match for you. You have thought on this subject, and I have n't."

"And therefore you have undertaken to decide it: for yourself, at least."

"Come, come! This is getting to be a little too much. I did n't expect that when I asked a simple question I should be sat upon in this awful way;" saying this in

the pleasantest tone and with perfect good-nature, and yet evidently feeling a little nettled at Humphreys' close pursuit.

"Is n't the truth of the matter that you — I mean you in the Old Home here — have done the sitting down yourselves for so long that you don't quite like any change in the fashion?"

There was a silence of a few moments, broken only by the half-musical hum with which a fast English railway train pursues its swift but gentle course; and I, looking out of the window, as we passed, upon a viaduct, over a pretty road, saw a great van toiling along just under us, and a humble foot-passenger resting himself on a bench under an old oak opposite a little inn, at the door of which stood a stout, red-faced woman, probably the wife of the publican. I had hardly had this characteristic glimpse of rural England, and we were whisking again through sprout-fields and meadows, when our companion resumed the conversation, saying, "Perhaps, perhaps. The truth is that likely enough we have been a little hard upon you, from Mrs. Trollope down."

"Ay," answered Humphreys; "you all begin with Mrs. Trollope's damnable book. And yet Mrs. Trollope was right."

"Right! And *you* say that!"

"I. So far as I have the means of knowing, Mrs. Trollope was quite correct in all her descriptions."

"Quite so," I said, putting in my little oar for the first time, as the Englishman turned to me with an astonished and inquiring eye.

"And yet you called her book damnable."

"And so it was," said Humphreys; "professing as it did to give a picture of the domestic manners of the Americans, and taken, as it was, to be a correct representation of society in the United States. It was written in a pleasing and picturesque style, — for Mrs. Trollope's style was better than her son Anthony's; and that book has leavened, or rather soured and doughed, British opinion and tinged British feeling in regard to the Americans to this day."

"Correct, and yet damnable; pleasin' and picturesque, and yet sourin' and doughin'! Matters, I must say, are becomin'

rather complicated; 'mixed' I believe it 's called in America."

"Do you know," said Humphreys sharply, "anything of the geography of the United States, and did you ever hear of Botany Bay?"

"Oh yes," replied our companion blandly, brightening; "I 'm pretty well up there. I know, of course, that the States lie south of Canada, and north of the island of Nassau; and I know all about your big rivers and lakes, and your immense prairies, and the Rocky Mountains, and California, and all that sort of thing. But what has that to do with Botany Bay?"

"Do you know how far New Orleans and Cincinnati are from Boston and Philadelphia?"

"New Orleans? That 's where the British troops lost a battle. Washington defeated us there, did n't he? You see I 'm determined to be fair. Quite at the south, is n't it? And Cincinnatus, — one of your western towns is n't it, near Chicago? I suppose they must both be pretty well away from Boston; some two or three hundred miles or so."

"And do you know when Mrs. Trollope wrote her book?"

"I can answer that question of my American catechism too," he replied. "I know it 's not a new book, — twenty or thirty years old; and since that time, I know," he continued, with a courtesy which I thought rather severely tried by Humphreys' sharp fire of questions, "the Americans have made great advances, — very great advances, indeed," bowing to both of us.

"My stars and garters! nothing of the sort," rejoined Humphreys, like a steel-trap. "If you mean that we 've grown richer, and bigger, and stronger, very well; that 's true enough. But if you mean that we 've made great advances in morality, in social refinement, and particularly in domestic manners, to use Mrs. Trollope's very good phrase, permit me to assure you you 're quite wrong. This was before my memory: I 'm not praising the doings of the days when I was a boy. I spare you the quotation"—

"*Sese puero*," murmured our friend.

— "but if you will look into the books

of some British travelers who preceded Mrs. Trollope a generation or so, you will find that they present a picture of morals and manners in the United States much more admirable than could be composed from the columns of our own newspapers at the present day."

"You have been deterioratin' then, you mean to say?"

"Looking at the surface of our society without discrimination, it must be admitted that the deterioration has been great in those respects."

"I 'm sorry to hear it; and to tell you the truth, I think somethin' of the same sort has been goin' on in England. To what do you attribute it?"

"Several causes; but chiefly, our great and sudden increase in wealth, the war, and — largely, European influence."

"Whew!" — a very soft whistle of surprise.

"Not such European influence as would be likely to be under your personal cognizance, or to occur to you in your estimate of social forces. But let me go on as I began. The deterioration in morals is so

certain and so well known that no one thinks of disputing it. To look through a file of one of our leading newspapers for the last fifteen years is to be led to the conclusion that personal honesty has become the rarest of virtues in the United States, except public probity, which seems no longer to exist. The very ruins of it have disappeared. Our state legislatures, instead of being composed of men to whom their constituents looked up, are now composed of men upon whom their constituents look down, — not second-rate, nor even third-rate, but fourth and fifth rate men, sordid in morals and vulgar in manners, who do politics as a business, for the mere purpose of filling their own pockets. No one thinks of disputing this more than the presence of the blood-sucking insects of summer. Congress itself is openly declared by our own journals to be, because it is known to be, the most corrupt body in civilized Christendom. Within the last fifteen years we have seen men occupying the highest, the two very highest, positions, in the government of the United States, who were not only purchasable, but who had been

purchased, and at a very small price. I know what I say, and mean it" (in answer to a look of surprise). "The Cabinets, during the same period, have been so rotten with corruption that the presence in them of two or three men of integrity could not save them. Worse even than this, judges are openly called Mr. This-one's judge, or Mr. That-one's; their owner being generally the controlling stockholder and manager of some great corporation, which coins wealth for him and his satellites by schemes of gigantic extortion. I know something of this by personal observation. There was a time when the bench of the United States was not inferior in probity, and hardly in learning or ability, to that of Great Britain. As to manners, did you see that social sketch in Punch ticketed 'In Mid-Atlantic,' in which a bishop or a dean, who has plainly been engaged in an upper-deck fair-day chat with an American mother, turns to her son, a lad in knickerbockers, and looking with benign reproof upon him, says, 'My young friend, when I was of your age it was not thought decorous for young people to mingle in the conversations of their

elders, unless they were requested to do so.' And young Hopeful replies, 'That must have been eighty years ago, and we 've changed all that now.' The cut is hardly an exaggeration; but here are my friend and myself, who are not more than half the age attributed to your bishop, and who can tell you that in our boyhood that point of breeding was not only taught and insisted on, but punctiliously observed among all respectable New England folk. And who, at that time, among such people, even not in our boyhood, would have ventured to come up to two persons engaged in conversation, and break directly in upon them with another topic, at his pleasure, or for his interest, as now is done constantly? Deterioration of manners indeed!"

"But these are comparatively triflin' matters, mere surface marks, — not peculiar to America, you may be sure. Boys are saucier in England than they used to be; and here rude men thrust themselves upon you now with a freedom that certainly shows the world is movin'; but as to which way, they and you might have a different opinion."

"Surface marks! So are the bubbles on a stream; but they float with its current, and the foul air that fills them comes from the bottom. Let me tell you, *ex cathedrâ*, what I know, merely as every observing man who has the means of knowing knows: that the manners and the manner, as well as the morals, of America — let us say of Boston and Philadelphia, for example, and the surrounding country — were of a much finer type in the days of our fathers than they are in ours. Behavior is common now in splendid drawing-rooms, filled with every attainable object of luxury and of taste, which then would not have been tolerated in modest parlors of people who lived frugally and worked hard for their moderate incomes. Among them, young people did not lounge and loll about and talk slang in the presence of their elders and of ladies."

"Come, come! Aren't you playin' the middle-aged cynic? That's not at all peculiar to America. The very same change has been remarked upon here."

"And therefore," remarked Humphreys, with a little smile, "Americans have been

becoming *un*like Englishmen? Strange, that among people so unlike, the social changes should have been the same within the same period of time!"

"H'm! Democratic tendencies; influence of democracy in both countries; lack of deference for authority in both countries."

"Perhaps. But among the changes in manners in England have n't you observed the incoming of a certain mildness and gentleness of tone, a considerate charity for weakness and misfortune, and for the feelings of inferiors? Are personal defects and failings, and the ridicule that Juvenal tells us is inherent in poverty, now openly made the butts of the more fortunate so much as they used to be, say, even when Miss Austen wrote her novels?"

"No, they 're not. In that respect I must admit there has been a marked improvement. I suppose the same has taken place with you."

"No."

"No?"

"Not at all: simply because it was not needed. I don't know how it was at the South; but among New England people

of decent breeding in colonial days, and in the early years of the republic, any reflection upon personal defects or misfortune, any assumption of superiority because of mere money prosperity, was regarded as the most offensive form of ill-manners; so much so, that among such people it may be said to have been almost unknown. And this social trait may be taken as typical of the tone and the manners of New England society at the time we are speaking of."

"Very admirable, if — pahdon me — you 're sure you 're correct; and quite destructive to a suggestion I was about to make, — that the Americans, whose manners and mental tone and habits you seem to think should be taken as characteristic, are not real Americans, products of your soil, but Europeanized Americans."

"Now," said Humphreys, smartly, "if you use that phrase and take that position, I shall — to adopt an expression of the elegant Miss Harriet Byron's — 'rear up.' The Americans of whom I am speaking are, true enough, not products of the soil; — in the name of Christopher Columbus how could they be? — but they were those who

had been free from European influence, not only from their birth, but for generations, — people who had never been in Europe, and whose forefathers had never been there from the time when they first went to America, two hundred and fifty years ago. *They* were the people who, Lord Lovelace said, in Queen Anne's time, had, with their colonial and republican simplicity of life, the manners of courtiers, and wondered (ignorant as he was) where they could have got their breeding. He reminds me of another more distinguished peer, or man who became a peer, — Bulwer, Lord Lytton. Once, at his own table, when there was a discussion as to some matter of taste as to which an American, there present, ventured to express an opinion adverse to that prevalent in England, and to refer to the standard in his own country, Bulwer said, turning pointedly to him, 'We 're not accustomed to look to America for opinions on matters of good taste,' — a speech which would have been regarded as very rude in America, even in the rural districts of New England ; above all, to a guest at one's own table."

"Rather rough, I must confess. But you must n't judge all English gentlemen by that; for, with all his fine talk, I 'm inclined to think that Bulwer was somethin' of a sham."

"I 'm not surprised to hear you say so; and I don't judge all English gentlemen by such a speech, — only some of them; but unfortunately they are they whose voices are most frequently heard by Americans."

"Ah, yes; just so, just so; just as the American voices that we most frequently hear are pitched in a tone not quite so agreeable as — those I 've heard this mornin'. Pahdon me for being a little personal."

"With all my heart, so far as your intention goes; but as to the fact, I don't know that your apology much helps the matter. For, excuse me for saying that your very apology shows either that you speak in ignorance, or that you pick out what is antipathetic to you, and label that, and that only, as American. Your countrymen, even the intelligent and kindly intentioned, are so stung with a craze after something peculiarly American from America that they refuse to accept anything as American that

is not extravagant and grotesque. Even in literature they accept as American only that which is as strange and really as foreign to the taste and habits of the most thoroughbred Americans as it is to them."

"Bret Harte?"

"Verily: I should say so. The personages in Bret Harte's brilliant sketches are just as strange, and in the same way strange, to decent people in Boston and Philadelphia as they are to people in London and in Oxford; and they interest the one exactly as they do the other, and for the same reasons; and they have no peculiarly American character."

"That's an astonishin' criticism."

"None but that given them by their scenes being laid in a part of America three thousand five hundred miles from Boston, farther in distance than from New York to London, and thrice as far in time. Any writer of Bret Harte's talent, whose mother tongue was English, would — must — have made them just as American as he did. And besides, the men he wrote about were no more American than British. Half the early Californian mining population were

of British birth, — English or Scotch, with a few Irish."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Sure; if you don't pin me down to tens in a row of figures. Don't you remember in the letter of the Fifth Avenue belle to her California lover, —

> 'And how I once went down the middle
> With the man that shot Sandy McGee'?

And don't you remember that she herself was "ould" Follinsbee's daughter? Mr. McGee and Mr. Follinsbee were typical men, in whom your interest was as great as ours, and for whom your responsibility was much greater. But to turn back to Bulwer, and his pretty speech: he deserved, I hope you'll think, to have the truth told him, — that among Americans of the best breeding his earlier novels were condemned, although they were read."

"Ah, yes; for their immorality, I suppose. I've always heard that in such matters you were of a most exemplary particularity; although you seem, in those also" (with a sly smile) "to have made some progress."

"Less on that account than for their bad

taste and their low social tone. Men of my age can remember hearing Bulwer spoken of in our boyhood, by our elders, as essentially vulgar, a snob, — a gilded snob, but none the less a snob. Is not that true?" turning to me.

"Yes," I answered; "but he improved in that respect astonishingly. There are few more remarkable phenomena in literature than Bulwer's moral growth. You would hardly believe that the same soul and the same breeding were in the man who wrote 'Pelham' and 'The Caxtons.'"

"But after all," urged Humphreys, "was n't this the result rather of an intellectual perception of moral beauty than of a regenerate condition? Had he in him, the man who wrote 'Pelham,' the capacity of ever becoming, at heart, a gentleman?"

"I 'm afraid you 're right," said our friend; "but have n't we taken rather a flyer? What has all this to do with Mrs. Trollope, and New Orleans, and Cincinnatus, and Botany Bay?"

"This," answered Humphreys, with a mild conclusive fall of his voice; "the people who thus condemned Bulwer, just as you

condemn him, on the score of taste and true good breeding, were the very Americans whose domestic manners Mrs. Trollope's book misrepresented."

"Beg pahdon, I thought you said her book was true."

"So it was. It did not caricature, — or very little. What it did was to present to the ignorant and prejudiced people of England a carefully made, but lively and graphic, series of sketches of society, which were about as fair representations of the domestic manners of such Americans I and my friend here ever met under a roof, as a series of like sketches of the society of Botany Bay at that time would have been of any English people that you are likely to know anything about."

"I don't quite understand. Pray explain."

"Mrs. Trollope published her book not twenty or thirty years ago, but fifty. She entered the America which she professed to describe, not at Boston, New York, or Philadelphia, but at New Orleans; and going up the Mississippi a thousand miles, — yes" (in answer to a look of astonished

inquiry), "one thousand miles, and more, — she established herself as the keeper of a sort of big milliner's shop, or bazaar, at Cincinnati. Now Cincinnati is not two or three hundred miles from Boston or Philadelphia, but almost a thousand; and it 's not near Chicago, but three hundred miles from it; and when she was there Chicago did n't exist. Cincinnati was then not only its thousand miles from Boston and Philadelphia, but as socially remote from any of the centres of civilization in which the domestic manners of the Americans could be properly studied as Botany Bay was from London and Oxford."

Doubt, astonishment, and interest were strongly expressed in the face of our fellow-traveler; and he said in a low apologetic tone, "But Botany Bay was a penal colony."

"Of course," said Humphreys, "I don't mean to compare the two places in that respect. They had no such likeness, even at that time. I specified Botany Bay only for the sake of using a name that would bring to your mind vividly a very remote colony of Englishmen cut off from inter-

course with established English society, surrounded by a wild country, and composed chiefly of people whom circumstances had made pioneers on the remotest confines of civilization. You in England have to reach your colonies of that sort by sea; we—so vast is the territory of the United States—reach ours by land. The country around Cincinnati then, within a few miles, was covered by the primeval forest, through which people who must travel passed upon tracks rather than roads, on horseback or in vehicles of the rudest and most primitive construction. It was then the far West, and not only physically distant, but a great deal farther removed from the long-established and slowly-developed social centres of America than any place in the world is now from any other place, except the interior of Russia, Siberia, and Southern Africa. My father had to go to Ohio, at that time or later, on some professional business connected with a land claim. He used to tell the story of it years afterward; and, child as I was, I shall never forget his description of his experiences: how he was two weeks in getting there, creeping across the

State of New York in a canal boat, traveling through Ohio on horseback, with saddlebags, his papers in one and his few toilet articles in another, and his scanty wardrobe in a leathern valise strapped behind his saddle — I have it yet: — his description of the queer, uncouth people that he met, the privations he endured: how one day, when he had ridden from morning almost till night without coming upon anything like an inn, he stopped at a house that seemed to consist of two or three rooms, and asked for something to eat; and how the mistress of the establishment, who was the only person visible, set before him a coarse earthen dish, in which were some slices of cold boiled pork surrounded by dirty congealed fat, some half-sodden cakes of Indian corn, and a jug of whiskey; and how the repulsiveness of the viands and of all the surroundings, including the slatternly woman, so affected him that, fatigued and famished as he was, he could not eat. For it 's *à propos* of our subject for me to say, after some acquaintance with society in England and on the Continent, that he was one of the daintiest and most

fastidious of men, although his father had reared his family with difficulty upon a slender income. I remember that in his story this woman spoke of her husband as the Judge, or rather the Jedge."

"Judge!"

"Yes, he was a justice of the peace."

"A justice of the peace! Pahdon my repeatin' your words."

"You are surprised: naturally. Your justices of the peace are county gentlemen and clergymen. With us a justice of the peace is the very lowest in consideration of all official dignities, simply because it is the least profitable."

"This is very strange, — a justice of the peace holdin' his office for profit!"

"Yes; that is one of the differences between the two countries. And you may set this down as an axiom of general application: that everything in America is done, every position is sought, with a single eye to pecuniary profit."

"And have you no gentlemen of leisure and character who might hold such an important position?"

"Very few; and they don't want it.

Why should they? It would bring them no distinction, no honor among men of their own condition in life, and would subject them to experiences from which they would shrink. We have some men of wealth who, to become senator, with a chance for the presidency or a first-rate foreign mission, will spend a moderate fortune."

"Bless my soul! How, pray?"

"In bribery: bribing caucus managers, bribing legislators, bribing even political parties; and so establishing what in our politics are called claims. But we are wandering. It was in such society as she found in these then remote and uncivilized regions, and others little differing from them, that Mrs. Trollope drew all her pictures in her book about the States, and labeled them 'Domestic Manners of the Americans.' She has at the end of her book a few pages of kind approval of Boston, New York, and Philadelphia. Why, I can remember that our friends used to listen to my father's descriptions of his Western travel as they would now to those of a man returned from Patagonia or Japan; quite ignorant that pictures of that strange life were accepted

by the world of Europe as faithful descriptions of *their* manners and customs. The great difficulty with you here upon this subject is that to you America — you don't know exactly what the name means, and indeed it is very vague and meaningless — is simply America, all one and the same; and that Americans are simply Americans, all alike. At the present day they are becoming more and more alike, under the shaping material and moral forces which have been developed during the last twenty years; but before that limit of time the unlikeness was greater than you seem to be able to imagine."

"Quite so, I should say, from what you tell me of the effect of the strangeness upon yourselves."

"Strangeness, indeed! Let me tell you a little characteristic story of old New England domestic manners, which you may compare with your recollections of Mrs. Trollope's book. My friend here will assure you of its literal truth; for he knows it. In 1789, when Washington was traveling slowly through New England, receiving and paying visits, he called at a house

in Connecticut, the master of which, although one of the leading men in his neighborhood, a scholar, and one who lived comfortably, never saw one thousand dollars in money (that 's two hundred pounds, you know) in a year in all his life. Washington, when he departed, was conducted to the door by his host and hostess, accompanied by their daughter, a young girl just in her teens. She of course did not presume to say good-by to General Washington; but as she opened the door for him and stood modestly aside that he might pass out, the great ex-commander-in-chief of the ragged Continental army, looking down upon her from his six feet two of stature, and from his Olympian top of grandeur, laid his hand with stately kindness upon her head, saying, 'Thank you, my little lady; I wish you a better office.' 'Yes, sir,' she replied, doing reverence with a gentle curtsey, 'to let you in.' "

"By George! worthy of a duchess! Only half of 'em would n't be up to it. 'T would take Waldegrave to say that."

"I shan't say it was n't; but I know it is merely a somewhat salient and striking ex-

ample of New England manners until within the last forty years or so; and among people who were without servants that opened their doors for them on any occasion."

"Most extrawd'nary condition of society!"

"Extraordinary to you, but quite natural to us at that time: the union of culture and character and fine manners with the absence even of moderate wealth was quite as common in New England as their union with wealth is here. Now the great mistake that you all make, in your uneasy search after 'the real American' and the American thing, is that you don't look for them among those who have made America what it is (or what it was till within the last few years), and who are the product of generations of American breeding, but among"—

Here the train slowed, and our fellow-traveler, interrupting Humphreys hurriedly, said, "This has been very interestin' to me; but now I 'm afraid I must say good-mornin'. Can't I have the pleasure of seein' you again, and your friend? See; this is my address," taking out his card, and writing a word or two on it in pencil.

"If you 're in my country, do look me up. Almost any one 'll tell you where I live; and I 'll be delighted to see you, gentlemen, both of you, and make you as comfortable as I can. Give you some good shoootin',[1] too, as you 'll come after the 1st."

We exchanged cards, and parted pleasantly.

"Hi!" said Humphreys (showing me the card, on which appeared in plain, bold script, every letter of which proclaimed Strongi'tharm — EARL OF TOPPINGHAM, and in pencil *The Priory, Toppington*), "I 've a letter to him in my pocket from Dr. Tooptoe, his old tutor at Oxford, who says he 's one of the best fellows in the world, but too independent; that is, from old Dr. Tooptoe's point of view. You may think it queer that he asked two strangers, that he chanced upon in a railway carriage,

[1] It is only by the use of a superfluous *o* that I can indicate the prolonged vowel sound in this word, which is one of the very few and slight differences in pronunciation between English and New England or New York men of similar breeding. The dropping of the *g* from the syllable *ing* is not universal among men of this class in England, but it is very common; much more common than in the class just below them.

to his house. With us, we should never venture on such a step; but here a man like him can do almost anything in reason without risk, — not only because of his rank, but because he 's a tip-top man among his peers. And then we 're Americans. If we were John Bulls, catch him at it! Besides, Americans are always interesting subjects of study, and objects to be exhibited."

"You know something of him then. He seems, indeed, a thorough good fellow, with charming manners."

"Only in a general way, and from what Dr. Tooptoe told me. Just think of it! that man took a double first class; and to do that at Oxford an earl must work like any other man; besides, he counts for something in the House of Lords. And yet his ignorance! New Orleans was to him a place where the British troops were defeated, and by Washington! and the States lie to the north of the island of Nassau!"

"Well, well, what occasion has he had to know more? If he had, he could learn it all, pretty well, in an hour's smart reading."

"All the more! Why the deuce, then,

does n't he read, and waste an hour upon such a country as the United States, and where so many of his kindred are? Confound him! he thinks much of himself, as well he may, because his forefathers were at Toppington when William came over. So were mine; or very near by; and until the time of Henry VIII. they were both in very much the same rank of life. Then his ancestor was knighted, and soon got the Priory out of Cromwell, and then a peerage out of the king; and they went on marrying money and rising in rank, till since Walpole's time they 've been earls."

"You 'll go, of course, — with your letter and his invitation, too?"

"H'm, I am not so sure of that. Where are you going now?"

"After knocking about a few days, as I told you, I shall go to Boreham Hall. Sir Charles has asked me to spend two or three days."

"Boreham Hall! You 'll find it dreadfully dull."

"Why? Sir Charles was very companionable when he was in New York."

"He was well enough ten years ago;

good-natured, and a gentleman, and all that. But he has married, since, a brewer's daughter, who brought him fifty thousand pounds, and who is as tame as a sheep, and bleats just like one; and he 's settled down into a mere squire, and has grown burly and squirish. But that 'll do very well. You 're sure to go to Lord Toppingham's. All these people know each other, and all about each other; that 's one comfort of their society. Boreham Hall is only a few miles from Toppington Priory, — just a pleasant ride, or walk; and you 're sure to go if you will. It suits me well."

"How?"

"Why, you see these people are so beset with their craze after their real Americans that I 've a notion to give my Lord Toppingham an opportunity of seeing one. In your few days of knocking about I can find one Washington Adams, who 's over here, I believe, and who 's just the sort of man for the purpose. I 'll send Dr. Tooptoe's letter to Toppington Priory, enclosed in one saying I 'm prevented from coming myself for the present, but that I shall take the liberty of introducing a friend, a real Ameri-

can. Yes," with a brightening eye, "by Jove, I 'll do it!"

"Rather a cool proceeding, under the circumstances."

"Oh, it 'll do, — under the circumstances, as you say, — especially if you 're there at the time. I know my man. So when you 're going to the Priory just drop me a line at B——, and it 'll be all right."

"But who is Washington Adams?"

"Don't you know Washington Adams, the Honorable Washington J. Adams, Wash Jack Adams, as they call him? Why, he 's the Member of Assembly from your own district."

"Quite likely; but I don't know him."

"That argues yourself unknown, as I once heard an editor say to him, with a sober face; — and to see him expand and beam with credulous vanity! He 's the son of old Phelim McAdam, who ran two gin-mills in Mackerelville,[1] and who instead of dying in the odor of drunkenness, as you 'd suppose, hardly ever was drunk in his life;

[1] A part of New York corresponding to the Seven Dials in London. The name, given in derision, has no significance, and is merely fantastic.

he might have been a drunker and a better man; he made some money by his gin-mills, set up respectability, and joined the Republican party."

"An Irishman in New York join the Republican party!"

"Irishman yourself! as he would have said. Mr. Phelim McAdam was an American born. Never was such a flagrant example of Americanism. Thus it was," in answer to my look of wonder: "Phelim McAdam was the son of an Irish emigrant. He came near being born in no country, but under the British flag; for his mother was expecting his appearance on the voyage, as she approached the shores of the home of the free and the land of the brave. But the lady lagged, or the good ship hastened, and Phelim first saw the light of freedom dimmed by filtering through the dirty panes of the upper windows of a Mackerelville tenement house, and bloomed upon the world a true-born American, whatever that may be. His gin-mills brought him some money, as I said before, and he married the daughter of a Division Street pawnbroker, who came out of — the Lord

knows where! — but who was sharp and smart and ambitious; and at her instigation he cut his Irish connection, moved up town, dropped the Mc from his name, and signed himself 'P. Adam,' to which the lady, who ere long set up a visiting card, quietly added an *s*. And so, in ten or fifteen years, — you know fifteen years is the beginning of all things in New York, — no one recognized, in a paragraph mentioning, to the lady's delight, 'P. Adams, Esq., of East Eleventh Street,' the 'McAdam, Phelim, liquors, Essex Street,' of the earlier New York directory."

"You seem strangely well-informed on such a subject."

"You forget that I 've been a railway lawyer, and am familiar with the lobby. He bought some shares in one, and, aided by his wife, got upon the Board."

"His wife?"

"She was a handsome hussy, scheming and pushing, and as crafty as Satan; and one winter she went to Albany, where I saw her, and had occasion to find out all about her, — all that was find-out-able. This was long ago; during the civil war.

Well, as I was saying, like most of his sort, he was exceedingly American; and oh, it was edifying to hear him, with an upper lip that weighed a pound, and a nose like a perforated pimple, talk about 'them low Irish.' Consequent upon his American pride, his son — the only one with which his 'lady' condescended to favor him — was borne away from the font with the name Washington Jackson Adams; which, when he went into politics — as he did soon after reaching his majority — was trimmed, in that elegant style which is distinctive of New York politics, into Wash Jack Adams; often it became Washed Adams, and this, after a certain investigation, the democratic "Penny Trumpet" converted into White-washed Adams, — a name that might have been fastened upon him if he had been important enough to be talked about. Now, he 's just the sort of creature that our friends here recognize as a real American; he 's decent-looking enough, — not at all Irish; took after his mother; and I 've a notion of giving some of them a chance to see him. So, good-by! Don't forget to let me know." This passed as we neared

his station. He and his portmanteau disappeared; but just as the train was starting he came rushing back, and, looking in, said, "You 've never seen this Washington Adams?"

"Not I."

"Well, if it should occur to you that you ever did at any time, keep quiet."

"As a pretty widow about her age." And on I went toward Boreham.

II.

BOREHAM HALL. — SOCIETY IN AMERICA.

Boreham Hall was one of those country houses, found here and there in England, which in their time have served many uses. Its oldest part consisted of a small, low, square tower, built of flint and rubble, in which a mixture of red tiles seemed to indicate that it stood upon the site of a yet older structure, of Roman origin. Another part, in fine old brickwork, was shown to have been once a religious house, by the cross fleury upon its gable and the abbot's mitre over the principal door. It had not improbably been an outlying grange of the great priory at Toppington. To these had been added, in the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, a long, two-story, beam-and-plaster edifice, which contained, among other rooms, the drawing-room, a library, and a dining-room; the last bossed and gnarled with heavy oak carving, and having a great bay-

window, large enough to hold a dinner-table and the chairs and guests and servants of a goodly dinner-party. This window looked out upon an old moat, which had evidently some connection with the little tower, and which, now dry and covered with beautiful greensward, was still crossed by a bridge or causeway, over which the great drive through the park led up to the principal entrance, which was in the Elizabethan part of the house. An opposite window, twice as broad as it was high, looked out upon a square court, paved with round stones, three sides of which were formed by the house, and the fourth by a wall, in which was a door leading to the stables. The stone pavement of the court was pierced by two yew-trees, which cast a gloomy shadow through the inner windows, and over a gallery on which the doors and windows of the upper rooms of the Elizabethan part of the house opened.

Having written to Sir Charles that I should reach the nearest station by a certain train, I found his carriage there, and was driven across the moat about five o'clock in the afternoon. My host met me in the

hall, and gave me a quiet and undemonstrative welcome, which, however, I saw and felt was a hearty one. After a brief visit to my room, I went to Lady Boreham's parlor, where she was about dispensing afternoon tea. As I entered the room it impressed me with a sense of gloomy respectability. It was richly and comfortably furnished; but although it was, and was called, "Lady Boreham's parlor," nothing in it told of the grace and charm of a woman's presence.

My hostess received me with a sad propriety of demeanor which was somewhat depressing, but which I found was her general manner to all persons, whatever their rank, from peers and peeresses down to her own servants. As to herself, her face was pallid and of a pasty complexion; her hair, a toneless brown, and twisted at the front into some stiff curls, that stood like palisades before a queer little cap; her eyes, a dull gray; her nose, quite shapeless; and from her always half-open mouth there projected slightly two large white teeth. She was not bony, nor even slender; yet a mannish absence of roundness and fullness de-

prived her figure of all the grace and charm peculiar to womanhood. What she lacked in this respect, however, appeared in some excess in Sir Charles. He had, truly, changed in ten years. He was quite two stone heavier; the bloom that I had admired so much on his cheek had deepened in tint and thickened in quality; although he was not yet forty, his hair was thinning rapidly on the top of his head; and his manner had become as heavy as his person. Indeed, I found, during my brief visit, that for him life was made up of looking after his estate, hunting, shooting, reading the London "Times," and dinner, — last, not least. He did not read "The Saturday Review" or "The Spectator;" but Lady Boreham hungrily gloated upon "The World," of which I never saw him take any notice, except by once tossing it contemptuously out of his way.

Three other guests at Boreham hardly require mention. One, a younger sister of my hostess, was almost her mere duplicate; two and three were a Mr. Grimstone and his wife, as to whom I could only discover that he was a member of Parliament and of

the Carlton Club, and that she was apparently without an idea or an emotion not connected with the "Court Circular." The ladies were entirely devoid of personal attraction, and their toilets on all occasions were distressing. How these people managed to live through that part of each successive twenty-four hours during which they were not eating and sleeping was a mystery. They rarely exchanged a word that was not required by the ordinary civilities of social life, as to which they were unexceptionably and somewhat consciously correct and proper. And yet there was an air of solid respectability and good faith about them, which, although their society was wholly without charm, even to each other, had a value that received a constant silent expression. One felt that they were very safe people to meet in any relation of life.

There were, of course, the customary attendants of a great house in England. One of these, Lady Boreham's own maid, whom I saw on two or three occasions, was one of the most beautiful women I ever encountered. I could not look at her without thinking of a June rose. Her noble figure was

just tall enough to be a little distinguished, and she carried her finely poised head with such an air that her little cap became a coronet of beauty's nobility. Her manners were quite as good as Lady Boreham's ; and her manner was as superior as that of the so-called Venus of Milo might be to that of the Venus of a burlesque. But if she had been some sort of attendant clockwork machine in petticoats, her mistress could not have treated her with less apparent recognition of a common humanity. Indeed, I do verily believe that Lady Boreham was quite unconscious that here was a woman constantly about her who, whenever she appeared, blotted her mistress out of existence for any man who had eyes and a brain behind them. The one fact ever present to her consciousness, as I discovered, was that she was Lady Boreham, and had brought her husband fifty thousand pounds; with which price she seemed to think that she had bought a throne and an allegiance from which she could never be cast out. And she had, so far as her husband and her guests were concerned. I must give them the credit of being, or seeming, as indifferent to

"Wilkins" — the beauty's name — as she was herself. Wilkins was a "young person" who performed certain needful offices in an acceptable manner. It was well that Sir Charles was not a man of finer perceptions and a more flexible nature.

Lady Boreham was, however, not without curiosity; and on my second day at the Hall she led me to talk about society in America, as to which her notions seemed somewhat less correct and clear than those of a Vassar College[1] girl might be about Abyssinian court etiquette. "Did American women like being spiritual wives? What was a spiritual wife? If Brigham Young took the hustin's to be President, would all the women vote for him? Would all his wives vote for him? What could he do with them if they did n't? How many wives had he? Were n't most Americans Mormons, or Spiritualists, or somethin'? Was it true that American women could get a divorce whenever they liked? And *was* it true" — with a furtive glance at the window where Maud sat netting — "that in

[1] At Poughkeepsie, on the Hudson: founded by an English brewer who grew rich there: the typical *officina* of sweet girl graduates.

America a man might marry his deceased wife's sister? Did all Americans live at 'otels? And did American women come down to breakfast in full dress and di'-mon's?"

The temptation was sore to give to these and like questions the replies which my hostess would have been pleased to receive; but I refrained myself, and told her the simple truth, to her astonishment and hardly concealed disappointment. The point as to which I had most difficulty in making my explanations understood was the difference of the laws in the several States as to marriage and divorce. Lady Boreham could not have been — was not, I found — ignorant of the difficulties that might arise in England because of Scotch marriages and Irish marriages; and yet she could not well apprehend that a woman might be legally married in Connecticut, and yet her marriage be at least disputable in New York, and that a divorce would be granted in Indiana upon grounds which would not be sufficient in New Jersey. To her, as to most of her sort in England, "the States" were "America," and America was governed by

the President and Congress, — the former, a kind of political Pope; the latter, a general legislative body, with the omnipotence of Parliament.

As I was explaining to her that Congress had to all intents and purposes no power over the individual lives and the personal relations of citizens of the United States; and that even murder, unless committed on the high seas, or in a fort or national vessel, was a crime, not against the laws of the United States, but against those of an individual State; and that debts were contracted under State laws, so that even the Supreme Court, the most important and powerful tribunal in the country, had no jurisdiction over them, except in certain specific cases, — the Member of Parliament, who was in the room, now reading a big blue-book, now listening, pricked up his ears, and said —

"Yes; and your Supreme Court has made a nice mess of your national credit two or three times; sustaining American repudiation of debts, — refusing to pay money lent in good faith by British capitalists. Not very wise, permit me to say, thus to make

repudiation a national characteristic, supported by your highest tribunal."

"I beg your pardon," I replied, "but perhaps you know that the United States government has incurred rather a large indebtedness during the last twenty years. Will you kindly inform me if you know of the repudiation of any part of this debt?"

"Well, no — no; not at all, not at all; quite the contrary, I must admit. That debt was something quite awful; and it 's been acknowledged and put in course of liquidation in a manner that — that — why, nobody expected anything of the sort."

"And why not, sir? let me ask. Why was it not expected? Has the United States government been in the habit of repudiating its debts?"

"Well, no — no; not exactly the government of the United States, I believe; but Pennsylvania, and Tennessee, and Virginia. They 're in America, are n't they?"

"I 've heard that Turkey has also failed to pay British creditors. Why have you not applied to the Supreme Court of the United States to compel the Turks to pay the interest and principal of their bonds?"

"Bless my soul, sir, your Supreme Court has no jurisdiction in Turkey! You have n't quite annexed the Sultan and his dominions yet. You 're joking; setting up for an American humorist."

"Not at all. I should n't presume to attempt so high a flight. Never was more serious in my life. Without going into particulars, I venture to say that in every case which you could have had in mind the Supreme Court merely decided the question of its own jurisdiction; and I venture also to suggest that if British capitalists would not be so blinded by the hope of getting six or seven per cent., instead of three, as to neglect making those inquiries as to the ability of borrowers in foreign countries, and as to the means of redress in default of payment, which they make at home, it would be wiser and more business-like; although I must admit that such a course might be open to the objection of involving some little study of so trifling and disagreeable a subject as the political structure and internal polity of the United States." And after a moment of silence I turned again to the ladies.

"Now do tell us," said the M. P.'s wife, "how you manage society in America. I suppose you don't manage it at all. How could you? You 've no Court, no peerage, no county families. I suppose everybody goes everywhere, and visits everybody else, if they like. It must be amusin', in a certain way; but do you find it agreeable?"

My reply it is not necessary to report in detail; and when the ladies had gathered from it that, notwithstanding the lack of a Court and a peerage, everybody did not go everywhere in America, and that social exclusiveness and even social arrogance and the desire for social distinction and success were quite as great in America as in England, they looked at me and at each other with an expression of weak astonishment.

"Why," said Lady Boreham, "I thought you were democrats and communists and — and that sort of thing, and that you thought that nobody was any better than anybody else; although some of you, I believe, are awfully rich."

"Democracy, madam, in America is confined jealously to politics. As to wealth, money has rather more brute power in the

United States, and particularly in New York, than it has in England — where I believe it has not a little — or in any other country in the world; and as to the effect of democracy upon society in America, it is briefly to beget a belief that on the one hand nobody is any better than you are, and on the other that very few are as good."

"Dear me, — dear me! Then you have exclusive circles in America too?"

"So exclusive that people may, and do in cases numberless, live in the same neighborhood, and even next door to each other, for years, and never speak, and hardly know each other's names. So exclusive that often the richer of these neighbors would be very glad to obtain, by a considerable sacrifice, an entrance to the entertainments of the poorer."

"Dear, dear! Quite like w'at it is at 'ome; and I thought it was so different."

"Very like, indeed, so far as I may venture to have an opinion. For, strange to say, a democratic form of government has not yet produced in America any very great or manifest change in men as individuals.

There still remains a great deal of human nature in the men and women there; nor does there yet appear much power in democracy to cast it out. As to the process called in both countries, I believe, getting into society, I have known a woman of great wealth, intelligence, and an untarnished reputation, push, and crawl, and bully, and flatter, spend money like water, be snubbed, and lie down and be trodden upon for years, to work her way into a certain set, and fail utterly."

"Dear, dear!" again bleated Lady Boreham from under the teeth; "just like w'at it is at 'ome."

"And then this woman, having by luck or contrivance, or both, obtained the notice and the favor of some distinguished person at home or abroad, was all at once taken up by society, and flaunted it grandly among the very people who a few years before treated her as if they were Brahmins and she a Pariah."

"Oh, *that's just* like it is at 'ome!" cried Maud, from the window. "For don't you remember, Charlotte, how that handsome Mrs." —

"Hush, Maud!" said Lady Boreham. "What *can* you know about it?"

"Yes, 'Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,'" was heard from behind Sir Charles's "Times," followed by a little rumble of laughter.

"Come," he said, seeing, I suspect, that I was a little weary of my society talk, "let's go to the stables, and I'll show you my dark bay, Tempest; the finest horse across country in Marlshire: takes anything I'll let him go at."

III.

TOPPINGTON PRIORY. — LORD TOPPINGHAM SEES A "REAL AMERICAN."

HUMPHREYS was right. A day or two afterward there came from the Priory an invitation to the Borehams to meet some people who were to be there at luncheon, in an informal way. "You 'll go with us, of course," said Sir Charles. "We know the Toppinghams well, and they 'll be very pleased to see you."

Indeed, the Borehams did know the Toppinghams well, and Borehams had known Toppinghams for generations. They had been neighbors and friends, or neighbors and enemies, almost ever since England was England. They had fought Duke William at Hastings, and were among those who had been allowed to retain their little estates as vassals of one of the Conqueror's great barons. They fought together at Agincourt, each with his spear or two and

his dozen or score of bowmen, under the banner of the lord of their marches. They had fought each other in the Wars of the Roses, when the Toppinghams were Lancastrians and the Borehams Yorkists. Together they had resisted the tyranny of Charles I., and had supported Sir William Waller — fondly called by the Parliament party William the Conqueror — in his triumphant march through the western counties; and together they had joined him in his defection from the Parliament, when it became revolutionary. There had been an intermarriage or two, in olden times; but of later years the Toppinghams had become ambitious in this respect, as well as in all others, while the Borehams went on their steady way, as simple English gentlemen. But such knowledge and friendship through centuries is full of meaning. There are no shams about it, or uncertainties or possible concealments.

The ladies and the M. P. drove over in a pony phaeton and a landau; but Sir Charles and I rode, he grumbling a little at losing a day's shooting. With our two grooms we made a pretty little cavalcade

on that bright, soft September morning; and we delighted in ourselves and in each other, as we trotted gently through the noble beauty of the grandly timbered park.

The Priory was a large, handsome, irregular stone pile, showing plainly its ecclesiastical origin; but it presented no remarkable features to distinguish it from many other great houses of its sort in England. Lord Toppingham received us in the hall with a bland but hearty welcome, in which there was a little spirit that was lacking even in Sir Charles's kindliness when I arrived at Boreham; and his warm hand pressure and "So you 've come at last," as he led us up the great staircase, made me feel that I had done well in accepting his double invitation. It also relieved me a little of my concern as to Humphreys' project; for I had not neglected to inform him of our proposed visit.

Our pleasure — mine, at least — was very much enhanced by our reception by Lady Toppingham, a fine elegant woman of about thirty years of age, very gentle of speech and gracious of manner, but with a manifest capacity of dash on good occasion. I

suspect that she hunted ; nor should I have objected to see that figure, lithe with all its largeness, in a riding habit, and on a worthy, well-groomed horse. A certain sense of spirit and force seemed to pervade the air at Toppingham, and to distinguish it from the sober, comfortable respectability of the house that we had left. I learned that Lady Toppingham's title, although not her coronet, was hers by birthright ; she being the second daughter of the Marquis of A——. Her dress was in such perfect taste that it attracted no attention ; we saw only her grace of movement and beauty of form.

Two or three guests were in the room with her when we entered ; and out on the terrace, upon which a large window opened, were as many more, of whom hereafter. After salutation and a brief matter-of-course chat, we all went out upon the terrace to enjoy the air and the beauty of the park, stretching far away from the other side of a large old-fashioned garden, formally laid out, and planted with varied flowers in great masses of color.

I could not but remark the bearing of Lady Boreham and her sister to Lady Top-

pingham. It might not, perhaps, be said that they cringed to her; but they fawned upon her, and "dear-Lady-Toppinghamed" her to herself and to each other in whining adulation. Once, as I watched this toadying, I caught a light flash of scorn from her glancing eye, which made her beautiful. As to Sir Charles, he was as much at his unconscious ease as if he were a duke.

There were no introductions, and after a glance at my fellow-guests, I attached myself to a young man of unmistakable soldierly bearing, who was standing apart in silence. He was a fine-looking fellow, with a simple and almost boyish face, whiskerless, but with a sweeping blonde mustache, to which from time to time he gave a pull; not foppish or military, but rather meditative. I liked these young English officers and their fellows, who, if not soldiers, were the stuff out of which soldiers are made; men who had been taught to ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth, and, who, indeed, most of them, knew little else. Coming from New York, I found a sense of relief in their mere physical repose and manly steadiness. Their serenity seemed to me

like that which looks at us out of the marble eyes of the old Greek statues.

I was reminded by it of a story told me in my youth by a friend of my father's age, who, sitting by an English lady of rank at a ball in New York, when he was a young man, saw that she was scrutinizing with great interest the young people on the floor. He broke the silence by asking, "Well, what do you think of them? Not quite equal to your lads and lasses in England, are they?" "On the contrary," she replied, "I never saw finer young people in my life, nor better mannered. The girls are lovely; and as to the stories we 've been told about their not having good figures, it 's simply nonsense. But I was n't thinking of the girls." "Well, the young men?" "They 're fine fellows too, most of them, and well mannered; but, if you 'll pardon me, as to their *manner* and their look" — "Well?" "Nothing, nothing; but they all look so sharp, — as if they had their eyes out on everybody else, and were n't quite sure of their surroundings. Now, with us, young fellows of their age and breeding would n't have the occasion to

look sharp." The elderly friend who repeated to me this bit of social criticism, and who must have heard it quite fifty years ago, said that he could not but admit its justice in regard to the young New Yorkers. Were he living, what would he say now? Nevertheless, that there is in some of these young British lion-cubs stuff which the world's grindstone brings to a sharpness that puts to shame the craft of a Christian Greek or a Heathen Chinee, some of their American acquaintances have learned, to their sorrow.

My young friend on the terrace proved to be Captain the Honorable John Surcingle, of Her Majesty's 9th Dragoon Guards, second son of the Earl of Martingale, and my hostess's cousin. After a few words, I asked him to tell me the names of some of those around us, other than our own party.

"'Pon my life! can't say. Don't know where Toppin'em finds all his people. Toppin'em's vewy jolly; awfully nice fellow himself, you know; but" — Here he stopped, and, screwing his glass into his eye, looked quietly around for a few moments.

"Wather wum lot. Litwawy persons, or somethin', I sh'd say, most of 'em."

The captain's instincts had not misled him, as erelong I myself discovered. His "rum lot" included, among others who were literary, or something, Professor Schlamm, of the University of Bonn, who was on his first visit to England, to make arrangements for the publication, simultaneously, in English and German, of his profound work in three volumes octavo on "The Unity in Duality of the English Nation from the days of Hengist and Horsa to those of Victoria and Albert." Then there was Lady Verifier, the young middle-aged widow of old Sir Duns Verifier, F. R. S. A., of the British Museum, who was knighted for having elaborated a stupendous plan of cataloguing the library of that institution, which upon trial proved so utterly impracticable and worthless that the old book-mole, smitten with shame and disappointment, went speedily to his grave; leaving his widow to enter literary life by publishing "Shadows of the Soul," a poem in which art was shown to be "the plastic form of religion."

Of the others, there was now noteworthy only Mrs. Longmore, who was known as the authoress of "Immaculate," a novel in

which the somewhat startling experiences of the heroine were said by some people to be in a certain degree autobiographical.

Lady Verifier was spare, angular, and sallow, with large black eyes and coarse black hair, like a squaw's; a sort of woman less uncommon in England than she is supposed to be. Mrs. Longmore was her very opposite: fair, plump almost to portliness, with moist blue eyes and moist red lips. There were one or two others of their sort; and the rest of our little company were unremarkable folk, of the Toppingham and Boreham class.

Erelong a servant entered, with a card upon a salver, which he presented to our hostess, who, after glancing at it a moment with a puzzled look, said, "To my lord." On receiving it, his lordship handed it to me, saying, "From your friend. He sent me a letter of introduction from Tooptoe at Oxford; said he could n't come just now himself, and asked the favor of introducin', just for a mornin' visit, an American gentleman, in whom he felt sure I should be interested. It 's all right, I suppose?" It was simply Humphreys' card, with a line in

pencil, "introducing the Hon. Washington J. Adams."

"I don't know Mr. Adams," I said; "but I do know that Mansfield Humphreys would give a card to no one who might not be properly received by the gentleman to whom it was addressed."

Here Captain Surcingle, whose attention had been arrested, and who had heard my reply, cried out "'Mewican? Have him up, Toppin 'em, — have him up! Those fellows are such fun! I always go to see the 'Mewican Cousin. Not faw Dundweawy. Can't see what they make such a doosid fuss about him faw. Does nothin' but talk just like 'fellow at the Wag: wegla' muff. Nevah saw such a boa. But Twenchard 's awful fun; good as goin' to 'Mewica without the boa of goin'."

As the Honorable John began his appeal, his lady cousin stepped across the terrace to pluck a rose which peered at us over the stone balustrade, blushing with shame at its beautiful intrusion; and as she swept past him, I partly heard and partly saw her say, in an earnest whisper, "Jack, *do* be quiet; and *don't* be such a goose!"

She had hardly returned with her flower, when the servant who had been sent out reappeared, announcing "Mr. Adams;" and all eyes followed our host, as he stepped forward to receive the unknown guest. As unabashed as a comet crossing the orbit of Jupiter on its way to the sun, the Honorable Washington entered the Priory circle, and advanced to Lord Toppingham. The Earl offered him his hand. He took it, and then he shook it, — shook it well; and to a few of the usual words of welcome he replied, "I 'm very glad to see you, my lord; most happy to hev the pleasure of meetin' your lordship" (looking round) "here in your elegant doughmain and gorjis castle. My friend Mr. Humphreys told me I 'd find everything here fuss class; an' I hev. Your man help down stairs wuz a leetle slow, to be sure; but don't apologize; difference of institootions, I s'pose. Everything moves a leetle slower here."

As Lord Toppingham led Mr. Adams to our hostess, eyes of wonder, not unmixed with pleasure, were bent upon him. He was a man of middle size, neither tall nor slender; but he stooped a little from his hips,

and his head was slightly thrust forward, with an expression of eagerness, as he slouched along the terrace. His upper lip was shaved; but his sallow face terminated in that adornment known at the West as "chin-whiskers." His hat, which he kept on, was of felt, with a slightly conical crown. It rested rather on the back than on the top of his head, and from it fell a quantity of longish straight brown hair. His splendid satin scarf was decorated with a large pin, worthy of its position; and the watch-chain that stretched across his waistcoat would have held a yacht to its moorings. His outer garment left the beholder in doubt whether it was an overcoat that he was wearing as a duster, or a duster doing service as an overcoat. Into the pockets of this he thrust his hands deep, and moved them back and forth from time to time, giving the skirts a wing-like action. Having taken Lady Toppingham's hand, and shaken that too, and assured her of his pleasure in meeting her also, he put his own back into its appropriate pocket, and, gently flapping his wings, repeated, "Yes, ma'am; very happy to hev the pleasure of

meetin' your ladyship. Hope my call ain't put you out any; but I s'pose you 're used to seein' a goodle o' company in the surprise way."

"I am always pleased to receive any friend of my lord's or of Dr. Tooptoe's," said Lady Toppingham, seating herself upon one of the stone benches of the terrace; and Lord Toppingham turned as if to lead Mr. Adams away. But that gentleman immediately sat himself down by her side, and, crossing his legs, was evidently preparing to make himself agreeable. A slight shade of reserve with which she had taken her seat deepened for a moment, and then instantly gave way to a look of good-natured amusement; and I saw, to my relief, that she appreciated the situation. "You 've been in our little England before, I suppose, Mr. Adams?"

"No, ma'am, I hev n't. My plit'cle dooties as a member of the legislater of the Empire State hev pervented. Empire State 's Noo York, 'z I s'pose your ladyship knows. Motto, Ex-celsior, an' the risin' sun; out of Longfeller's poem, you know."

"I do know Mr. Longfellow's charming

poem. We 're great admirers of Mr. Longfellow in England; indeed, we think him quite an English poet."

"Wal, ma'am, you 're 'baout right there; 'xcept in callin' him an English poet. He 's a true Muh'kin; an' he kin beat Tennyson, an' all the rest of 'em, at writin' po'try, any day, let 'em do their level best. Why, he 's written more vollums of poetry — fuss-class poetry, too — than any man that ever lived; more 'n Dr. Holland. Lives in fuss-class style, too, if he is a poet. Should n't wonder if there wa'nt a broker in Wall Street that lives in higher style 'n Longfeller."

At this triumphant utterance Mr. Adams took off his hat, and I feared he was about to wave it; but the movement was only one of momentary relief, perhaps, to his enthusiasm, and he at once restored it to its perilous inclination.

Lord Toppingham now stepped up to create a diversion in favor of his beleaguered wife, and, standing before the pair, asked Mr. Adams if he had been in London while Parliament was sitting.

"Wal, yaas, I wuz," replied the leg-

islator, keeping his seat and looking up; "'n' I went to see it; 'n' to tell the truth 'n' the hull truth, I wuz dis'pinted. Gladstone 's a smart man, but slow, I shed say, mighty slow; ain't learned not to craowd himself, nuther; bites off more 'n he kin chaw. 'N' I did n't hear no elo-quence; nobody did n't seem to take no intrust into what was goin' on. You hev got a powerful han'some buildin' fur the meetin' of your legislater; but jess you wait 'n' see the noo Capitol 't Albany, 'n' you 'll sing small, I — tell — you. Yes, siree."

As this conversation went on, some of the other guests had approached, and there was a little group around our hostess and Mr. Adams, who now, to the evident horror of some of them, drew from his pocket a gigantic knife, with a set-spring at the back; indeed, it was a clasp bowie-knife. Opening it with a tremendous click, he strapped it a little on his shoe, and then looked doubtfully at the bench on which he sat. Evidently dissatisfied with the inducement which its stone surface offered, he drew from one of his capacious pockets a piece of pine wood about as thick as a heavy

broomstick, and began to cut it in a meditative manner.

"Don't git much whittlin' into your effete old monarchies. Even the benches, when they ain't stun, air oak, that 'd turn the edge of any gen'leman's knife; 'n' so I carry suthin' comfortable raound with me;" and as he spoke the light shavings curled away from his stick, and rolled upon the terrace floor.

Lady Toppingham was as serene as a harvest moon, and was evidently much amused with her visitor; and the rest looked on with an interest and a satisfaction which were manifest in their countenances.

"Your lordship does suthin' in this way, I reckon. Guess all you lords air in the lumber line; 'n' I seen some fuss-class trees inter the vacant lots raound your haouse — castle, I mean. S'pose that 's the reason you don't improve. Much doin' in lumber naow?"

"Not much," said our host, with a pleasant smile. "I 'm more inclined to keep my trees than to sell them, at present. But let me make you acquainted with some of my friends. Mr. Grimstone, member for Hilchester Towers."

"Haow do you do, Mr. Grimstone?" said Adams, rising; and shifting his knife to his left hand, he took the M. P.'s, and shaking it vigorously, said, "Happy to hev the pleasure of meetin' you, sir. Don't know you personally, but know you very well by reputtation."

As our host looked next at me, I managed to convey to him an unspoken request not to be introduced, which he respected; but my friend the captain, stepping forward, was presented, with the added comment that Mr. Adams would find him well up about guns and rifles and fire-arms of all kinds; quite an authority, indeed, upon that subject.

"Dew tell? Why, I 'm glad to hev the pleasure of meetin' you, sir. Look a' here! I kin show you suthin' fuss-class in that line;" and putting his hand behind him, underneath his coat, he produced a large pistol, a navy revolver, which he exhibited in a demonstrative way to the captain, saying, "Naow that 's suthin' satisfactory fur a gen'leman to hev about him; no little pea-shootin' thing, that you might empty into a man 'thout troublin' him more 'n so many flea-bites."

The captain looked at it with interest, while some of the other guests shrank away. After a brief examination, he returned it, saying, "Vewy fine, vewy fine indeed; and I hear you use 'em at vewy long distances, almost like a wifle."

"Sartin," said Mr. Adams. "Look a' here! See that thar tree yonder?" and pointing to one on the other side of the garden, he threw up his left arm, and took a sight rest on it. Some of the ladies screamed, and the captain and Lord Toppingham both caught his arm, the latter exclaiming, "Beg pahdon, don't fire, please! Somebody might be passin' in the park."

"Wal, jess 's *you* like, sir. You air to hum, 'n' I ain't. But that 's the diff'kilty 'ith England. Th'r' ain't no libbuty here. You 've allers got to be thinkin' 'baout somebody else."

The incident certainly created a little unpleasant excitement; yet after this had subsided, it seemed not to have diminished, but rather to have increased, the satisfaction with which Mr. Adams was regarded. The Professor came up, and said, "Our Amerigan vrent is ferry kint sooch an exhipition

of the manners and gustoms of his gountry to gif. Barehaps he vould a var-tance bareform vor the inztrugzion oond blaysure off dthe gompany."

"No, no, Professor Schlamm," said Lady Toppingham, smiling, "we won't put Mr. Adams to the trouble of a war-dance; and we've so narrowly escaped one *blessure* that we may well be willing to forego the other." As my hostess struck off this little spark, I observed that her French was not that of the school of Stratford atte Bowe, which continues much in vogue in England, even among ladies of the prioress's rank.

Adams caught at the name as an introduction. "Is this," he said, "the celebrated Professor Schlamm?" and seizing his hand, he shook it well. "Happy to make your acquaintance, sir. Your fame, sir, is widely ex-tended over the civil-ized globe. Hev n't hed the pleasure of meetin' you before, sir, but know you very well by reputtation."

The Professor, who had all the simple vanity of the vainest race in the world, beamed under the influence of this compliment, so that his very spectacles seemed to glow with warmth and light.

"You German gen'l'men air fond of our naytional plant," said Adams blandly. "Hev a cigar? Won't you jine me?" and he produced from his pocket two or three temptations.

"Dthanks; poot it might not to dthe laties pe acreeable."

"No? Wal, then, here goes fur the ginooine article. I 'm 'baout tuckered aout fur some." Saying this he took from his pocket a brown plug, cut off a piece, and having shaped and smoothed it a little with his huge knife, he laid it carefully with his forefinger in his cheek. Then, his knife being out, he took the opportunity to clean his nails; and having scraped the edges until our blood curdled, he returned his weapon, after a loud click, to his pocket.

A look of distress had come over the face of our hostess when Mr. Adams produced his plug; and she called a servant, who, after receiving an order from her in a low voice, went out. Mr. Adams's supplementary toilet being completed, he slouched away towards the balustrade; and after looking a few moments across the garden, he turned about, and, leaning against the

stone, he began an expectorative demonstration. After he had made two or three violent and very obtrusive efforts of this kind, which, however, I must confess, did not seem to leave much visible witness before us, the servant returned hastily with a spittoon, the fabric and condition of which showed very plainly that it came from no part of the priory that rejoiced in the presence of Lady Toppingham. This the footman placed before Mr. Adams, within easy range.

"Nev' mind," said that gentleman, — "nev' mind. Sorry you took the trouble, sonny. I don't set up fur style; don't travel onto it. I 'm puffickly willin' to sit down along 'th my fren's, and spit raound sociable. I know I wear a biled shirt 'n' store clothes, — that 's a fact; but 's a graceful con-ciliation *of* and deference *to* public opinion, considerin' I 'm a member of the legislater of the Empire State."

"Biled?" said Captain Surcingle to me, inquiringly (for we had kept pretty close together). "Mean boiled?"

"Yes."

"Boil shirts in 'Mewica?"

"Always."

"Your shirt boiled?"

"N-no; not exactly. I should have said that all our wealthiest and most distinguished citizens, members of the legislature and the like, boil their shirts. I make no such pretensions."

The captain looked at me doubtfully. But our talk and Mr. Adams's performances were brought to a close by the announcement of luncheon, and an invitation from our host to the dining-room. This mid-day repast is quite informal; but, comparatively unrestrained as it is by etiquette, rank and precedence are never quite forgotten at it, or on any other occasion, in England; and there being no man of rank present, except our host, and Sir Charles being far down the terrace, talking hunt and horse with another squire, Mr. Grimstone was moving toward Lady Toppingham, with the expectation of entering with her, when Mr. Adams stepped quickly up, and saying, "Wal, I don't keer ef I dew jine you; 'low me the pleasure, ma' am," he offered her his arm. She took it. Mr. Grimstone retreated in disorder, and we all went in somewhat irregularly. As we passed through the hall,

and approached the dining-room, it occurred to Mr. Adams to remove his hat; and he then looked about, and up and down, in evident search of a peg on which to hang it. A servant stepped forward and held out his hand for it. After a brief hesitation he resigned it, saying, "Ain't ye goin' to give me no check for that? Haow do I know I'll git it agin? Haowever, it's Lord Toppingham's haouse, an' he's responsible, I guess. That's good law, ain't it, your Lordship?"

"Excellent," said our host, evidently much pleased that Lady Toppingham had taken this opportunity to continue on her way to the dining-room, where we found her with Mr. Grimstone on her right hand, and a vacant seat on her left, between her and her cousin, to which she beckoned me; Mr. Adams, the Professor, and the two authoresses forming a little group near Lord Toppingham.

"I hope," said the M. P. to me, as we settled ourselves at table, "that you are pleased with your Mr. Washington Adams. I, for one, own that such a characteristic exhibition of genuine American character

and manners is, if not exactly agreeable, a very entertaining subject of study."

The taunt itself was less annoying than its being flung at me across our hostess; but as I could not tell him so without sharing his breach of good manners, I was about to let his remark pass, with a silent bow, when a little look of encouragement in Lady Toppingham's eyes led me to say, "As to your entertainment, sir, I have no doubt that you might find as good at home without importing your Helots. As to Mr. Adams being my Mr. Washington Adams, he is neither kith nor kin of any of my people, to whom he would be an occasion of as much curious wonder as he is to any person at this table."

"Oh, that won't do at all. He is one of your legislators, — the Honorable Washington Adams. You Americans are a very strange people; quite incomprehensible to our poor, simple English understandings." I did not continue the discussion, which I saw would be as fruitless as, under the circumstances, it was unpleasant, and indeed almost inadmissible, notwithstanding the gracious waiver of my hostess.

Luncheon engaged the attention of us all for a while, notwithstanding the presence of Mr. Adams; but nevertheless he continued to be the chief object of attention; and erelong he was heard saying, with an elevated voice, in evident continuation of a description of a legislative scene, "The feller, sir, had the lip to perpose to investigate me; but I told him, sir, that I courted investigation, and I claimed that he was no better than a scallawag and a shyster: and I gripped him, sir, and skun him, — skun him clean as an eel."

Captain Surcingle, who had been regarding the speaker with all the earnestness that his glass admitted, turned to me, and said, with soft inquiry —

"Skun? 'Mewican for skinned?"

"Yes; all true Americans say skun."

"Vewy queeah way of speakin' English;" and he was about to subside into silence, when all at once a bright gleam of intelligence came into his face, and he broke out, "Oh, I say! that won't do. You 're 'Mewican; an' you don't say skun or scallawag;" and the good fellow regarded me with a look of triumph.

"Yes," I replied; "but you see I 'm not a full-blooded American, as Mr. Adams is, — only a Yankee. Then I 've had some special advantages. I've been in Canada; and that is still one of the British possessions. Besides, I 'm fond of reading; and friends in England have sent me a few London books, — books with 'honor' spelled with a *u*, and all that sort of thing. Don't you see?"

"Ah, yes. Just so, just so; quite so." And now he was silent. But candor compels me to admit that he did not seem to be quite satisfiéd, and that, as he slowly ate jugged hare, he appeared to be wrestling with some intellectual problem that was too much for him.

Here the butler asked Mr. Adams if he should not change his plate. "Wal, yes, sir, ef you 'd like to. I 'm sure I 've no 'bjecshin." Another plate was placed before him, and he was asked what he would have. "Wal, I guess I 'll take a leetle more o' th' same, — that thar pie thar, 'ith the chicken fixins into it," pointing with a wave of his knife at a pheasant pie, of which he had just eaten. "I call that fuss-

class, I do. Does you credit, ma'am," he said blandly, addressing the countess, — "does you credit. I must get you to give me the receipt for Mrs. Adams. You air slow here, an' a goodle behind the lighter; but 'baout eatin' and drinkin' you air pooty smart, I calklate."

Here Lord Toppingham, probably to divert attention from Mr. Adams, looking across the table at me, expressed his surprise that so little had been produced in American literature and art that was peculiarly American; that all our best writers wrote merely as Englishmen would, treating the same subjects: and that our painters and sculptors seemed to form their styles upon those of Italy and Greece.

"Yes, indeed," said Lady Verifier. "Where is that effluence of the new-born individual soul that should emanate from a fresh and independent democracy, the possessors of a continent, with a Niagara and a Mississippi between two vast oceans? You profess to be a great people, but you have evolved no literature, no art of your own. You see the sun rise from the Atlantic, and set in the Pacific; and it seems to

do you no good, but to send you to Europe for your language and to Japan for your decoration."

"Lady Ferifier is fery right," said Professor Schlamm. "Ameriga is a gountry of brovound dizabbointment to dthe vilozovig mind. It is pig oond rich; poot noding orichinal toes it brotuce."

"Nothing that springs from the soil and savors of the soil," said Lady Verifier.

"Except its Washington Adamses," said the M. P., in a surly undertone.

"My lord," I answered, "your question and Lady Verifier's remind me of a paragraph that I saw quoted from a London sporting paper, a short time ago, about American horses." (Here Captain Surcingle dropped his knife and fork, and turned his glass on me.) "It accounted for the fact that American horses had won so many cups lately by the other fact that the Americans had been importing English horses, and thus had improved their stock; so that in truth the cups had been won by England, after all."

"That 's jolly good," said the captain.

"Now that is quite true. But it is only

half the truth; for the whole truth is that all our horses are English. The horse is not indigenous to America. Neither are we. We are not autochthones, as by your expectations it would seem you think us. We are not products of the soil. We are not the fruit of Niagara or the prairies, which most of us have never been within five hundred miles of; nor of the oceans, which few of us have ever seen. We are what we are by race and circumstances; not because we live on a certain part of the earth's surface. If you want a literature and an art that smack of the soil, you must go to Sitting Bull and Squatting Bear, with whom we have no other relations than we, or you, have with the cave-dwellers. Nor do Americans live and manage their affairs with the purpose of satisfying the philosophic mind, of working out interesting social problems, or of creating a new literature and a new art, but simply to get, each one of them, as much material comfort out of life and the world as to him is possible; a not very novel notion in the human creature."

"And so, sir," said Mr. Adams, speaking to me for the first time, in tones which,

when addressed to me, seemed to have something familiar in them, "that is your patriotic veoo of your country? And may I ask what good thing you think is peculiar to 'Muh'ky?"

"Food for the hungry and freedom for the oppressed."

"Nothing else?" asked our host.

"Nothing."

"But to the wide benevolence of an American democrat I suppose that is enough," said Lady Toppingham.

"Pardon me, madam, but I sometimes think that birth and breeding in a democratic country may make men aristocrats of the blackest dye; and I go about fancying that some of us ought to have been guillotined forty or fifty years before we were born, as enemies to the human race."

"Oh, I say," cried the captain, "that won't do! Could n't guillotine 'fellah b'foah he was bawn, you know."

"Nevertheless, my dear captain, I'm inclined to believe that it might better have been done."

"Vewy stwange," drawled the Honorable John.

Here Mr. Adams, as he was regarding me with fixed and desperate eye, drew his bowie-knife from his pocket and opened it; but before the horror of an expected onslaught upon me could well have thrilled the company, he quieted all apprehensions, if not all nerves, by picking his teeth with it in a very deliberate manner.

Meantime the two authoresses and the Professor were talking with animation; and I heard fragmentarily, "dear Walt Whitman," "most enthralling of American writers," "egsbrezzion of dthe droo Amerigan sbirit;" and Lord Toppingham, looking at our end of the table, said, "Our literary friends here insist that you *have* one truly representative author; one who represents, not perhaps your cultured classes, but the feelin's and hopes and aspirations of those people who are the true representatives of the American genius."

"Yaas," said Mr. Adams.

"As to that, I can only refer you to Mr. Stedman, a writer whom some of your Victorian Poets ought to know; and who has seen and recorded the fact that Walt Whitman is entirely disregarded, and almost con-

temned by our people of the plainer and humbler sort, who find in him no expression of their feelings or their thoughts; and that he is considered (for I cannot say that he is read) only by the curious, the critical, the theorists, and the dilettanti, — the fastidious aristocracy and literary *bric-à-brac* hunters of the intellectual world. As to his poetry, except on some rare occasions when he lapses into common-sense and human feeling, it is simply naught. Erelong some of you in England will be ashamed of the attention you have given to its affectations. The little real merit that it has, you would have passed over without notice. It is written in a jargon unknown to us. The very title of the book is in a language that I never heard spoken."

"What can you mean?"

"I was brought up in New England and New York, and never there, nor yet in Old England, nor in any of the literature common to both countries, did I hear of 'leaves of grass.' Grass has not what in English we call leaves. We have blades of grass, even spears; but who ever heard of leaves? A trifle this; but coming on the

title-page, it proves to be a sign of what 's within."

"My very paytriotic friend," said Mr. Adams sarcastically, "thet 's a sort of 'bjecshin thet ud do fur th' 'Sahturday Reveoo;' but 't won't go daown 'th any true 'Muh'kin. Ef 'Muh'ky wants leaves o' grass, 'nstid o' blades, she 'll hev 'em. I kin put all that daown jess by readin' a piece thet I 've got into my pocket, — one thet Walt Whitman 's never published yet; but I kerry it raound to read sorter b'tween whiles."

The reading was loudly called for, and Mr. Adams, producing a sheet or two of paper from his all-containing pocket, read as follows: —

1 I happify myself.
I am considerable of a man. I am some. You also are some. We all are considerable; all are some.
Put all of you and all of me together, and agitate our particles by rubbing us up into eternal smash, and we should still be some.
No more than some, but no less.
Particularly some, some particularly; some in general, generally some; but always some, without mitigation. Distinctly, some!
O ensemble! O quelque-chose!

2 Some punkins, perhaps;

But perhaps squash,[1] long-necked squash, crooked-necked squash, cucumber, beets, parsnips, carrots, turnips, white turnips, yellow turnips, or any sort of sass; long sass, or short sass.
Or potatoes. Men, Irish potatoes; women, sweet potatoes.

3 Yes, women!
I expatiate myself in female man.
A reciprocity treaty. Not like a jug's handle.
They look at me, and my eyes start out of my head; they speak to me, and I yell with delight; they shake hands with me, and things are mixed; I don't know exactly whether I 'm them; or them 's me.
Women watch for me; they do. Yes, sir!
They rush upon me; seven women laying hold of one man; and the divine efflux that thrilled the cosmos before the nuptials of the saurians overflows, surrounds, and interpenetrates their souls, and they cry, Where is Walt, our brother? Why does he tarry, leaving us forlorn?
O, mes sœurs!

As Mr. Adams read this in a voice heavily monotonous and slightly nasal, the whole company listened with animation in their faces. Lord Toppingham looked puzzled. Lady Toppingham smiled, a little cynically, I thought. The M. P. sat with open, wondering eyes. Professor Schlamm, at the conclusion of the first stanza, folded his hands upon the table, putting his two thumbs together, and leaning forward looked through

[1] Some British readers may not know that squash is an American vegetable like a very small pumpkin, tasting like vegetable marrow.

his spectacles at the reader with solemnity. Lady Verifier exclaimed, "A truly cyclical utterance; worthy to be echoed through the eternal æons!" Mrs. Longmore, at the end of the third stanza, murmured, "Divine! divine! America is the new Paradise." Captain Surcingle turned to me, and asked, "What language is it written in, — 'Mewican?"

Then Mr. Adams continued: —

57 Of Beauty.
Of excellence, of purity, of honesty, of truth.
Of the beauty of flat-nosed, pock-marked, pied Congo niggers.
Of the purity of compost-heaps, the perfume of bone-boiling; of the fragrance of pig-sties, and the ineffable sweetness of general corruption.
Of the honesty and general incorruptibility of political bosses, of aldermen, of common-council men, of postmasters and government contractors, of members of the House of Representatives, and of government officers generally, of executors of wills, of trustees of estates, of referees, and of cashiers of banks who are Sunday-School superintendents.
Of the truth of theatrical advertisements, and advertisements generally, of an actor's speech on his benefit night, of your salutation when you say, "I am happy to see you, sir," of Mrs. Lydia Pinkham's public confidences, of the miracles worked by St. Jacob's Oil, and the long-recorded virtues of Scheidam schnapps.

58 I glorify schnapps; I celebrate gin.
In beer I revel and welter. I shall liquor.
Ein lager!

I swear there is no nectar like lager. I swim in it; I float upon it; it heaves me up to heaven; it bears me beyond the stars; I tread upon the ether; I spread myself abroad; I stand self-poised in illimitable space. I look down; I see you; I am no better than you. You also shall mount with me.

Zwei lager!

Encore.

1003 O, my soul!

O, your soul! which is no better than my soul, and no worse, but just the same.

O soul in general! Loafe! Proceed through space with rent garments.

O shirt out-issuing, pendent! O tattered, fluttering flag of freedom! Not national freedom, nor any of that sort of infernal nonsense; but freedom individual, freedom to do just what you d—— [here Mr. Adams gulped the word] please!

1004 By golly, there is nothing in this world so unutterably magnificent as the inexplicable comprehensibility of inexplicableness!

1005 Of mud.

1006 O eternal circles, O squares, O triangles, O hypotenuses, O centres, circumferences, diameters, radiuses, arcs, sines, co-sines, tangents, parallelograms and parallelopipedons! O pipes that are not parallel, furnace pipes, sewer pipes, meerschaum pipes, brier-wood pipes, clay pipes! O matches, O fire, and coal-scuttle, and shovel, and tongs, and fender, and ashes, and dust, and dirt! O everything! O nothing!

O myself! O yourself!

O my eye!

At this point of the reading the enthusi-

astic admiration of some of the audience again broke silence. "That noble passage," cried Lady Verifier, "beginning with the eternal circles, and ending with everything and nothing! So vast! so all-inspiring!"

"So all-embracing!" sighed Mrs. Longmore.

"Zo univarezall," said the Professor, "zo voondamentahl, zo brovound! Go on, my vrent, oond de zing-zong shant, und de evangel bredigate, of the noo vorlt; oond I zoon a vilozophy of dthe Amerigan zoul zhall write."

Mr. Adams resumed: —

1247 These things are not in Webster's Dictionary, Unabridged Pictorial;
Nor yet in Worcester's. Wait and get the best.
These have come up out of the ages:
Out of the ground that you crush with your boot-heel:
Out of the muck that you have shoveled away into the compost:
Out of the offal that the slow, lumbering cart, blood-dabbled and grease-dropping, bears away from the slaughter-house, a white-armed boy sitting on top of it, shouting Hi! and licking the horse on the raw, with the bridle.
That muck has been many philosophers; that offal was once gods and sages.
And I verify that I don't see why a man in gold spectacles and a white cravat, stuck up in a library, stuck up in a pulpit, stuck up in a professor's chair, stuck up in a governor's chair, or in a president's chair,

should be of any more account than a possum or a woodchuck.
Libertad, and the divine average!

1249 I tell you the truth. Salut!
I am not to be bluffed off. No, sir!
I am large, hairy, earthy, smell of the soil, am big in the shoulders, narrow in the flank, strong in the knees, and of an inquiring and communicative disposition.
Also instructive in my propensities; given to contemplation; and able to lift anything that is not too heavy.
Listen to me, and I will do you good.
Loafe with me, and I will do you better.
And if any man gets ahead of me, he will find me after him.
Vale! [1]

There was a hum of admiration around Mr. Adams as he restored the manuscript to his pocket; but Captain Surcingle turned to me, and asked, "'Mewican poetwy?"

"Yes, Jack," said his cousin, answering for me; "and some of our wise people say that it 's the only poetry that can be called American; but if it is, I am content with my English Longfellow."

"And I, madam, with my still more English Whittier."

This Mr. Adams evidently thought would

[1] Readers of *The New York Albion* in 1860 may have memories awakened by these lines, but I am able to insure Mr. Adams against a suit for copyright, or a charge of plagiarism.

be a good opportunity to bring his visit to an end, and rising in his place, with a manner as if addressing the chair, he said, "My lord, I shall now bid your lordship farwell; an' in doin' so I thank you for your elegint en' bountiful hospitality. It wuz fuss-class, en' thar wuz plenty of it; en' I shall remember it 'z long 'z I live. En' I thank your good lady, too, en' feel specially obleeged to her ladyship fur that thar pie 'i' the chicken-fixins into it. It *wuz* fuss-class, and no mistake. En' now I hope you 'll all jine me in drinkin' her ladyship's health; en' long may she wave. I can't call for the hips and the tiger, seein' there 's so many ladies present; but let 's all liquor up, and knock down, and no heel-taps."

"Weal 'Mewican," said the captain, with an air of satisfaction. "Know it now. Wasn't quite sure befoah; but when he said 'liquor up' knew he was weal."

The company had risen, and had drunk Mr. Adams's toast, and now broke up. He took, I thought, a rather hurried leave. The four-wheeled cab in which he came had remained, and was at the door, to which some of us accompanied him. When he was

seated he looked out and said, "If your lordship ever comes to New York, jess look inter my office. Happy to see you. Name 's into the D'rect'ry. So long!"

As the cab turned down the drive, we saw Mr. Adams's boot thrust itself lazily out of one of the windows, and rest there at its ease.

"First time 'ever saw 'weal 'Mewican off the stage," said the captain, slipping his arm into mine as we entered the hall again. "Vewy intwestin'. Think I should n't like it as a weg'la' thing, you know."

Since my return to New York, I have inquired in vain for Mr. Washington Adams. Many persons seem to recognize my description of him as that of a man they have seen; but no one knows him by name, nor is there any member of the New York legislature so named. I have not yet been able to ask Humphreys to resolve my perplexity.

IV.

A LETTER FROM MANSFIELD HUMPHREYS. DANGER SIGNALS.

TOPPINGTON PRIORY, MARLSHIRE,
21*st October*, 18—.

MY DEAR MR. GRANT WHITE, — Everybody has gone to church this morning, as usual; but as I have been there frequently I made an excuse and remained at home: not, however, chiefly for the reason which I have assigned, but that I might write you this letter.

Others may pardon you for giving in "The Atlantic" an account of that luncheon party at the Priory: whether I can do so, I have not yet quite determined. The thing has been read here and commented upon quite freely. All this would be well enough; but it seems that you so awkwardly worded your story that some people have suspected, and indeed do actually believe, that there is no Mr. Washington Adams, and that I —

I, Mansfield Humphreys, — am the "real American" who was the object of interest on that occasion. Grievous are the wounds received at the hands of a friend; and your careless pen has scratched me deeply. What will my clients and my fellow directors think of my figuring in such a masquerade? And to what grave misconstruction on the part of our friends at the Priory did you expose me by your thoughtless ambiguity of phrase! Pardon me for suggesting that it would be well for you to serve a brief apprenticeship in a lawyer's office, that you may learn to express yourself with clearness and precision.

Well, that will do, I suppose, for an indignant protest; but as to the truth of the affair, there is of course no need for any words between you and me. I had half a dozen hearty laughs at the expense of Professor Schlamm and the rest, with some compunctions, I will confess, for bringing such a bear as Mr. Washington Adams into the garden of our charming hostess; of whose fine womanly personality you must remember that I, like you, was before entirely ignorant. For the rest I cared little,

except perhaps for Lord Toppingham himself, who, notwithstanding a slight stiffness of the mental joints (with all his liberalism), is one of the cleverest as well as one of the sweetest-natured of men. But she, the countess, was so serenely gentle, so divinely complaisant, with all her lovely dignity of mien, that I was more than once almost disconcerted, and came near breaking down. I was kept up by the consciousness of the eyes of the motley crowd around me. If she and Lord Toppingham only had been present, I verily believe that I should have fallen at her feet,[1] confessed my imposture, and begged her pardon. Would she have given it? You shall see. But it is one thing to play a practical joke and enjoy it, and quite another to have one's escapade paraded to the world. The British lion is apt to growl and lash his sides, and sometimes those of other people, when he discovers that men have been laughing at him behind sober faces.

A few days after you had left this neighborhood, I determined to call at the Priory. I rode over; and on sending up my card,

[1] On the margin: "metaphorically, you know."

I was soon ushered into Lady Toppingham's morning parlor, — a very different sort of place from the corresponding room at Boreham Hall, as you described it. Although it was about as large as an ordinary Boston or New York drawing-room, it produced a sense of mingled daintiness and coziness: why or how, I can hardly tell, for there was nothing unusual in it, — nothing that you would not find in a similar room in New England or New York; but, as in many such rooms there, gentlewoman and elegant comfort were written all over it in alternating interwoven characters. Lady Toppingham rose and gave me her hand, which, please remember, if you should ever venture to write again about the manners and customs of the inhabitants of this island, is, contrary to the common notion, the custom here, unless the caller does not appear as a social acquaintance, and the interview is more or less of a business character. I must confess that I enjoy this distinction, and wish that, with some other habits of life in England, it could be carried into "the States."

A nursery-maid was standing half behind

my hostess's chair, and on the floor, playing about her feet, was a boy-baby, about a year and a half old, so radiant with all glory possible to infancy that I can only call him splendid. To anticipate a little, in a few minutes he was on my knee, alternately cooing and crowing and kicking and pulling my whiskers; until, after a few fond maternal remonstrances, he was sent back to the nursery. I found him as firm and as springy as a just-landed trout.

"Lord Toppingham is out this morning, shooting, with my cousin, Captain Surcingle," said my hostess, as I took my seat. "I am sorry it should have happened so: he does n't go out quite so often as most men do here. He will regret it himself. We hoped to have the pleasure of seeing you ere this at the Priory. You have not called before, I believe?" with a slight, searching look that flashed into my eye like a reflection from a mischievous boy's bit of looking-glass.

"No, madam; unless, indeed, I may be considered to have called after a fashion, when I took the liberty of giving my card to Mr. Washington Adams."

"Mr. Adams is a friend of yours?"

"I can hardly call him a friend. Indeed, I am inclined to think that I have many better friends than he is. Hardly more than a slight acquaintance, I should say; for I am sure that many persons know much more of me than he does, and much more of him than I do."

"Then I may venture to say, without at all implying that his call was uninteresting, that he is a very extraordinary person. Have you many men of his sort in the States?"

"Too many of his sort, I must confess; although I never met another quite so pronounced in style as he is. I fear you may have found him somewhat rude."

"Not in the least, if rudeness consists in offensive intention. He was very well meaning, and *very* self-possessed. But he appeared to be quite ignorant of what we should call the ways of society. Did you ever happen to see Mr. Adams in society, Mr. Humphreys?"

"Indeed, I can't say that I ever did; and you must therefore pardon me if you were a little shocked." This I said in a careless,

smiling way; but I felt that the feminine toils were closing round me. For that, however, I was prepared in a measure, or I should not have ventured into the lioness's den. For Lady Toppingham alone, I believe, of all the company, was quite sure that something was wrong.

You may wonder that such an extravagant creature as my Mr. Washington Adams, one who could not be found with a lantern in Boston or Philadelphia, and hardly in Chicago, should pass muster among people of ordinary information in any part of Europe, as a representative American, on five minutes' inspection. But if you do so wonder, you merely show that you have failed to apprehend the vagueness of their notions about us, their credulity, and their fidgety curiosity to find something in "America and the Americans" which is new, peculiar, and above all unpleasant. You are such a lover of England and English folk, and you were treated with such kindness here by every human creature that you met, even casually as a stranger, that this assertion as to their ignorance of our country and ourselves, and as to their feeling toward them, may be re-

ceived by you with some incredulity.[1] And if you were to judge them only by certain narrow but prominent classes, you would have some reason for your doubts. The superior part of the men in political life, the publicists, the traveled and intelligent among the mercantile and manufacturing class, and above all the journalists, have passed out of this dense stage of ignorance; but only to enter into a confusing twilight, the result of a struggle between limited knowledge and unlimited prejudice. They see; but they are color-blind to the few and faintly characteristic traits of the men and women who are the real products and the real representatives of generations of American training. They start with the postulate that what is English cannot be American: although why it cannot, none of these uneasy mortals have yet been able to show; possibly from an inability to define clearly what is American. From their false

[1] Not at all. My good friend Humphreys forgets certain passages of "England Without and Within," in which that admiration which he and others have found so glowing is tempered by the expression of opinions much like his own, and, moreover, by the record of evidence of just such ignorance as he himself has found.

starting-point they of course proceed to false conclusions. No one will dispute that there are some certain differences in the general aspect of the two peoples (in so far as either of them can be said to have a general aspect), in their manners, their habits, and their speech; but these varying shades are merely on the surface, and are caused by varying circumstances; most of them transitory as well as superficial; none of them tending to any change of nature. What will be the result of the great emigration from Ireland and from Germany, which has taken place mostly within your and my remembrance, and the settlement of the Far West, also the work of the last twenty-five or thirty years, remains to be seen; and I leave it out of the question, as I did in my railway talk with Lord Toppingham. But here I am, lecturing you again, just as I lectured him. I doubt that you will be half so courteously tolerant of me and my fad as he was.

To return to my lady and her gentle catechising, I saw at once that in apologizing for Mr. Washington Adams's possible failures in conduct, I had opened a seam in my ar-

mor. She saw it, too, and instantly seized her advantage.

"Why, Mr. Humphreys, if you never saw Mr. Adams in society, what reason have you for supposing that he did n't know how to behave himself? Are we to assume that there is danger of that with all Americans, except," with a slight, gracious bend of her head, "Mr. Mansfield Humphreys?" This without even a curve of her lip or a twinkle of her eyelid.

"Indeed, notwithstanding your keen-edged compliment, I am willing to own that there are a great many of my countrymen who would be very much out of place in the drawing-room or at the dinner-table of Toppington Priory. Are there not as many of your own fish who would be just as much out of water here? Would you like to cast out a drag-net into the streets of London, or the waste places of England, and haul into the Priory whatever you might catch?"

"No, certainly not; but that 's not likely to happen, you know," smiling, but sitting a little straighter. Then, with a slight increase of impressiveness in manner, "But

you seem to have a strange mixture of knowledge and of ignorance about this — this American — gentleman whom you introduced to Lord Toppingham. You fear, and you doubt, and you talk about drag-nets, and " —

" Pardon me, madam," I broke in ; " but loosely as we all use that word ' gentleman ' nowadays, I cannot but protest when I hear a gentlewoman speak of a creature like Mr. Washington Adams as an American gentleman."

" You admit then, sir, that you introduced to Lord Toppingham and to his wife a person who is not a gentleman, even in America ! " As my fair hostess said this, she bent upon me a look full of confident intelligence and, as I thought, of gentle triumph ; but that may have been merely because I felt that I was beaten. I remember my grateful consciousness that there was no severe displeasure in her clear blue eyes. But my time had come.

" Lady Toppingham," I said, rising, " I can withstand you no longer. I am here to make a confession and an apology. Unless a bit of acting with a better purpose than a

mere joke degrades me from the position with which you have just honored me, I introduced to your society no one who was unworthy of it. I was Mr. Washington Adams."

My hostess rose quickly, with a flush upon her face, saying, "And you came, sir, a stranger, into this house under a feigned name, to hoax Lord Toppingham and — his wife, and their guests! Looking at you as you stand there, it is hard to believe it."

"Unhappily, madam, it is true: unhappily, if it brings upon me your displeasure. Yet I came not exactly as a stranger. You probably know that I had had the pleasure of a morning's talk with Lord Toppingham, the agreeable result of which to me was the honor of an invitation to the Priory on my own poor merits, and when he did not know that I bore a letter of introduction to him from Dr. Tooptoe. As to my little masquerade, for that I must throw myself upon your mercy. I regarded it as hardly more than a continuation, with a living illustration, of that colloquy on the rails. I was tempted to show Lord Toppingham and his friends a specimen of the only sort of Amer-

ican which they, or at least most of their countrymen, recognize as genuine; the only one in which they seem to take any real interest. If in doing so I have violated the rights of hospitality, or if I have offended Lady Toppingham, I can only bear the burden and the blame of my offense, ask pardon, and bid you good-morning."

I bowed, and stepped backward; but I saw in her eye that she did not mean to let me go. There was awakened in her woman's nature the hunter's greed; a feeling corresponding to that with which a man follows up the wild beast which he has roused, or that with which an angler lusts after the trout that is making his reel sing and his rod bend double. While I was wondering what would be her next word, her attitude towards me and the expression of her eye suddenly changed, and she broke into a gentle but merry and hearty fit of laughter. She fell into her chair again, and laughed, still looking at me, until, as I stood before her, I felt myself blushing to my very forehead.

After a moment she said, "Pray be seated, Mr. Humphreys. Please don't stand

there with that penitent air, or I shall be tempted to laugh at you, instead of laughing with you, as I am doing now, I assure you. It was a tremendous farce; as good as a play. How you must have enjoyed the general mystification! It was indeed rather a bold thing to do, if you 'll permit me to say so; but where there is no wrong and no offense, success is an excuse." Then, as if our interview had thus far been of the most ordinary nature, "Would you mind touching the bell for me?"

I did so, and a man-servant quickly entered. "Tell Jackson to bring Lady Charlotte here;" and going to a vase of flowers she busied herself with them a moment, till a nursery-maid appeared with a little girl, about a year and a half older than the boy whom I had found with her on my entrance. She took the child upon her lap, and the maid retired to a window on the other side of the room. I wonder if there is an instinct in a young mother that teaches her that the presence of her child in her arms not only enhances all her womanly attractions, but adds to her dignity, and makes every true man her humble servant.

The child looked at me with infantine approval, and the mother said, "This has been rather a strange interview for a first morning call; but," smiling, "I forget, — it is a second. I must tell you, then, that we don't feel toward you quite as if you were a stranger; for not only did dear old Dr. Tooptoe write most kindly of you in a private letter to my lord, but your friend, whom we saw a good deal of before he left our country, spoke of you so often and in such a way that we felt as if we knew you, and looked for your coming with pleasure."

"Did he hint" —

"Not a word."

"Did Lord Toppingham suspect?"

"No; I 'm inclined to think not. He was mystified, of course, and suspected something; but not, I believe, that you were Mr. Washington Adams. You may think it odd, but I did not tell him what I myself suspected in a vague sort of way; for you 'll remember I had never seen you and knew nothing of you. I rather enjoyed Lord Toppingham's bewilderment; and I felt sure that you would be here soon, and that it would all be cleared up, one way or

another. But indeed, Mr. Humphreys, you tried me rather sorely that morning; did you not? Are you in the habit of such performances, — a professed practical joker?"

"Never before, I assure you, did I do such a thing. That was my first appearance in such a character; and it shall be my last. I feel like saying, with the schoolboy brought up for discipline, 'I did n't do it; and I 'll never do it again.'"

"But how came you to present us, as an American, such a monstrous creature, such a libel, I am sure, upon your countrymen?"

"A little too sure, perhaps; for Mr. Washington Adams was no monster, no libel, but, as you saw him, a portrait, a real man; a little highly charged, to be sure, but no more so than Mr. Du Maurier's figures in his social sketches."

"And the Americans are like Mr. Washington Adams?"

"I did not say so. Your phrase is general, universal. Some are."

"Men who go about whittling?"

"Verily, my lady, there be Americans that whittle."

"And carry bowie-knives and pistols in that dreadful way?"

"There are many men in America who carry bowie-knives and pistols, and handle them as freely as others, both here and there, handle canes and riding-whips. But if you went to America you would have to look far to find them. In all my life I have never seen one."

"And who," drawing down the corners of her mouth, "spit tobacco as you" —

"Pardon me, madam, I did no such thing, as you might have known before if you had asked your servants."

"Well, then, as you pretended to?"

"I am sorry to be obliged to confess that my portrait would have been very imperfect if that feature of it had been omitted. You would find that much more easily than the whittling and the pistol-carrying, although not in any private house where you would be likely to be a visitor. But in railway cars, and in hotels, except in your own rooms and those of your friends, you would have difficulty in escaping the nuisance. Indeed, one of the peculiarities of American public atmosphere in winter is a singular

and unmistakable odor, produced by such narcotic expectorations upon the heated surface of a stove. Pray, excuse me; although I can hardly excuse myself for speaking so plainly of something the very memory of which is nauseous."

"And then Mr. Washington Adams was, or represented, a real man, — a real American, after all; and we are not so much out of the way as you would have us believe."

"Let me explain. I was tempted into the escapade which you have so kindly passed over by the frequent, the almost incessant, presentation by British writers of all sorts — dramatists, novelists, journalists, travelers — of a creature whom they offer to you, and generally in so many words, as the American; and who is accepted by you — most of you — as 'the American.' A man who behaves himself decently, and who is a fair representative of the well bred and well educated — I will not say the cultivated — American, you pass by without remark; and if you wish to characterize American society, you choose for the purpose a man who speaks and acts like Mr. Washington Adams. You look upon us, in the first

place, as one homogeneous lot or lump of nondescript human creatures; and of that congregation you make Mr. Washington Adams the representative. I 'm not speaking now of the few better informed and more kindly intentioned among you, but of the majority who are full of ignorance and of prejudice, and of those who serve their interest and gratify their feelings by pandering to the combined ignorance and prejudice of others. Your whole current literature, particularly your newspapers, to this very day are full of such perversion and misrepresentation. Any queer, coarse, grotesque slang, which may have been heard in some part of America, or picked out of some American newspaper, and which is never used by decent, educated men, is repeated, with the remark 'as the Americans say.' All this, and the uneasy desire, so commonly manifested by your travelers and by your writers on social subjects, not to see things simply as they are in America, but to find something new and strange, if not ridiculous, in speech or habits of life, provoked me, after my talk with Lord Toppingham, to play my prank, and make a

little fun of you before your own eyes. In playing it, I presented, of course, a highly charged portrait, not of any American that you would be likely to meet, but of such a one as most of your countrymen seem to be desirous of meeting; although, as Captain Surcingle said to my good friend, not 'as a weg'la' thing.'"

"Poor, dear old Jack," said Lady Toppingham: "he can be an awful goose; but there is something in him, after all. No man could ride to hounds as he does and not be a good fellow."

"Indeed, I 'm sure you 're right as well as kind about the captain, — although I 'm not enough of a Nimrod to see the connection between goodness and riding to hounds. But as to your strange visitor Washington Adams, again; my sword, as I have already confessed to you, was double edged, and cut both ways. There was not a trait of manners or of speech in my figure, I am sure, which was not a truthful representation, slightly high-lighted and dark-shadowed, of what might be seen and heard in some part of America, among certain people. The sense of monstrosity which you

had was due less to any exaggeration than to the presentation of all these traits in one man, and in the course of an hour or so; as a dramatist will crowd the important events of years or of a life into five acts, which can be presented in one evening. You had your not uncommon British notion of '*the* Americans' concentrated into human pemmican. No wonder that you found it rather highly seasoned. And let me ask you, If I were to offer to the world as a representation of the manners and customs of the English, what I might see at the Toppingham Arms in the village on Saturday night, would not Lord Toppingham, and Sir Charles Boreham, and Dr. Tooptoe, and Mr. Grimstone, be likely to scout it, and perhaps even to resent it a little?"

"That *would* be absurd. I'm sure you would n't do that. It would n't be at all fair; very unjust and incorrect indeed."

While this talk was going on, the little Lady Charlotte had slid down from her mother's lap, and had toddled over to me and begun to play with the seal and key upon my watch-ribbon. Soon I took her, too, upon my knee, to her apparent satisfac-

tion, and with the evident approbation of the mother. As she sat there, a voice was heard, which even I recognized, and my hostess said, "There 's Lord Toppingham;" and, after a moment's hesitation, "Shall I tell him?"

"No, please don't. Let me do that myself."

"As you wish, of course; but why?"

"My offense, if it were one, was personal to Lord Toppingham; and with all thanks to you, madam, and feeling fully what must be the strength of your advocacy, I don't quite like to seek shelter behind a woman's — fan." I had almost used another word although I had not begun it, and a little blush and a sparkle of the eye showed me that the lady had read my thought.

A few moments passed: then enter Lord Toppingham in his shooting gear. As he opened the door he saw the pretty burden of my knee, and exclaimed, "Why, Chartie, darlin', where have you got?" before he was well in the room. He came quickly to me, and giving me a cordial grasp of the hand said, "I 'm sure we 're glad to see you at last. Heard you were here, and only

stopped to wash the powder off my hands. You 've got on famously, I see, with one very important member of this household," glancing at his little daughter, who was now with her mother; " and that, I see," looking into his wife's bright, sweet face, " has done you no harm in another quarter." And then he, too, gave me to understand how you had prepared for me such a frank and warm reception.

We passed pleasantly enough through the unavoidable few minutes of commonplace talk which open a first interview, during which he mentioned that his companion had gone home with a bit of percussion cap in his cheek. " His first wound," he added; " his baptism of fire, as that sham Louis Napoleon said about his poor little Prince Imperial."

" For shame, Toppingham ! Is poor Jack hurt ? "

" Not half so much as he might be by his own razor, or a woman's hairpin. It 'll just give him an opportunity for a becomin' *mouche*." Then to me, " He was very much taken by your friend, Mr. Washington Adams, — was n't he, Kate ? You must have

observed it. Most extraord'nary person, that! Do tell us somethin' about him. Never saw such a queer-actin' person in my life!"

"Come, come," said Lady Toppingham, "don't trouble Mr. Humphreys about that now. He has explained and apologized for all Mr. Adams's peculiarities; and we 've had quite enough of that sort of American," with an emphasis and a glance that gave me a little consolation.

"You 'll stop to dinner with us, of course: pray do;" and my hostess heartily confirmed the invitation.

I excused myself; said that I had brought a horse with me, and glanced at my costume.

"Never mind that. Your horse will stop, too; he 'll be well looked after in the stables. And as to your mornin' coat, never mind that, either. I can send you everything else that you 'll require. Do stop. We 're quite alone for a day or two; somethin' not very common at this season of the year. You 'll save Lady Toppin'ham and me from playin' Darby and Joan."

Just then a servant entered, and said, "Miss Duffield is here, my lady. She 's

stopping a moment to talk with Mrs. Timmins," who, I discovered, was the housekeeper.

"Oh, I 'm glad she 's come," said Lady Toppingham. "Now I 'm sure you 'll stay," with the slightest possible side turn of the head. "Gentlemen always do stay where Margaret Duffield is. Although I don 't know but you 're so spoiled with your wonderful American beauties we hear so much about, that you may prove unimpressible. Lord Toppingham 's her guardian. She 's quite at home here, — comes and goes just as she pleases ; may not show herself for a while yet."

She did, however, show herself at that moment, entering with a charming union of modesty and self-possession ; and after greeting and kissing Lady Toppingham, she gave her hand and offered her cheek to her guardian.

As there were only four of us, I was introduced by the mere mention of my name. This and her greetings brought light to her eyes and an enchanting accession of color to her cheek. She fully justified Lady Toppingham's implied eulogy. I have

rarely seen so beautiful a girl; never one so lovely.

You will imagine a fair, rosy, blue-eyed, golden-haired young woman, round and radiant, with all the soft white splendor of what is called Anglo-Saxon beauty. But you will be wrong. That beauty is found in England; but it is far from being so common as is generally supposed; not so common as in New England, I have sometimes thought. Not noticeably tall, Miss Duffield was yet a little above the average height of women, and the eye-alluring charms of her grand yet maidenly figure were enhanced by what I saw at a second glance was a gown a little shorter-waisted than the fashion. That sharp, hard line, which seems to be defined by some mechanical force, and to divide harshly the upper from the lower half of the figure, was absent; and this added not a little both to the dignity and the grace of her bearing. Her broad, low brow was divinely fair, and so was her rounded neck. Her eyes would have been black but for a slight olive tint that enriched and softened them; and her hair, which was not banged or brutified in any way, but parted and drawn

gently above her pink-tipped ears to a knot, seemed black upon her full white temples, but where the light shone on it, of a warmer hue. Her nose was saved from being perfect Grecian by a slight upward curve from the thin nostril, a type of that feature somewhat more common here than it is with us, although, generally speaking, England is not distinguished as a country of fine noses. Of the winning beauty of her mouth I shall not venture to attempt to give you an idea. It was no little rosebud, but nobly lined, and full and rich with promise; the teeth and their setting seeming to have been furnished by Hygeia. Briefly, imagine a tall, dark-eyed, dark-haired Hebe, with an expression of intelligence and character which are not Hebe's peculiar attributes, and you will have an approximate idea of Miss Duffield. Her dress was perfect: dark olive-green from throat to ankles, including her very gloves, with a light gray broad-leafed hat and feather. Some Englishwomen dress so admirably that it is all the more unaccountable that so many of them dress ill.

My little friend Chartie made for the new-comer as soon as she entered the room,

calling her Aunt Peggy, climbing into her willing lap, and lavishing upon her the somewhat oppressive although gentle caresses of a petted, loving child, and managing, during a few moments which were occupied with desultory talk, to push back her hat, and so to disarrange her hair that, although the general result seemed to me more admirable than the most elaborate coiffure I had ever observed, the young lady withdrew, accompanied by my hostess, to repair damages.

"Lady Toppingham told me that Miss Duffield is your ward."

"Yes; she is my wife's cousin, the only surviving orphan daughter of her mother's younger sister, who was married to a gentleman of moderate estate, which, on his early death without a male heir, went to a distant relative. She is a dear, good girl, although somewhat wayward; as lovable as she is beautiful. I could not love her more if she were my sister or my daughter."

"I cannot doubt it."

"When I say wayward, I don't mean that she 's inclined to be fast and slangish, like so many of our girls, although she

does n't lack spirit. Far from it. But she 's quietly set in her own ways : not very fond of gayety, although she can be the merriest and most companionable creature in the world ; likes to be a good deal by herself, with her music and her books, and to take long walks ; knows all the old women and the young mothers in the cottages about here ; and they all worship her."

" Strange that such a girl as she is has not been married ere this."

" Yes, indeed ; but she does n't appear at all inclined to marriage. Poor Madge ! she has only a hundred and fifty pounds a year ; but she seems perfectly content. She might have been Marchioness of Tipton, and outranked her cousin. She might have had Sir John Acrelipp, who has thirty thousand a year, if she had only held up her finger ; but she would n't. Jack Surcingle is awfully cut up about her, and although he is only a second son he has a thousand a year from his mother and his uncle, besides his allowance and his pay ; but she laughs and talks with Jack, and is as kind as kind can be ; and yet I can see that on this subject she keeps him at arm's-length."

"A musician, you say?"

"Yes, indeed; which I'm not, I'm glad to own. Can't see the use of it. She does n't sing much, only a few little airs and ballads for me and the children; but she 's what Hans Breitmann would call a biano-blayer, and quite awful in the way of Bach and Beethoven, and opuses and things."

"Rather a remarkable girl, it seems to me."

"Well you may say so; but, with all her sweetness, somewhat troublesome to a guardian. I don't know what we shall do with her; such a mixture of attractiveness and reserve, of poverty and content. She makes us anxious, sometimes, for her future."

"Lord Toppingham," I said here, rising suddenly, "I 've a confession to make to you, and an apology."

He rose also, and looked inquiringly into my face. Then I repeated to him what I had said to Lady Toppingham; telling him how I had been tempted to it by our long colloquy in the railway carriage, and adding that I could not remain under his roof and leave him ignorant of what I had done,

nor if he felt that I had given him just cause of offense.

He took a turn up and down the room, and then stopping before me said, "Frankly, it was carryin' a practical joke rather far, upon a first acquaintance, as I 'm glad to see that you feel yourself; and if I had discovered it without your confession, I own that I might have been offended. But I see just how it was: I think I can understand your motive, and I certainly honor your candor. And — well, let us forget everything but the fun of it," and with a pleasant smile he held out his hand.

In a moment or two Lady Toppingham returned, saying, as she entered, "Will Mr. Humphreys stay to dinner?"

"Thanks; since you 're so kind as to ask me, and you seem quite ready to excuse my morning rig and take me as I am, I will."

"We shall be most happy. I thought you 'd stop. You 're very good," with the least perceptible spark of merriment in her eye, and something in her manner that gave me the notion that she would have been glad to drop me a little mock curtsey; but she did n't.

Now came five o'clock tea, and with it Miss Duffield. Needless to tell you how we chatted through this delightful *goûter:* delightful, thus taken with two or three, or half a dozen, pleasant companions in the lady's parlor or the "living" drawing-room of a country house; but a bore, — I confess it, an unmitigated bore, — when it is made the occasion of a small and early entertainment in the city, where thirty or forty people, or more, come and go in costly morning dresses, the women with their bonnets on, to tinkle teacups and spoons, and gabble the commonplaces of society.

Our talk gradually subsided into a silence which we were not ready to break, while the rays of the sun slanted through a pretty oriel window, as the great light-giver sank behind a heavy mass of clouds. In the course of our conversation I had spoken about music to the ladies in a way that revealed, as I intended it should, my love for the mysterious art, half sensuous, half emotional, which, as you know, is one of the chief pleasures of my life. "Come, Margaret," said Lady Toppingham, suddenly breaking the silence, "go to the piano, and give Mr. Humphreys some music."

She rose immediately, and saying only, "With pleasure," went to the instrument. Lord Toppingham took the opportunity to leave the room, and looking in again in a moment said, "Kate, Mr. Humphreys will excuse you for a little while: I want to say a word to you."

Miss Duffield sat down before the piano which I opened for her, and the deft fingers of her left hand, not small, but lithe, well rounded, white, and rosy-tipped, ran lightly up little chromatic scales here and there upon the key-board. Invariable this, with all musicians: they fondle and coax their instruments, whether piano-fortes, or violins, or what not, before they set earnestly to work. As she did this little preliminary trick, her other hand lying in her lap, she turned to me and asked, "Are you of the Humphreys of Dorset?"

"No; my people came from this county. But that was a long while ago. Don't you know that I'm an American, from Massachusetts, — what you, and we too, call a Yankee? I've some cousins at home named Duffield."

Her hand fell lightly down beside its

fellow, and for one precious appreciable instant she bent upon my eyes a look which I had seen in others of her countrywomen, when I told the same to them; only it was softer, less like a stare; there was a mingling of sorrow, almost of pleading, with its gentle wonder.

Did you ever ask yourself if such women truly feel, really are, what they undesigningly express; whether there is in fact any necessary connection between their outer and their inner selves? I have sometimes doubted it. And if there is such a relation between soul and body in them, what becomes of the poor women who have not eyes and lips like Miss Duffield's? I remember coming suddenly upon a good homely girl who I thought was in distress, and about to weep. Alas, poor young woman! if I had entered only a few minutes before, I should have known that she was more than usually happy, and that that distortion of her face was her way of smiling. As the thought that brings up this memory flashed across my mind, Miss Duffield sat quickly up, and took half a dozen double handfuls of roaring chords out of the instrument, which

trembled under her aggressive touch. After a moment's silence she played one of Schubert's airs; and Schubert himself would have thanked her as heartily as I did. I asked for more; and without a word she played reminiscences, of her own arranging, I suspect, of the garden music in Gounod's "Faust." The happy wires sang love under her persuasive fingers. For this I did not thank her, and we sat a few moments without speaking. Then reaching from the music-rack a book which had caught my eye, I opened it, and put it before her, saying, "What you have done is charming, indeed; but I know that you must like something better. Please, will you not play me one of these?"

"That! That 's Bach," she said, with surprise in her face. "Do you like Bach?"

"Why not?"

"Why, you 're an American, you say, and I should n't think of playing Bach to an American. I know you have Italian opera over there, with Patti and Nilsson and all the rest. But Bach! It 's only of late years even here that people generally begun to like Bach; except the real musicians, you know."

"But I learned to like Bach in America when I was a little boy, before Patti and Nilsson were heard of. Just as few people in America as in England really like and understand Bach; but in my boyhood I was one of a sort of club that met every week to enjoy Bach and Beethoven, and there are many other such in America. I know of one which began in the last generation, and has met weekly for thirty-five years."

She said no more, but played one of those sonatas in which the great master of the antique school makes a fugue sing the passion of a broken heart amid all the intricacies of counterpoint. And then she played another, and yet another, and another, until the twilight began to fall upon us; and rising hastily, she said, "Excuse me; I must dress for dinner," and left me in the darkling room.

As this parlor was not used at night, it was not lighted, and I sat undisturbed, musing happily under the influence of the music, for nearly half an hour, before a servant entered with a candle, and a message: "My lady sent me to show you your room, sir, if you 'd like to go to it now." But going

out I met Lord Toppingham himself, who said, "I 've been lookin' for you in the drawin'-room. What made you sit here in the dark?" Then he kindly accompanied me to my room, with an air of welcome, and hoping that I would ask for anything I wanted (but all was amply provided) he left me to the valeting of my solicitous attendant, and I soon went down to him and the ladies.

Of course, in such a little party of four, I took my hostess in to dinner, which she had wisely ordered to be served at a round table standing at the edge of the huge bay-window of the dining-room. Our dinner was chatty and pleasant; but although Miss Duffield was directly opposite to me, she said hardly a word to me during dinner, addressing most of her conversation to her guardian. Before we returned to the drawing-room the evening clouds had gathered overhead, and were pouring rain. "Of course you 'll not go wandering off about the country in such a night as this," my hostess said. "You 'll stop till to-morrow. What a blessing that some one was sent to keep us from boring each other to death! Really, Mr. Humph-

reys, you 're quite a merciful dispensation."

I stayed over till next morning at the Priory, and far into the next day, and departed only from necessity, and with a hearty and accepted invitation to return directly for a visit of some days, on which I was promised a meeting with some pleasant people. There were some eight or a dozen guests all the time, who shot and dined, and dined and shot; and they were pleasant enough; but what they were is not to my present purpose. I enjoyed it all, but most the society of my hostess and her cousin. They charmed me more than any other women I had ever met. Well-bred, simple, unaffected, sensible, well-educated women I had seen before; but I remember few who to all these qualities added a sweet feminine meekness of manner, combined with a capacity to show spirit, and even to be bold, upon occasion. This muliebrity seems to me the crowning charm of the sex in England. With it these ladies, into whose close companionship I was gradually drawn, fed fat the hunger of my soul.

Our common love for music, and the like-

ness of our love, brought me very near to Miss Duffield; this nearness being much favored by her evident lack of sympathy with most of the men around her, and by her independence. We were thus often alone, and never more alone than at times when there were others near us. You know my love for walking in the country, which at home I have generally to enjoy in solitude. She rivaled me, and allowed me to accompany her on some of her strolls, and even on some of her charitable missions. On one of these I discovered the reason of the reserve that awakened her guardian's anxiety. Our talk had gradually led up to it, and she exclaimed, —

"Oh, I 'm weary of seeing men around me doing nothing, thinking nothing, and leading such petty, selfish lives! Of course I know there are able men enough and busy men enough in England; but I 've been to London only once since I was a child, and I see nothing of that sort of man, but men that shoot, and hunt, and play billiards, and gamble, or vanish away to the Continent on some shameful business, like those ——;" and she mentioned two or three noble fam-

ilies, whose names are well known in the divorce court. "Either these, or else a dull squire. My dear guardian is worth a regiment of such men. There 's Surcingle: he does n't gamble, and he 's good. But what do you think he said," she added, laughing, "one day when I told him he did nothing but play billiards? That he did: that he hunted, and shot, and ate, and smoked, and played cricket, and made — talked to me; and although he is n't the wisest, he 's about the best of them. And yet I detest prigs and pedants. I know I 'm only a woman, but I can't help thinking; and it seems to me that the way in which our society is organized tends to make such men; for most men are selfish and indolent, except about their own pleasures."

I stayed ten days at the Priory, which were the happiest of my life; and at last took myself off, for very shame. But erelong I returned to my little inn at B——, and again visited the Priory frequently, although without sleeping there.

One morning I went over early, and was walking through the park by a little dell, or shaw, about three quarters of a mile from

the house, when my attention was attracted by what was plainly a plash of blood upon the path ; then drops large and frequent stretched on before me, and they were fresh. I followed them quickly, and after a rod or two I came upon a sight that made my heart stand still. Miss Duffield lay across the path, with a little pool of blood by her side. She was pale, but conscious. A gleam of joy came from her eyes, as I sprang forward to help her.

Briefly, this had happened : On one of her walks she had seen, on a dwarf tree at the edge of the shaw, a little cluster of leaves, beautifully discolored by some caprice of nature ; but the twig on which it grew was so tough, and stretched so far over the edge, that, although she could touch, she could not break it. Therefore this morning she had brought with her one of those little clasp pruning-knives which are used by amateur gardeners of her sex ; and leaning forward she was able to cut off the twig, which she at once thrust into the buttoned opening of the waist of her walking-dress, and was about shutting the knife, when the turf yielded on the edge where

she was standing, and she fell forward into the shaw. The fall would have been of little importance, although she was somewhat bruised and strained ; but the knife was driven into her left wrist. As she drew it out, it was followed by a spurt of blood. In pain and terror she managed to scramble up to the path, and started to run home ; but the wound bled freely, and after running a few yards she fell fainting to the ground. As the loss of blood had not yet been very great, the horizontal position, acting upon one of her high health and strength, brought her to her senses just before I appeared.

I saw at once, from the bright color of the blood and its regular gush, that she had cut an artery clean in two. Grasping her arm firmly, I said, " You must let me help you, or — Will you trust yourself to me ? "

" Oh, yes, yes ! "

And now my experience as an amateur assistant in our soldiers' hospitals, in my youth, stood me in good stead. Cutting her sleeve open to the shoulder with my pocket-knife, I soon made an extempore tourniquet with my handkerchief and a

small pebble, using as a lever a stout twig that I found hard by; and it was hardly more than a minute from the time when I found her before I had the brachial artery compressed and the flow of blood stopped. But what to do! I could not leave her; and although I could carry her a little way, but with danger of opening the artery again, of what good was that? Not a living creature was within sight, and we were three quarters of a mile from the house. Before this I had thought of the isolation of these great English houses; but now it came upon me with horror, and with cursings in my heart. She did not speak one word, but looked at me in silence.

I saw a little knoll near by, which would give me a farther view. I raised her as gently as I could, and laid her by the side of the path, with my coat under her head. I ran up the knoll, and looked about: in vain. I called out with all my strength. My voice sounded to me faint and hollow and ghostly. I came down again to watch my patient. She lay quiet, and, opening her eyes, looked at me with calm confidence. Then stretching out her unwounded

arm, she pressed my hand, but did not speak. Again I went upon the knoll, and, peering about, what joy to see in the distance a young rustic fellow crossing an open in the park! I shouted and threw up my hands, and managed to attract his attention, and to turn his steps toward me. But with what leaden feet he came! Yet I did soon bring him to quickening his pace, and when he had come near I rushed upon him, saying, "My lad, don't be frightened. Here 's a lady hurt. You understand me?"

"Ees."

"It 's Miss Duffield, Lady Toppingham's cousin. You know her?"

"Ees, oi knaw 'n. She do be t' koindest leddy yereabaout."

"Well, she 'll die if she is not helped. Get a wagon, a cart, anything on wheels, just as quick as lightning. You understand?"

"Ees: I be to get cairt to cairt un up to aouse."

I was about to offer him money; but although slow of speech, he was ready in action, and was off on a run.

My patient I found doing as well as I

could hope for. We neither of us spoke. There was no water near ; I had nothing to give her. She stretched out her right hand to me again : I held it, and watched my tourniquet in silence. Such a silence I had never known before. I heard the beating of my heart, of hers. I heard the light breeze sighing a sad monotone ; the little creakings of the tiny insects around us. It seemed to me that I heard the grass grow. I saw all trifling things : the dry twigs, the odd shape of some of the leaves upon the shrubs, the very grains of sand in the path. I saw the beauty of her arm, and remember tracing the course of a blue vein down its gleaming inner side. I saw that the little cluster of leaves which was the cause of all this woe still remained in her corsage.

All at once the sound of quick hoofs and of wheels, — not farm-cart wheels, but light wheels, moving rapidly, thank God ! — and in a few moments they stopped where the path went out of the copse upon the road, and help appeared with the manly form and troubled face of Captain Surcingle. He had been driving through the park in a light dog-cart, on some jockeyish business, when

he was seen and stopped by my messenger.

Goose as his cousin called him, the captain could not have behaved better. He was silent, sympathetic, attentive, helpful, and did without a word just what I bade him. Keeping Miss Duffield's wounded arm across her body, we carried her carefully to the dog-cart, and lifted her into it. I told her that I should have to place her upon the bottom of the cart, and rest her head upon my knee. She laid it there without a word. I wrote a few lines on the blank leaf of an old letter, stating the case, and gave it to my rustic messenger, telling him to get it to the village surgeon as soon as possible. The captain mounted his seat and gathered up the reins, when, turning his head, he saw the position of my patient.

"Oh, I say, Mr. Humfweys, p'waps you would n't mind dwivin'. I should n't mind havin' you. You see, you und'stand hawses in 'Mewica, mebbe, but you don't und'stand sittin' in dog-cahts, you know."

"If you wish, and if Miss Duffield wishes" —

The weary eyes opened on me with a pit-

eous look; and she said faintly, "Thanks, dear Jack; but please don't have me moved again." I don't know whether dear Jack could have heard her, but I cried out, —

"Never mind, captain; no time for that. Drive on, please! Gently, now."

The good fellow distinguished himself as a whip, and took us swiftly to the house, and as softly as if we were driving over velvet. Indeed, his knowledge of the park enabled him to cut off turns and corners, and to take almost a straight line over the grass.

Needless to tell you the commotion at the Priory. Miss Duffield was soon in bed; and erelong the surgeon arrived on horseback. The artery must be taken up, of course. He needed help, and asked for the gentleman who applied that tourniquet. The consequence was that I assisted at the little operation, while Lady Toppingham held the patient's other hand, and Mrs. Timmins stood by to give any help that might be necessary. She underwent the operation in perfect silence. I did not look at her while it was performed, and after the bandage was applied I immediately left the

room. As I passed around the foot of the bed she opened her eyes and smiled; I bowed silently, and have not seen her since. But from that time I have been at the Priory, Dr. Catlin having expressed a wish that I should remain for two or three days.

This happened last Monday morning; and every day the report has been that she was doing as well as possible. Indeed, as it turned out, the accident which might have been mortal was really of no grave consequence. Therefore, this morning, all the household went to church, leaving her in the care of nurse and housekeeper, while I shut myself in my room to write to you.

After a while I was interrupted by a gentle knock at my door. It was the maid who, at the Priory, specially waits on her; for she has no maid of her own.

"Please, sir," she said, "Miss Duffield's compliments, and she 's very much better this morning. Nothing now only a little weakness. She thought she would put her arm in a sling, and come down; but the doctor would n't pummit. An' please, sir, would you find her a nice book. An' she sends you this," holding out to me what I

recognized as the cluster of leaves which I had seen in her corsage that morning. As I looked at it closely, I saw that on one of the leaves was a little drop of blood, which I have not removed.

This is all I have to tell you now. Should there be anything more hereafter which would interest you, I shall write.

Faithfully yours,

W. Mansfield Humphreys.

V.

UNTOLD LOVE. A SOCIAL SURPRISE.

How it was that I became acquainted with what I shall hereafter relate, it is not worth the while to set forth particularly. Suffice it to say that through letters from all the persons whom I mention, from their own lips, and by my personal observation, I learned very thoroughly, and in the most trustworthy manner, what befell my masking friend and traveling companion.

No word of fond suggestion had passed between Mansfield Humphreys and Margaret Duffield, — although before he found her bleeding in the park he had loved her with a sudden all-absorbing love; for he had soon discovered in her the one woman whose presence stirred in him "all impulses of soul and sense." Yet he did not woo her, except through that mightiest of pleadings from such a nature as his to such a soul as hers, — the being his simple self,

and living his daily life before her. He did not shut his eyes to obstacles in his way; but, as often happens in like cases, he made most of that which was of least importance, — his age. Of this he had never seriously thought before. Whether he was twenty years old, or sixty, was a question that never presented itself to him. He did his work and enjoyed his life; and he did both with thoughtless and almost unconscious vigor. But when he was brought face to face with the momentous fact that he — who, although he had fancied a few women for various qualities and in various ways, had never truly loved — now looked upon this beautiful young woman with a mingling of worship and longing unknown to him before, he suddenly bethought himself that he was twenty years and more her elder.

Although a self-reliant man and sufficient unto himself, he was devoid of personal vanity, and had no confidence in his powers of pleasing; rather, he never thought whether he was pleasing or not, never sought to make himself agreeable to any one he liked, but did what he deemed was right, and

showed what he thought and felt, — showed his liking without reserve, but did not talk about it, and never flattered. Consequently, the vain and shallow mass of men and women had never taken much delight in him; and, having no such debts to pay, had never flattered him. Respected, even admired, and a little feared, he was not popular; but he had a few friends, who would have trusted him with their lives and honors; and although he had not known it, there had been women, whom he had passed by without a look or a word more than ordinary courtesy demanded, who would have gladly given him their lives and their honors and themselves. Being this manner of man, and thus unskilled in woman's heart and ways, his age, although it came upon him as a mere intellectual conviction, a fact in the abstract, yet seemed to him, chiefly because of what he had read and heard, an insuperable barrier between him and the fruition of his love. He was not a man either to whimper, or to insinuate himself where he could not go openly; and therefore upon the subject dearest to his heart he maintained an absolute reserve, not only

of speech, but of manner. Yet although he set a watch upon his lips, and chilled with cold resolve the tenderness that would have glowed in his eye, he could not wholly hide his love from a girl like Margaret Duffield; and he could not conceal, did not seek to conceal, himself. For her, that was enough; and although before her peril she had never said plainly, even to her own heart, that she loved Mansfield Humphreys, she was in just such a condition that when the peril came it revealed to her absolutely and pitilessly the state of her affections; from which revelation she did not shrink, indeed, but which, she being the woman that she was, had brought her mingled joy and fear.

For seeing, at least a little, the feeling of Mansfield Humphreys toward her, she had given herself up to the gladness of rejoicing in it, of worshiping it, without yet acknowledging more than that such a man's love was a sort of divine manifestation that any woman — not she, Margaret Duffield, in particular — ought to love and worship. But when she lay, an invalid, yet not diseased, in the luxurious languor which was the consequence of mere physical exhaus-

tion, her mind quickly acting, although not strongly active, she soon discovered that she prized her life more highly because it had been preserved to her by Humphreys; and indeed that the preservation was more to her than the life. She saw, moreover, that she had given herself, heart and soul, to a stranger, — a man who, while he was of her own race and speech, of her own religion, and even of her own habits of thought, and who, as he had told her, had cousins of her own name, and not improbably of her own kindred, although far remote, was not of her own people; of whose family and friends she was wholly ignorant; whose social surroundings were not those into which she had been born, and in which and by which she had been bred to what she was. She had given herself to a Son of Heth; and it was a grief of mind to her.

It was a grief; for Margaret Duffield, notwithstanding her independence, and in spite of the protest of her noble soul against many of the trammels of the society in which she had been reared, was yet bound by the bonds and shut up within the limitations of that society. She was an English gentle-

woman; and although this "American" gentleman seemed to her yearning soul and loving heart almost a god among men, she had imbibed vague notions of what "American" meant, and vague apprehensions of evil in the social experience to which she must submit if she became his wife. To a gentlewoman, her social experience is the very essence of her personal life; and therefore it was that Margaret Duffield looked upon Mansfield Humphreys' love for her, and the love that she now confessed to herself for him, with fear mingled with her joy.

None the less, however, she felt that she owed him something for her life, and something more — oh, how much more, she now confessed! — for the love which had given her life such greater worth in her own eyes. Therefore it was that, setting her teeth in the face of her fear, she had sent him the cluster of leaves that was the sign and token of the strong bond that was now between them, — a token which he might interpret as he pleased: either as a mere graceful acknowledgment of the great service that he had rendered her, or as an intimation that he might speak to her as he never yet had spoken.

The tiny drop of blood which his eager eye had detected on one of those leaves I do not believe that she had seen. On such a surface of mingled green and bronze and red and yellow, blending and shading into each other, a little crimson spot would hardly be observed, unless upon very minute examination. Had it been plainly visible, it would have been removed before he received this witness of his service and her gratitude. For although she was open-hearted enough and self-reliant enough to send such a token to a man whom she trusted as she trusted him, and who had been to her what he had been, there was in her soul a sense of delicacy mingled with that rarest of qualities in woman, a sense of humor, which would have made her shrink from seeming to provoke a sentiment which, when manifested, she regarded with a kind of worshiping admiration.

As to any risk that she ran that he might look upon her little memorial with the petty pride of a small-souled man in a female conquest, she did not give it one moment's consideration. Of him personally she felt sure. Her perfect love cast out all fear.

Her trust in him was absolute, unquestioning.

Trust could not have been more safely placed. Yet it was not in man to be blind to the possible meaning of such a gift; and although, in the innate modesty of his soul, and because of the life-long influence of his fine breeding, he said to himself, This may be merely a pretty token of thanksgiving from a girl whose nature acts upon a higher plane than that of mere social convention, he felt that, notwithstanding his prudent self-restraint, she might have seen his heart, and that if she had seen it, he would not have received such a token if his love had been unwelcome.

Under like circumstances, in "America," he would have gone directly to her. Under like circumstances he thought that an English gentleman would have been likely to tell her his love before he spoke to her family upon the subject. But he, too, felt the limitations of his position. Properly introduced (notwithstanding the grotesqueness of his first appearance at the Priory, which it should be remembered Margaret had not witnessed); frankly and

warmly received, and treated with the consideration to which he had always been accustomed; finding in the company at the seat of this English earl nothing new to him in manners and little in social tone; made, by the kindness of his friends, to feel himself completely at ease in a household and a society constructed upon larger lines and a more broadly based establishment than those with which any home-living "American" can be familiar, he yet felt that he was really a stranger. He knew these people, liked them heartily, and saw that they liked him; and he was sure that they and he would be friends always. But they knew nothing of him but himself, — nothing of his family, his connection, his rightful place in social life; and Mansfield Humphreys was too much a man of the world not to be conscious — now painfully conscious — that in any country, among people socially well established, although in ordinary social intercourse personal qualities will serve, in marriage, family, connection, social position, are of hardly less, and sometimes of even more importance. And the orphan Margaret Duffield, with her little hundred and

fifty pounds a year, was the grand-daughter of a marquess and the cousin of a countess, the ward of an earl. Therefore, as he sat ruminating upon the case in which he found himself, and gazing fondly at the cluster of leaves which had come to him from the heart of his soul's mistress, but without kissing it, he determined not to speak to her, not even to see her, until he had told his story to Lord Toppingham, and could woo her with the consent of her guardian.

He did not loiter. Mansfield Humphreys never loitered about anything; and now it seemed to him that the very sun lagged slowly through the broken clouds, that cast their lazy shadows upon the verdure of the park.

After luncheon he sought Lord Toppingham, and found him, as he had expected, in his study, a little room just off the library, with guns in the corner, and gloves and foils upon the walls, where he wrote his business letters, smoked his meerschaum, and gave himself up to unmitigated mannishness. His cheery voice answered "Come" to the knock; but to Humphreys' surprise, Lady Toppingham was there, also. He did

not shrink, however, nor abandon his purpose. He was not unwilling to confess his love before her; and indeed, after a moment's reflection, he hoped that he might find in this generous and truly noble woman an ally. But here he erred. A woman may be willing to sacrifice herself for love; but the world has not yet seen the gentlewoman who regarded with equanimity such a sacrifice on the part of any female member of her own family.

After a few words between him and his host and hostess, there was a pause, — one of those silences of expectation which demand more strongly than words the occasion of an unlooked-for interview.

Humphreys did not flinch, but said at once, "My lord, I have come to say to you that my life will not be happy unless Miss Duffield is my wife."

Lord Toppingham looked at him in blank astonishment, and then said, but not unkindly, "Good gracious, my dear Mr. Humphreys, I hope it is n't so. This is dreadful. Pahdon me, but I never dreamed of anything like this."

Lady Toppingham flushed to her fore-

head, and she moved suddenly, as if she were about to rise ; but she kept her seat. The truth was that she had dreamed of something like this. It was impossible that a woman of any experience of life could see a man like Mansfield Humphreys constantly in companionship with a girl like Margaret Duffield, and finally doing her such a service as his had been, without thinking that one, at least, was likely to love the other. Wherefore she had sounded her cousin, and tempted her, and provoked her ; but all in vain. Margaret kept not only her own counsel, but, with a feeling of loyalty which is woman's highest tribute of the heart, her lover's secret, also. She was as wary as the countess. If her cousin discussed Humphreys' character and person, with furtively watchful eyes, she discussed them also, freely and with a placid face. If Lady Toppingham praised him, she assented, and not too coldly. Nor could one or two half-earnest, half-crafty scoffs and sneers at the " American " provoke the girl into the indiscretion of a resentful defense. Margaret remained mistress of herself and of the situation ; and Lady Toppingham came to the conclusion

that her apprehensions were needless as to her cousin. And as to Humphreys, with all her liking for him, she did not feel called upon to concern herself greatly in the love affairs of any strange, traveling "American," who by some accident had been dropped into the Priory; so long, at least, as he did not flutter its ancient dovecotes.

Therefore, when she saw this "American," to whom she had been so kind, actually before her husband, her cousin's guardian, proposing, with no hesitation and no apparent self-doubt, for her cousin as his wife, Catharine, Countess of Toppingham and daughter of the Marquess of A——, felt very much as if her great pet mastiff, Tor, had turned upon her, or had been guilty of some ungentlemanlike behavior: yet probably felt not quite so much surprise. For I am inclined to think that in the silent recesses of her soul her ladyship had more confidence in the thorough good-breeding of her English mastiff than in that of any "American" that ever lived, were he George Washington himself. Her feeling was one of mingled resentment and disappointment; and she said in her heart that

she would n't have believed it of Mr. Humphreys, — he ought to have known better. This resentment was not one whit the less because Margaret's self-contained manner had laid to rest apprehensions which were, as she herself saw now clearly, entirely as to the happiness and future position of her cousin. Those seeming in no peril, she had dismissed the matter from her mind, — how absolutely she did not know until she heard Humphreys' avowal. Her impulsive nature might have manifested itself in reproaches; but the reserve of a well-bred woman and the deference of a well-bred Englishwoman to her husband sealed her lips, at least until he had given his opinion.

To Lord Toppingham's sudden expression of regret Humphreys at once replied, "I am sorry, my lord, to have startled you, and somewhat surprised, in my turn. Is it so strange that a man should love Miss Duffield, and wish to make her his wife? It is not long ago that you yourself told me of three men, of various ages and positions, who had done so."

"Ah, yes; quite so, quite so. But, my

dear sir, in a matter of this sort we must speak plainly; and you 'll excuse my sayin' to you that those were English gentlemen, and quite in Miss Duffield's own rank of life, — men of well-established position and fortune," — and he paused, leaving contrast and inference to his hearer.

"But, I believe, Miss Duffield has no rank, nor had her father; and — pardon me for saying that I am almost glad to know it — neither has she any fortune. Serious as the matter is to me, I should not have ventured upon my proposal, if I had not what is considered a desirable position in society to offer Miss Duffield, and an income sufficient to maintain such a position with comfort."

"Just so, just so. I see; and I don't doubt for a moment that your position is one that any lady in America would be proud to share. But you 'll see that that 's quite a different thing. And America is so — so — very far away, and so — so — uncertain sort of a place, if you 'll forgive my sayin' so, that the idea of lettin' Miss Duffield be married to any person, however estimable and worthy of high consideration" (with a bow and a gracious smile), "that

comes from there is — is — so surprisin', so unprecedented, that you 'll excuse me for sayin' it 's quite inadmissible, — not to be thought of for a moment."

Here Lady Toppingham, having thus far yielded place to her lord and master, and heard him give a complete and decided opinion, came into the discussion, and took up her parable, saying, " Besides, Mr. Humphreys, what you say about Miss Duffield's family having no rank is not at all to the purpose. Margaret Duffield is of her own right in our society, born into our rank of life ; and so would her father's daughter have been, even if he had not married a daughter of the Marquess of A ——. Why, the Duffields are older than we are; they 've been seated at Milton-Duffield longer than we 've been at A ——, — since Henry II.'s time, and probably long before. There 's not a peer in the country, not even the Duke of Norfolk, who would derogate at all from his rank by marrying Margaret Duffield ; and there are scores of peers who in point of family are not to be named with her, although her father's estate was under five thousand a year."

"All that I see, madam. A king might be happy to marry Miss Duffield."

"No, Mr. Humphreys; excuse me, but you don't see. It's no King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid matter. It's simply that Margaret Duffield is an English gentlewoman, a proper wife for any subject in the kingdom, no matter what his rank, or wealth, or distinction; a woman who, whatever she might accept as to fortune, can't be expected or allowed to marry out of her own rank in life, — can't be asked to do so without offense. No reasonable Englishman out of that rank would dream of pretending to her hand." The lady used this large phrase in a large way, giving the *r*'s a little extra roll, and then continued. "Why, there's Lady Harriet F——, whom they've put into a private mad-house: one of the surest evidences of her being insane was that she wanted to marry out of her own rank of life. You'll excuse me, but my lord was quite right in saying that the marriage of such a girl as Margaret to an American would be inadmissible and unprecedented."

Lady Toppingham's manner became so

warm and earnest as to approach excitement; and Humphreys, leaving her without reply, turned to the earl, saying, "As to precedents for marriages between persons of the highest social position in England and Americans, Lord Toppingham can hardly be ignorant that they have existed for some time; and that of late they have rather increased in number than diminished."

"To be sure. Yes, you 're right, — quite so, quite so; right as to your facts, but pahdon me for sayin' not quite right as to their value and the bearin' of 'em. Those marriages, all of 'em, in times past and present, have been of American women to English *men* — at least among people in our position in life; a very different matter, you 'll excuse me for sayin', from the marriage of an English *woman* of correspondin' rank to an American. And then, too," deprecatingly, "I 'm sure that in all these cases there were considerations — certain advantages of fortune on the lady's part, and certain needs or deficiencies on the gentleman's — that rendered the union desirable."

"Indeed, I should say so!" exclaimed

Lady Toppingham. "A man of rank may, if he will, — but even that 's not very prudent, — take his wife from any condition of life, and if her reputation is untarnished, and her manners good, and she is a presentable person, she steps at once into her proper position as his wife, and makes her way according to her advantages, personal and other. But a gentlewoman who marries out of her own rank in life is — lost!" As she spoke her voice rose, and she uttered the last word almost with a cry; and no longer able to restrain herself entirely, she rose quickly from her seat and went to the window. Under Mansfield Humphreys' dispensation of Mr. Washington Adams, Lord Toppingham had been somewhat disturbed, if not excited, while Lady Toppingham had been quite calm and self-possessed; but now, as he brought forward his proposal of marriage, the man was calm and the woman excited.

With the kindest manner, and a gentle, almost pleading tone, Lord Toppingham said, speaking very low, "You 'll not misunderstand Lady Toppin'ham, I 'm sure. She has a very high regard for you, as you

must have seen; but this matter presents itself differently to you and to us; and women always take such affairs so much to heart! You must have seen that I, too, and all our friends have not been backward in showin' our likin' for your society. You have been received among us, as you deserved to be, — pahdon me for alludin' to it, — quite as we should receive an English gentleman of our own position; and I assure you it has given us great pleasure to do so. We have been the gainers — the gainers in every way — by the favor of your company. It is n't that."

"Yes, I know," said Humphreys, with a slight tone of bitterness in his voice, "I know that people of your rank in England, if a presentable American, who is in any way interesting, happens among them, will receive him kindly, and accord to him for the time that he is with them a sort of brevet rank of gentleman, and ask no questions, nor care to ask any, so long as he behaves himself and is not a bore. But you 'll excuse me for saying that, although I am not without respect for social distinctions (which have nothing necessarily to do with

political forms), and perhaps, indeed, for that very reason, I do not visit any gentleman's house, in any country, on those terms. I find fault with no man because he does not seek my society, even if it be because he holds himself above me. Let him go his way, and let me go mine. I am content, and will think none the less of him, but rather the more, because he asserts himself and shows me his hand. But if a man seeks my company, and invites me to his house, among the ladies of his house, I do not appear among them as a gentleman by brevet. He has precluded that by making me their companion. No man has a right to set another down at dinner by his marriageable daughter, and then to complain if he wins her love."

As Humphreys earnestly uttered this protest, Lady Toppingham, who had silently returned from the window, startled him, as she stood unseen at his side, by asking suddenly, "Have you won Margaret Duffield's love?"

He was taken unprepared. What could he say? He was desirous, above all things, to be frank and open in this interview; to

have no semblance of concealment or reserve of thought. He was not certain that Margaret loved him; but he was by no means certain that she did not. After a slight hesitation he replied, "I have no right to think so, whatever I may hope. I have never spoken to her, directly or indirectly, upon this subject; and I am firmly determined not to do so without Lord Toppingham's consent."

"Quite correct and handsome on your part," said the earl, with a little bow, "if you 'll let the occasion excuse my sayin' so. Just what I should have expected of Mr. Humphreys."

Lady Toppingham now changed her tactics slightly. Humphreys' prompt action had prevented her from learning anything about the sending of the cluster of leaves, which would have told her all; but a moment's reflection showed her that his hesitation and the nature of his reply indicated some indefinite but significant relation between him and Margaret; and she feared that this, if it were brought to light in connection with Humphreys' manly and self-sacrificing behavior, might weaken Lord

Toppingham's opposition. "Mr. Humphreys," she said, "you mentioned the sufficiency of your income. You know that in an affair of this kind that is of importance. Have you any objection to telling us its amount?"

"None, whatever; rather the contrary. It will appear small to you, although I consider it sufficient. I have between twenty-five and thirty thousand dollars a year; that is somewhat more, you know, than five thousand pounds."

"Not quite Sir John Acrelipp's rent roll," the lady said, "but very handsome, I admit. Quite enough, if that were the only question. Margaret's father had no more at Milton-Duffield when he married my aunt. Where is your estate situated?"

"Pardon me, madam; perhaps you misunderstood me. I have no estate. We do not have estates in America. I have a house or two; but my income is from railway stocks, government bonds, and mortgages."

"No estate!" said Lord Toppingham, pricking up his ears. "I feared something of the sort. It seems, then, that, notwith-

standin' your income, you are really without any established position, even in America. A man whose family has no estate we" (slightly emphasizing the word) "cannot regard as one of established position, however good his connection, or however high his character and unexceptionable his manners. Stocks and bonds," smiling, "are very agreeable adjuncts to a landed estate; but they cannot take its place. Miss Duffield might better accept the proposals of some successful English barrister, or — or other professional person. I fear that you must make up your mind finally to my declinin' the honor of your proposal."

"Of course, of course," said the lady. "Why, Miss Duffield's own little income is on a sounder footing. It is a rent charge upon her grandfather's estate."

Lord Toppingham rose, and held out his hand, saying, "Believe me, I 'm extremely sorry that this interview has necessarily terminated in a way which, I must assume, is very unsatisfactory to you. Let me beg that you will not therefore leave us directly. We should really feel hurt if you did. As you have not addressed Miss Duffield, and

as she is ignorant of your feelings and intentions, I shall say nothing to her of your proposal."

Humphreys saw that he was finally and absolutely dismissed; and taking Lord Toppingham's hand for a moment, and bowing to the countess, he left the room. He decided, however, to accept Lord Toppingham's invitation, and to remain a day or two longer at the Priory: not with the intention of abandoning his resolve and urging his suit to Margaret herself, but with the vague notion and eager hope of some possible change in the situation.

The earl's invitation did not meet Lady Toppingham's approval. She saw that the most important step was to get Humphreys out of the Priory, and indeed out of England; knowing, as she did, that a meeting between two hitherto isolated but highly charged bodies might flash into an explosion which would blow all her plans beyond the moon. But the invitation was given, and could not be recalled.

Lady Toppingham therefore resolved to address herself directly to Margaret, as to whom *she* had made no promise of silence;

and, going to her room that night after dinner, she told her fully of what had passed in the afternoon. She did not ask her as to the nature of her feelings toward Mansfield Humphreys; but she pressed upon her, with all the earnestness and adroitness of which she was capable, the view of Humphreys' proposal which Lord Toppingham and she had taken, — a view which, as we have seen, was not at all new or foreign to Margaret herself, even in the present state of her affections; although these were of a strength and warmth far beyond what her cousin suspected, and even beyond what Humphreys hoped. During the week of her convalescence her love had fed upon her silent thought, and had grown greater day by day and hour by hour. But the influences to which she had been subjected from her childhood were still at work within her, and seconded all Lady Toppingham's endeavors. She was reserved to a degree that alarmed her cousin; but the result of the interview was an assurance, spontaneously given, that she would accept no offer of marriage without her guardian's consent.

VI.

MARGARET'S DEN.

THE next day, having obtained the consent of her physician, the invalid came down to luncheon. Lady Toppingham dreaded the possible consequences of this step, and endeavored to persuade her cousin to keep her room a day or two longer; but Margaret was quietly firm, and Lady Toppingham knew her cousin well enough to be sure that importunity would not only be in vain, but would provoke rebellion. The truth was that under her placid demeanor Margaret was sick with longing to see her lover's face, and to read in his eyes the love which she had consented to sacrifice.

When they met, her faint and fear-hued lips were drawn tight upon her teeth; her dark eyes glowed like coals above her pallid cheeks; and the hand she mechanically held out to him was cold and rigid. It was the first time that she had seen him since

he had assisted at her bedside to complete that preservation of her life which he had begun; but she did not thank him, nor mean to thank him. What were thanks from her to him, to him from her? She knew this, and was silent. But when he said, "I was longing for you to come down; for I am leaving the Priory soon," she answered, looking him straight in the eyes, "I knew it; and I came." He had approached her merely with the manner of a friend who was rejoiced at her recovery, and she had so received him, as any one would have seen who had watched them closely. But that mutual glance when eyes first meet, that instant of communication, which is hardly an instant, but time inexpressible, almost inappreciable, — quicker than lightning, for lightning lasts long enough to be photographed, — had fed full the mutual hunger of their souls, and their hearts were rejoicing with an exceeding great joy one in the other. Therefore, when he told her that he had been longing for her to come down, his voice sounded to her still enfeebled and somewhat dreamily acting brain as if he spoke with the right

and the authority of a long-accepted lover, — one whom she had won and acknowledged and made her master in some far, dim, yet well-remembered time; and her answer seemed to her, as to him, merely a simple and proper recognition of his right, and for her a delightful recognition of it.

Humphreys did not sit by Margaret at luncheon. Even if he had sought to do so, — which he did not, — Lady Toppingham had, with due forethought, arranged matters to prevent it; and very few words passed between them. Directly after luncheon the countess took Humphreys aside, and with the greatest kindness and consideration, but very seriously and impressively, told him that she had informed her cousin of what had passed the day before, of Margaret's reception of the news, and of her promise never to wed without the consent of her guardian. The information produced the effect that she intended. Humphreys knew that he could trust Lady Toppingham not to misrepresent, and not even to color, any evidence which she gave so seriously; he saw Margaret's self-sacrificing de-

termination, and understood it; and he said at once that it would be better for him to leave the Priory that afternoon, and asked the favor of a wagonette to take him to the station.

Meanwhile poor Margaret herself was passing through an experience which would have afforded a young beauty of more thoughtless head and harder heart some amusement; but which, in her present state of mind and body, was a new cross laid upon her overburdened shoulders. Captain Surcingle had been much exercised by Margaret's injury and illness. During her confinement he had brooded over his love; and in his simple way he thought that now, as she had come down again, but was evidently feeling "so awfully seedy," it would be a good time to offer her the support of his arm for a little walk, and the cheer of his companionship for life. She did not refuse his invitation to "a stwoll;" and, taking his arm, she loitered languidly along, leaning upon it as she might have leaned upon her father's, and ungratefully thinking thoughts of mingled happiness and grief, in which he had no share. Insensibly their steps

tended toward a remote and retired part of the garden, which she had been so much in the habit of frequenting, in solitary moods, that it was called Margaret's Den. There were the remains of an old pleached alley, some venerable yews, once trimmed to artificial shapes, but now neglected, and a great evergreen maze, which dated from the time of Charles II.

Captain Surcingle supported his fair burden in perfect silence until they reached this green recess of shade; in silence while he placed her upon a rustic seat; and sat in silence until he had made ineffectual attempts to scrawl with the end of his stick upon the hard old garden walk. Then turning suddenly to her, and as suddenly away again, he broke out, —

"Margy, I feel awfully about you."

"Oh, Jack, you need n't be troubled any longer. I 'm quite well now, except a little weakness. See here! That 's all now," and she held out her arm, from which her sleeve fell away, and showed only a broad black band over the wound. Unwise, and yet altogether uncoquettish Margaret! to show an enamored man an arm of such a

mould, with its whiteness ensplendored by that contrast!

"Oh, I say, Margy! — that won't do. That 's the way you always put it on me; and it is n't fair to a fellah that 's so awfully in earnest. I was awfully sowwy you got hurt, of course, — awfully; but you 're out of the splints now, and a girl of your b — bone and pluck 'll soon come all right again. But you know well enough that 's not what I mean. I mean I feel awfully about you for myself. 'Nevah was weally spoons on any other girl."

"Don't, Jack, — don't."

"Yes, but I will. Why should n't I? Who 's got ' better wight? Ain't you all in the family? What 's the use of goin' out of it? Won't find ' fellah 's fond of you as I am."

"Jack, Jack, why will you talk so? You know it 's all nonsense."

"Not a bit of it: no nonsense about it. I 'm not such a fool as you think. I 've got enough, you know, to carry on the war comfortably in a cozy way; and if you 'd have me, the governor 'd come down with something handsome. An' jess see heah; Lowi-

mer" [Lord Lorimer, his elder brother] "lives at such a pace he may go off the hooks any day, an' then you know I come in for the title and estate. 'Fellah ought to be ashamed to tell you that though; for you don't care about things other girls do; and you 've always tweated me better than you have Lowimer. Only I 'd like to give you everything in the world, if I could."

This does not sound like very tender wooing, but Margaret knew that few of the suits couched in finer phrase were half as sincere; and she exclaimed, half to herself, half to him, "Oh, I am so sorry, so sorry!"

"Sowwy! What 'you sowwy for? Know you like me; youah always so jolly with me. Youah enough to dwive 'fellah cwazy," and starting up from her side, he began to stride up and down the path before her.

Margaret looked at him a moment in silence; and then, rising, she went to him. As he stopped before her and looked down into her face, she laid her hands upon his shoulders, and returning his look kindly, said, "Dear Jack, you 're as good as gold; and I 'm more sorry over this than you can

think. But, Jack, listen! I can never be your wife, — never. No, no," shaking her head sadly, "nor the wife of any other man. Listen, again! I can trust you, Jack, and I will tell you what I have not told anybody. I belong, heart and soul, for all my life, to a man whose wife I cannot hope to be."

Surcingle looked at her a moment with unwonted penetration in his eye, and then said interrogatively, —

"'Mewican fellah?"

Her lips did not move, but her face said Yes; and the captain ruefully commented, "'Mewican fellahs gettin' evwythin' nowadays, — all the cups; an' if they 're goin' to get all the nice girls, I go in fo' a wow. Ought to be a war, so we could polish 'em off. I 'd like to take two such as that fellah for my share in the first scwimmage."

"Jack, dear, you need n't do that, to prevent his getting me. Don't you see how wretched I am? I can never be his wife. It would n't do. But I 'll never be any other man's. Don't you believe me?"

"Believe anything you say, Margy."

"I know you do, Jack. And now will you do something for me?"

"Do anything for you, Margy."

"I thought you would, — even this. I'm sure he's going away directly, — to-day, I think; going home to America; and I shall never see his face again, — never, never, never." Her voice sank low, and there was a wail in it as she uttered these words. "I want you to find him now, and send him to me, here. Say nothing to anybody else; and do it now, won't you, Jack — now?"

He looked at her blankly a moment, and then said, "By George, of all the cheek I ever knew, the cheek of a woman is the cheekiest!" But although he relieved his feelings and expressed his astonishment in this slang, he pressed her hand, and said, "Yes, Margy, I'll go." Poor Jack, brave, simple, self-sacrificing soul! you would rather have led a forlorn hope at Delhi, or the charge at Balaklava. Before she could say another word he had left her.

Within a few minutes he stood before his successful rival, and, lifting his hat, said with even voice, as if he were giving a military order, "Mr. Humfweys, Miss Duffield's compliments, and would you do her the fa-

vor to see her in her Den, — d'wec'ly ?" and, turning on his heel, was gone.

Margaret had resumed her seat, and, drawing herself against the high back at one end of the rustic settle, she leaned there, with her hands lying listlessly in her lap, as she saw Humphreys come out from behind the maze. He sprang quickly forward, to take her hand ; but she withheld it, and, drawing back, motioned him to a seat at the other end of the settle. He obeyed.

"Miss Duffield !"

"Call me Margaret now. I shall never hear you do so again."

"Margaret, it was very kind in you to send for me."

"It was not kind ; it was selfish, — pure selfishness ; perhaps cruelty — to us both." As she said this, the sharp, bitter tone in her voice, usually so rich and low, cut him to the heart.

"I leave the Priory this afternoon."

"So I supposed."

"Intending to take the next steamer for New York."

"That is the best that you could do ; except never to return."

"Margaret, Margaret! I see you know what you are to me, — the only woman in the world. I have some reason, have I not? to believe that you value my love; and yet you can let me go when you might keep me here; and you bid me never return. Can you really love me?"

"For that very reason, I bid you. See! I have no concealments from you now;" and her fair face flushed rosy red as she opened the top of her corsage a little, and taking forth a crumpled handkerchief held it out to him. The little crimson dashes in the corner were not blood, but the cipher W. M. H.

He put out his hand to take it, but she drew it back, saying, "No, no! At least, I may keep this."

"I have the other."

"The leaves. Poor leaves! How little I thought, when I first saw them, that they would lead to this!"

"And yet, Margaret, if you love me now" —

"If?" — almost with resentment, — "and you here at my bidding?"

"You must have felt some love for me before."

"I did not think; I was only happy."

"Happier, perhaps, than I was then. And now?"

She bowed her head, and twisting her fingers together wrung them in and out, crying, "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" in a tone which, although hardly more than a murmur, was full of anguish.

It was not in man, in loving man, to bear this longer, and he moved quickly toward her. To his surprise, she sprang up, and stepping behind the back of the settle leaned upon it, saying, "No, no! Spare me; for I am weak, — weak in body and in soul. Let me keep my faith. Why ask for more than you have, — for more than you know, — when I cannot be your wife?"

"Why not, Margaret? Why?"

"I have promised. I am Lord Toppingham's ward. It is not right that I should be your wife without his consent; and that he will never give, — perhaps ought not to give. I cannot control my heart; — cannot now, at least; perhaps I ought, before; but I can my actions."

"And I must leave you; never hope to claim what your heart has given me, —

merely because you were born and bred in a certain rank of life here, and I am an American, and not an English gentleman?"

"Yes. — Let me sit down; for you know that I am not strong;" and she pointed to his former place, which he resumed. "See, Mansfield Humphreys," she said, speaking now in her usual sweet, clear tones, "I am only a very young woman, but a woman who, you have said, sees what she looks at, and thinks about what she sees. Must a girl like me tell a man like you that rank is not a mere name, but a result, — the flower and fruit of a long growth, that, to those who have it, is the most important possession of their lives? You know this."

"I do."

"And yet you ask me — me, a woman, to whom this atmosphere has been the breath of my nostrils since I was born — to give it up?"

"I did not ask you, until" — and he checked what might have been both a boast and a reproach.

"You might have gone on. — Well, if that were all, I would give it up for you as easily and as quickly as I give you this;"

and she broke a bud from a sprig that hung over the settle, and tossed it into his lap.

He brushed it scornfully away.

"You are right. One is of no more real value than the other; and yet for the sake of that valueless thing, and that I may not wound and wring the hearts of those of whom I am a part, and who have loved and cherished me from my infancy, I send you away, — away from me forever! Oh, forever, forever!" and again she moaned, and tormented her soft, white fingers.

"You love them better than you love me."

"An unkind, cruel speech, if you understood; but you do not understand. First of all I must do right. It is not only men who must sacrifice their lives to duty. To that I am sacrificing all the happiness that woman can hope for, except in the consciousness that she has made the sacrifice."

"And I? My happiness?"

"It is for that, too, that I make the sacrifice. Listen to me quietly and believe me, trust me;" and she leaned a little forward, speaking with a calm and even voice. "Don't flout or doubt what I say; for a

young woman may sometimes see what escapes the eyes even of a mature man."

"I know; I have often thought how much older I am than you."

Her glance fell upon him, full of reproachful love, and with a little contemptuous flirt of her fingers, scarcely perceptible, she went on: "I have never been in America, but I know more of it, have read more about it, than most of those who are around me; and I know that I could not live in America and among Americans, and be happy — except always in you. And therefore you, after your first gladness in calling me your wife had passed, — you would not be happy — except, sometimes, perhaps, in me. Our ways are not as your ways, unless you are misrepresented by your own people and your own writers. Do you believe the Bible? I know you respect it. 'Be ye not unequally yoked' is as true socially as it is in religion. But I am ashamed to preach to you; and it is needless. There is my promise to my guardian, — a promise which it became me to make, and which it is my duty to keep. I shall keep it. But can you think it strange that, although I

keep it, I sent for you, that I might hear your voice, and see your heart, and — show you mine, before we parted?"

"God bless you, Margaret."

"Yes, yes; before we parted forever." She sat a moment, and clasped her hands in silence. "And now go, or we shall be interrupted."

"Margaret, Margaret, give me something that you have touched; something that has lain close to you, that is a part of you, — something, Margaret!"

She raised her hands mechanically to her neck, and unclasped a slender chain, from which hung a little blue enameled jewel that had dwelt beneath his handkerchief, and held it out to him. The hand that gave it was, unconsciously to her, that of her injured arm, and again the sleeve fell away from it, and showed the wounded place. Humphreys seized the hand and in a transport of passion once more bared the arm to the shoulder and covered it with kisses. She yielded to him for a moment, with an abandonment the absoluteness of which was blindness of joy to both.

"Forgive me, Margaret!"

"Is it not yours?"

Then, firmly withdrawing her hand, she turned her back, and said, "Now leave me, and farewell!"

He rose, and walked slowly away. At the corner of the maze, around which his path lay, he turned again. She had fallen upon her knees, and was gazing after him, bent forward eagerly, with her arms stretched out as if in piteous entreaty. He paused; but at once she shook her head and wildly waved him away. He did not see that when he passed out of sight she fell upon the ground and lay prone as he had found her wounded in the park.

He had made his adieus at the Priory, and going directly to the stables he took his wagonette, and was driven to the station. Within a week he was homeward bound upon the ocean.

VII.

A SACRIFICE.

Mansfield Humphreys did not pine for Margaret Duffield. No strong-bodied, strong-brained man pines for any woman. But he went about his work with a cherished sadness in his soul, which he took out at times from its hiding-place; oftenest at night when he sat alone, as he did Margaret's jewel; and love and jewel and sadness together made him a sweet torment, that he would not have exchanged for all the gayety of heart that ever bounded to pipe and tabor. But no one knew that he had this tender aching in his bosom.

This had gone on nearly a year, when one morning, at breakfast, he found among his letters one with a British stamp and "Toppington Priory" upon the sealing-flap. It was addressed —

Mansfield Humfreys, Esqre,
Boston, Massachoosits,
America.

He opened it and read : —

THE PRIORY, TOPPINGTON, MARLSHIRE,
10*th September*, 18—.

DEAR MR. HUMFREYS, — Would you mind coming to the Priery? We should n't mind having you, altho' we 're not all very well. Lord Toppingham sends kind regards. Sincerely yours,

C. TOPPINGHAM.

The phraseology of the letter seemed a little strange to him, but not so strange as if it had come from one of his Boston friends. He had never happened to see Lady Toppingham's handwriting; for during his really short although momentous sojourn, she had occasion to write him but once, a mere invitation, and that her cousin had written for her. He recognized the Priory stamp on the paper and on the envelope; and as to the spelling of Massachusetts, and even of Priory, he thought little of that. The former was only an example of the prevalent English ignorance of "American" things; and as to the latter, he had caught himself, sometimes, in unconscious phonetic slips of the same kind. The

subject of the letter expelled all other thoughts from his mind. He was summoned to Toppington Priory, and by Lady Toppingham; and all were not well. Was the "all" she who was all to him? With his usual promptness of action, he made arrangements for an absence of a few weeks, and in due course of steam by ship and rail he presented himself at the Priory gate, and sent up his card.

Lady Toppingham received him in the drawing-room, with marked kindness, but without the air of expectation or of consciousness that he looked for. After a few words, he said, with an earnestness which his reserved manner did not conceal, —

"May I ask after the welfare of Miss Duffield?"

"Ah, I see how it is, and why you have come; I think I see, at least. — Mr. Humphreys, do you still love my cousin?"

"Lady Toppingham, it is hardly three weeks since I received your letter, and I am here."

"My letter! Pardon me; I wrote you no letter. I don't quite understand."

Humphreys took out his pocket letter-

case, and, quickly finding the letter, handed it to his hostess.

"That is our paper, but this is not my hand, nor even an imitation of it. I did not write this letter. What is all this? — I see, I see. This is poor Jack's hand; and Jack's spelling, too," she added, with a smile. "How came he to do such a thing? And now I think of it, he 's been here almost all the time, these two or three days; riding over early in the morning, hanging about the house and the stables, and poring over the newspapers, that he never looked at before. I 'll find him, and ask him about this. — Why, there he is, coming along the terrace! Excuse me for a moment;" and she pushed open a window, and stepped out.

"Jack," holding out the letter to him, "what does this mean?"

The captain stopped, and, tugging at his mustache, looked ruefully at the paper for a moment, and then said, —

"Own up. Means I 've committed fo'-gewy. I wote it. Meant to tell you befoah 'Mewican fellah got here. Did n't want to tell you too soon, an' have you blow

on poor Margy. 'Mewican fellah got here when I was off duty, that 's all. Letter means wight. Letter means that Margy 's sick fo' Humphreys. I 'm awful spoons on Margy myself, and was fool enough to think that she 'd look at a fellah like me ; but when ' fellah can't get a girl himself, there 's no use in bein' dog in the manger, when he sees she 's dyin' for 'nother fellah, and means to do it, if she can't have him. What 's the use o' blockin' the game, if other fellah is n't a cad or a muff ? You may want to kill Margy ; but not if I can help it. 'Mewican fellah 's a gentleman, and now he 's over here, better give her her head." And having uttered the longest and most connected speech of his life, the captain left the terrace, and went down the drive with his long, swinging stride.

Lady Toppingham took a turn or two upon the terrace, and then entering the drawing-room went to Humphreys, with water glistening in her eyes, saying, " That dear old Jack, poor fellow, has been wiser and better than we all." And then she told him Jack's story ; and also how, after Humphreys had left the Priory, the light

in Margaret's eyes went out, and the spring from her step; and how, although she was cheerful, her smile was sad to see, — "oh, so sad, so sad;" and how she seemed to have no joy in life, not even in her music, although she would sit at the piano-forte every evening in the twilight, and play "things that would break your heart;" and how they had taken her to Italy, Jack going with them; and how she had looked at Italy as if it were a mere heap of rubbish lying above a buried life; and how they had brought her home again. "Jack's way," she said, "is the only way. I know that my lord will yield; for I confess that I — yes, even I, a woman," and she hid her face for a moment in her hands — "have had to hold him up to withstand another woman's happiness. And now go directly to the poor girl. You 'll find her altered. She was in my room with me when your card came in. Be sure she 's there yet. You know the way."

Humphreys was quickly at the door of the morning parlor; and as he silently opened it, he saw that Margaret had seated herself at the instrument where they first had talked and listened together to music;

but her arms lay upon the unlifted lid, and her head was bowed upon them.

His step aroused her, and, suddenly rising, she fled to the farthest corner of the room, whence she looked at him with pale-faced dread. Surprise at her act, her attitude, and the expression of her face arrested his step, but he spoke her name.

For an appreciable moment she did not answer, but looked at him, shrinking. Then she said, with scorn in her voice, "Did they send for you to come to me?" But before he could reply, her white, transparent cheek flamed red, and she cried, "God bless them, if they did! For, Mansfield Humphreys, if you had not come, I should have died." She held out both her hands to him with the same piteous gesture that he had seen from the maze when they parted. At first he put out his, as if to take them; but he opened his arms, and she flung herself upon his breast, and with her own arms around him, and her head where it had so long ached to lie, she held up her noble lips, love-parted, trembling.

Lady Toppingham, who did everything handsomely that she did at all, secured

them against interruption; and it was after a long hour of happiness so great as almost to repay them for their suffering that Margaret, pulling Humphreys' ear, said, with a faint, saucy smile, "You 'll please not think, you vain creature, that it was for love alone I should have died. But, oh, Mansfield," again clinging to him and nestling upon his shoulder, "it was the struggle with myself. There was such a fighting in my brain and such a wailing in my heart. I had no rest by day and little sleep at night."

After a few happy weeks of health-restoring joy, Margaret was married to Mansfield Humphreys, in the little parish church of Toppington; and all the county neighbors came to see. Lord Toppingham, of course, gave her away. Her bridesmaids were her cousins, the Ladies Alice and Elizabeth, younger sisters of Lady Toppingham; who nevertheless, in spite of a certain liking for Humphreys, regarded the whole proceeding with undefined apprehension: "Only an American, you know!"

And who should be best man to Humphreys but Jack Surcingle! Knowing that the bridegroom had no near friend at hand,

he frankly proposed himself, and was as frankly accepted. When the marriage service was over, and the wedding-party was in the vestry, he went to the bride, and taking her face between his hands and gazing into her eyes, he said, "God bless you, cousin Margy!" and stooped and kissed her long upon her forehead; but before he could turn away, she threw her arms about his neck and kissed him on both cheeks. Then Jack Surcingle, without waiting further ceremony, went straight out of the church, and was no more seen. He managed easily to get an exchange, and served Her Majesty in Egypt.

VIII.

LOVE'S EXILE. AN ENGLISHWOMAN IN NEW YORK.

HUMPHREYS, if he had had his way, would have started immediately for home, and have passed the first fortnight of the honeymoon upon the ocean. Not only did his affairs begin to demand his presence in Boston and in New York, but he longed to have Margaret all to himself, and to free her from the more or less restraining influences by which she was surrounded. He felt that he could hardly make her wholly his own until he had cut her loose from associations of family, of friends, and of place, amid which she had grown to womanhood. So long as he remained at Toppington an isolated "American gentleman," he was conscious that, even with all the deep devotion of her love, he must appear in the very eyes of his newly-married wife a stranger, and although not a foreigner (as a French-

man or a German would be foreign), in some degree an "outsider;" one who, although he was graciously received and even preferred to honor, was not regarded by those among whom he lived as one of themselves, or of their order. The heartiness of Lord and Lady Toppingham and the whole Toppingham connection, their simple kindliness, and their constantly manifested desire to make him thoroughly at home among them, could not conceal from him that he was to a certain degree an object of inspection, of observation. He did not quite like the very satisfaction which they constantly showed in their intercourse with him; a satisfaction which their good-breeding and their delicacy did not allow to manifest itself in words, but which sometimes found unconscious revelation in their faces and their manner. He had been accustomed to be taken upon trust, as a matter of course, without trial or examination; and he silently resented even a favorable verdict. He would have silently resented it if his new cousin, instead of being Countess of Toppingham, had been Queen of England. He saw that in manners, in speech, in men-

tal and social tone, his new relations were not in any way superior to his intimate friends at home, indeed hardly in any way different from them, and that a certain large simplicity of manner, which was the distinction that chiefly attracted his attention in their bearing, was due to the unconscious effect of their high and clearly established position. They wore their robes of dignity as if they had been born in them; which, indeed, they had. Nothing gives serenity and ease like well assured position; to observe which socially Mansfield Humphreys had not needed to go to England. For the reasons foregoing, however, he wished as soon as possible to take his wife wholly to himself.

Margaret, however, had other views; and during the happy weeks that preceded her marriage she had laid a little plan of her own. Her love for Humphreys was as full and as fond as ever man had won from woman; but nevertheless she felt her coming separation from the people and the places among which she had been born and bred, from her home, her country, from England, like a wrench, a sprain that racked

her whole moral nature, and strained the finest fibres of her soul. Consequently she sought to mitigate and to ease this pang, of which she had premonitory twinges. She would give herself up to her husband and become a part of him in England, while she was yet surrounded with all the tender charms and sweet associations of her girlhood: she would first make him a part of her early happy life at home, and then go away with him. For a little while at least she would have him and his love and her home and dear England all together.

Now on the edge of the park, standing in pretty lawn and gardens of its own, was a house of moderate size, but rather too large to be called a cottage, — an old timber and plaster house, with gables and long low windows. It had been the manor house of one of the little holdings which had been absorbed into the ever-growing Toppingham estate. Its parlor was wainscoted and ceiled in panelled oak that was both dark and bright with age, and had a curiously carved old mantel-piece over a great fireplace before which two tall iron fire-dogs stood sentinel like men in armor. This

house, although it seemed to invite residence, was mostly uninhabited. The kitchen and a room or two were occupied by a laundress who aired it and kept it in order. There, when the Priory was very full and festive, bachelor guests were sometimes colonized. In past generations, before the Toppinghams were earls and the lords of their now thousands of acres, it had served as a jointure-house to some of the dowagers of the family. Here, with the hearty consent of her guardian, and finally with that of Humphreys, Margaret decided to pass her honeymoon, and to live until she said good-by to England. Her choice was a pretty one, and a wise; for here she and Humphreys could live in perfect seclusion when they chose to do so, and yet be within easy reach of the Priory, almost still a part of its household. Lady Toppingham saw that it was made as comfortable and as attractive as possible, and a maid or two and a "buttons" provided all the necessary service. Although the newly married pair took possession of it immediately after the wedding-breakfast, they passed almost as much of their time during the ensuing

month at the Priory as in their temporary home, dining generally with the Toppinghams, and strolling home in happy lingering walks through the long late twilight, which in England seems sometimes as if it would stretch on into the dawn. Margaret's independence of character, with its tinge of originality, not to say of eccentricity, and the fact that she would soon leave her home to live among strangers in a strange land, were gladly received by her friends as all-sufficient reasons for this somewhat unusual honeymooning; and as to herself, and even as to Humphreys, her plan worked charmingly. When they were at Maple Grange — for so the house was called — she gave herself up completely to him and to her happiness in his love; and it was understood that there they were to be secure against intrusion; but at the Priory it would have been hard to discover that they had not been married ten years; so that when the time came for their departure she felt almost as if she were leaving her husband's home, as well as hers, for a season of travel.

Almost, but not quite. For when the time did come, and the packing was over

and the luggage sent on to Liverpool, and adieus were said, and the carriage that took them to the station was rising a little hill the top of which would shut off the sight of the Priory, and the park, and the tiny village of Toppington, and the cottages where Margaret had carried the blessings of her presence and her care, she sat leaning her head on Humphreys' shoulder, with her clasped hands stretched forward in her lap, silently gazing on that she soon would see no more, and great tears blinded her beautiful eyes before the hill top shut out the beloved prospect. When they reached the crown Humphreys called to the coachman to stop, that she might take one long last look. "No, no! Drive on!" she cried; and, throwing her arms around him, said, "Forgive me, darling, forgive me; but you won't be jealous of dear England — will you, darling?" And when finally on the steamer's deck they stood together at night, and saw the last gleam of Wolf's Rock light quenched in the great waters, she gripped his hand hard, and bending her head down upon the taffrail sobbed as if she were broken-hearted. Humphreys had himself

too great a heart to feel the least annoyance at this exhibition of grief, too large a nature not to sympathize with it; but as he took her to their state-room he wondered whether any "American" girl, leaving her native shores with the husband of her choice, — whether he himself, in like case, — would feel thus as if soul and body had been torn up by the roots to be transplanted.

Margaret's steady nerves made her a good sailor; and she landed at New York in such high health and spirits that she was ready to make the most of their brief sojourn in the great Babel of the western world.

"Now Margery Daw," said Humphreys, "although you 've sold your bed, you shall not lie in straw. We 'll go to the Brevoort: that 's a quiet English-like house, where you will find it cosy and comfortable."

"Oh, no, no; since we 're not to be at home, what matter? Let me see the real thing, now I 'm over here. Take me to the biggest and most American hotel in the town."

"Are you in earnest?"

"Earnest enough to satisfy Carlyle."

They went to the Fifth Avenue Hotel;

and the young English woman, who, be it remembered, had seen but little of London, was plunged at once into the bewildering whirl of the noisiest and most restless city on earth. The first two or three days she was stunned and dazzled, and went about leaning on her husband's arm in silence, and with a sense of apprehension. Everything seemed painfully big, brilliant, and obtrusive. The great white building that glared in the bright sun; the high-colored carpets that glowed equally in the light of the day or in the blaze of gas; the throng of people who seemed to have no time for anything but motion, not even to talk, but who rushed about in silence with sad faces, out of which sharp eyes looked doubtfully; the ceaseless clang and clatter of the street-cars, with their ever-tinkling bells; the rush of trains through the air on the elevated railways; the enormous size of the shops and the flaring display of goods in their vast plate-glass windows; the dirt, the dust, the wind; the houses coming down, the houses going up, in either case filling the street with rubbish and confusion; the entire absence of deferential manner in the people, even the ser-

vants, with whom she was brought in contact; the howling of great steam-whistles at night on the two rivers; the shrieking of the little whistles that woke her in the morning when she wanted to sleep, that told her when it was twelve o'clock, when it was one, and when it was five; the vivid colors of the very omnibuses; — these were a few of the things that left upon her mind a sense of semi-derangement, which was deepened by a general air of heterogeneousness that seemed to pervade the social atmosphere.

"Is it true," she asked, after an experience of two or three days, "that Americans *live*, of their own choice, in a house like this?"

"Some of them do."

"And call it home?"

"I suppose so: they have no other."

"I should as soon think of having apartments in a great railway station and calling that home, or of settling down for life at Clapham Junction!"

"So should I. So would most of the people with whom you will have any personal intercourse. These people never settle

down for life. New York is the worst city, in this respect, in the country, little better than a great cosmopolitan, commercial caravansera; and yet, although it is the third city in size in the world, you will find that it is composed, out of the business quarters, not of hotels, nor even of boarding-houses, but of private dwelling-houses. Who do you suppose live in them — angels and English people?"

"Ah, yes. To be sure. I did n't think of that. What a foolish girl I am! And yet — now, most superior sir, don't be vexed and sit down upon me in all your height and grandeur — most of the people one meets here in the street look as if they lived in hotels. They don't look as if they were going home."

"That may be in New York, and one or two other places like it; but you 'll find out, or if you don't find out for yourself you may believe it without, that New York is not a representative town. It 's the most un-American place in the country; has no character of its own. Not one half of its inhabitants were born in it; and about one third of them were born in Europe. It 's a

place whither all sorts of adventurers from America and from Europe throng to make money and to spend it."

"And has no real society of its own; no quiet, settled, cultivated people? What a dreadful place!"

"Yes, indeed it has. None better in the world, as you will soon see; but you don't find that society in the hotels, the streets, and the theatres, my dear young British traveling critic. The very fact that New York has been invaded from all quarters of the earth, including this quarter, and has become the heterogeneous mart it is, causes this society to live out of public sight as much as possible."

"But all these queer paragraphs in the newspapers about circles of fashion?"

"You 'll find that in this country no one can stop the newspapers' publishing just what will please their readers; and their readers are chiefly the half-foreign all-heterogeneous people that you find in the hotels, in the streets, and in the theatres. And besides, seven in ten of their fashionable reception-givers are only successful adventurers who can't speak English, and who

twenty years ago knew no more of fashionable society than — they do now."

That Humphreys should take Margaret to the Park was a matter of course. As they drove up Fifth Avenue she looked from side to side and said, "Very handsome, very handsome indeed; and all these carriages, too, with their incessant trot, trot, trot. What 's the reason everything makes so much more noise here than it does at home? — Lots of money here plainly. Your American Belgravia, I see. Here I suppose that republican aristocracy lives that dear Lord Toppingham says you told him of."

"A lady who visits a good deal in the Avenue, as some New Yorkers call it, told me that it was full of snobs."

"Oh! ah! I see! — Just so. — Then I may ask, may n't I, Mansfield? Don't you think it looks a little raw, rather fresh; as if it was all built yesterday, and might be pulled down to-day, and rebuilt as well, — or perhaps better — to-morrow?"

"Things must begin. Even London began once. If we could import a little smoke and fog, all that would soon be changed."

"No; no, indeed it would n't; for just

look there! Two men on those ladders scrubbing that marble porch with water and sand, just as it has begun to mellow and tone down a little! Do you *love* glare here as well as noise?"

The Park pleased Margaret much. She could appreciate the taste with which it was planned and decorated, and the skill with which the most had been made of its capabilities and configuration. She expressed her admiration warmly, and asked who planned it.

"Frederick Olmsted and Calvert Vaux."

"O that 's nice. Two such good old English names. Does n't everything you have here that 's nice come, somehow, from England?" Then after a while, "But yet it does n't seem to me quite like a park. It 's more like a scene in a theatre. Why don't you have some trees, and some real lawns, instead of these sickly stretches of coarse sea-green grass?"

"Reason, little girl, reason! The parks you have in mind have been centuries in growing. Only a few years ago this place, which is not older than you are, was a howling wilderness, with hardly a tree or a

shrub or a sod ; a waste of suburban rubbish and unspeakable abominations. Come back here a hundred years hence, and you will find " —

" What ? why do you stop ? "

" Either a truly noble park, or else, again, abomination."

" And how can that be ? "

" It has fallen out of the hands of your friends with the good old English names into those of what Jack Surcingle would call our Iwish lot."

" And they do what they like with it ? "

" With everything in New York, except the private houses and some of the churches."

Margaret thought of this one day when Humphreys had taken her to the Astor Library and then to the grave of Peter Stuyvesant, which her delight in Irving caused her to inquire after. Looking at the plain freestone slab upon the outer wall of St. Mark's-in-the-Bowery, she said, " And does old hard-kopping Piet lie here ? This, at last, is something like history."

" In a very small way," interjected Humphreys.

"What a queer old fellow he must have been!"

"Queer old fellow! he was an able man and a high-minded gentleman. You should see his portrait by Vandyke. Don't you know that Knickerbocker's 'History of New York' is pure burlesque?"

"And is n't true? I thought of course that Irving's humor had made it entertaining, but supposed that after all it was really true."

"About as true as Becket's 'Comic History of England.' When it appeared, and long before it was known abroad, the old New York people were incensed at Irving's ridicule of their forefathers; and it was many years before their anger at his innocent pleasantry was placated. They had good reason; for your misapprehension of it is moderate compared with that of other people. It has been translated into French with the unavoidable loss of much of its humor, and is read, I know, by many people in France as a veritable history of the principal city of those strange, ridiculous people, the Americans. Like all absurd, grotesque misrepresentations of America, it

has a thousand delighted readers for one who reads a sober presentation of the simple truth."

"And yet it was written by an American. — Do you know, I 'm beginning to think that Americans have themselves to thank for much of the misconception of their country and its people that prevails in Europe? Judging by their books and their newspapers, with all their sad and weary look, they seem to delight in presenting exaggerated and perverted pictures of themselves. They are never really serious, unless they 're angry, as you were with dear guardy in the railway carriage."

"Angry, Margery! I was n't angry. We were as good-natured and polite as possible; not angry."

"No, no. I know you were n't; but guardy said you were pretty sharp. I 'm sure, though, he rather liked you for it."

They turned toward the Third Avenue, and Margaret, seeing the red cars pass, begged to be allowed to ride in one a little way, just that she might see everything. Humphreys reluctantly consented. As she stepped up before Humphreys, the conduc-

tor took her by the arm and pressed her into the door of the car.

"What did he do that for?" she said, as Humphreys followed her. "How dared he take hold of me?"

"They call that 'passing 'em in.' He didn't mean to be rude. It's a common custom with these conductors who are, most of them, foreigners and hangers-on of politicians. I 'm not sure that it is n't regarded by them rather as a delicate attention."

Margaret's shrug of her shoulders was almost a shudder.

"Did the London 'bus conductors never do it for you?" asked Humphreys, with a quizzical smile.

"Why, Mansfield! you know I was never in a 'bus at home."

There were only fifteen or twenty passengers scattered through the car, and a man in a slouch felt hat, with a large amethyst ring on a dirty little-finger, rose, and, quite unsolicited, gave Margaret his seat that she and Humphreys might sit together. She bowed, and said "Thanks." He took no notice, unless it was by a copious and emphatic utterance of tobacco spittle upon

the floor. The conductor came up at once, and, prodding Humphreys in the shoulder, held out his hand. Humphreys gave him a quarter-dollar.

"Two?" said the monosyllabic gentleman, nodding inquiringly at Margaret.

"Two," said Humphreys, receiving ten nickel cents and a five-cent piece.

"What did he do that for? How dared he poke you in that way? Why did n't he speak?"

"Because if he spoke he must have been polite, or at least civil. No one here needlessly wastes words or civility."

"Why did n't he wait? Was he afraid you would n't pay?"

"It 's the rule here. The first law is that a man, if he chooses, shall get what he calls 'his money,' no matter how, and in advance of his service."

"And what did he clang that bell for, and do it again and again? To make more noise? It 's very disagreeable."

"To record on that dial, and to announce to all within hearing, that he had received ten cents, and thus diminish his opportunity of putting any of it into his own pocket."

"And so we must be made uncomfortable by this continual clanging during our trip that we pay for, lest the company should lose five cents! Our comfort is nothing; their profit everything. Well, indeed, America *is* the land of the free, and the home of the brave — and honest."

Then sitting yet a little closer to him, and looking about again, she said in a low voice, which was drowned by the clatter of the car, "And these, I suppose, are your lower classes. I don't like the look of them. They wear very good clothes, as everybody seems to here; and they look sharp; but I like my poor old women, and the stupid Toppington boys better."

"Our lower classes! Why, Margery, look! all these people are Irish. Every creature in the car, but you and me and that old woman with the bundle, was born in Ireland; except, perhaps that lad, and he is Irish, although he may have been born here."

Thus instructed, Margaret was able to perceive, under the general look of surface Americanism given by dress and a certain indescribable air of averageness, that what Humphreys said was true. Just then, an

elevated train went roaring overhead, and as Margaret was frowning at the din, a mingled puff of steam and gas pervaded the car, as happens in some states of the atmosphere. She sniffed and coughed, and said, "This is more than I bargained for. Did you like that, Mansfield?"

"Can't say I did. But you must n't be too particular in a land of liberty."

"Do the people that live along here like it, and to have those trains of cars run every few minutes just before their first-floor windows?"

"I don't suppose they 've ever been asked."

"And to have their street filled and darkened with this hideous thing that looks like Clapham Junction made into hanging-gardens for your American Babylon? Do the public here like that?"

"I believe not, except those who travel on these elevated rails."

"Have n't the others any rights?"

"None that corporations are bound to respect."

"How long are these high tramways?"

"About four miles."

"And four of them, you once said. Why don't they run underground?"

"That would cost the company too much."

"You have two great rivers, one on each side of you; why don't you have nice little steamboats from down town to up town, as we do on the Thames?"

"Because then we should be obliged, after we landed, to walk a quarter or a half a mile, or to take a cab."

"And so you destroy comfort of life and decency of appearance in twelve miles of closely built streets, through the oldest part of a great city, that a corporation may make more money, and that people who choose to do business at one end and to live at the other, may save their sixpences and their shillings! Truly, as you said, one must n't be too particular in a land of liberty!"

Margaret subsided into silence for a few moments, and then pulling Humphreys' sleeve said, "Look there! See that great wagon following us on the rails, with those two men shoveling out dirt from it? What can that be for?"

"That 's fine gravel they 're throwing on

the track to keep the horses from slipping, and make it easier going."

"Why don't the company shoe their horses properly, and have a proper road?"

"This is cheaper."

"And for that you submit to have dirt thrown into your streets, and ground into powder, and blown into your eyes and over your clothes and into your houses and down your throats! Truly you Americans are a long-suffering people, and do 'lack gall to make oppression bitter.'"

As they carried on this conversation with some difficulty under cover of the noise and the confusion, all the seats in the car had filled rapidly, and, more passengers being taken in, the way between the seats began to fill.

"What's the matter?" said Margaret. "The carriage is full. What are these people doing here."

"In New York nothing is ever full."

Presently a man standing by Margaret, trod upon her toe, after crowding against her knee. A very brief experience of this phase of New York life satisfied her curiosity, and she said, "Thanks, I won't have

any more of this. I 'll let you tell me the rest. Do let 's get out, please ! "

As they were walking through the next street, Margaret suddenly exclaimed, " Oh, what droll people you Americans are ! See that golden eagle, the American eagle, perched, with wings all spread, atop of that great gilt tooth ; as if the creature had torn it up by the roots. The American eagle for a dentist's sign ! ' To what base uses ! ' — eh, Mr. Horatio ? "

" O Margy, Margy, you are much quicker than Hamlet, but not quite so clever. He would have looked twice, and have thought a long while before speaking. We Americans ! — as usual. Look underneath the eagle, and read the name."

" Dr. Ziehen."

" And on the gilt tooth ? "

" ' *Zahnarzt*,' " blushing, and shyly drooping her head.

" Ah, you begin to suspect. You are not two hundred yards from the Astor Library, not a quarter of a mile from Broadway ; and yet where it is necessary to have the signs in German. And of course your very German dentist is fiercely American, and

must draw teeth (or at least customers as Dutch and as patriotic as himself), by a swoop of the American eagle. That 's not our way. We Yankees don't fly our bird, unless at higher game. But by the way, my fair cockney, did you ever see at home the lion *and* the unicorn a-fightin' *for* the crownd, on a pickle-jar?" Margaret pinched his arm. "What matter is it to me or mine," continued Humphreys, with a little scoffing laugh, "or how are we more responsible for your Dr. Ziehen, whether he is here or in his native country eradicating the molars of some Grand Duchess of Dunderhausen-Blunderhausen?"

As they walked westward she asked, "And so all the people here that look like those we saw are Irish?"

"No; almost as many are Germans. If we had taken the car on the next avenue eastward, even had it been full, probably every passenger except ourselves would have been German. That I have often seen. It may be seen at any hour of any day."

"And where are your American lower classes?"

"We have none of our own. We import

our lower classes from Europe. They are the only foreign product against which we have no protection."

"And you import the lower classes of Europe to let them rule you; even in such an almost home matter as the destruction of your pretty park?"

"Let! We can't help it. In five years they all become citizens just as we are, and 'betther too.' After a short enjoyment of the sweets of political power, they regard the hive as theirs, and us as intruders."

"Citizens! — just like you! Then any one of those men that I saw may become your President?"

"You forget, or have n't learned. The President, at least, must be native and to our manner born. He is the only one of our rulers and our servants that we don't, or may n't, import."

"That I don't like at all. I love both to be ruled and to be served by my own countrymen. Else I should n't feel as if I had a country. One's country is n't the mere ground one digs and walks on."

Although Humphreys and his wife were stopping in New York only for a few days

on their way to Boston, and did not seek society, a few of his friends who heard of their arrival called, and one of them, Mrs. Dudley Stanford, had a small party at dinner, with an evening reception in their honor. Margaret was much admired and seemed to enjoy the little affair thoroughly. Some of the gentlemen pleased her greatly, and she declared herself an open admirer of Mr. Stanford, their host, by whom of course she was taken in to dinner. His tact, his ease of manner, his varied information, and an air of deferential gallantry, relieved by remarks full of good sense and occasional sallies of dry humor, quite took her captive. He was a merchant, as Humphreys had informed her when Mrs. Stanford called; and he was the first merchant with whom this country-bred English gentlewoman had been brought thus into direct companionship. As they were driving home she said to Humphreys, "If your Mr. Stanford is a fair specimen of a New York merchant, I can't agree with you as to the evil influences of trade on New York society. I have rarely met a more agreeable companion or a more accomplished gentleman."

"But he 's not, Margery, he 's not. He is a fair representative only of a certain class. The people whom you met to-night are all of the most reserved class of New York society. Stanford is of an old New England family. He is a graduate of Harvard. We were classmates. He was intended for the bar; but he had a good opportunity to go into trade, and like a wise fellow as he is, he availed himself of it, and made a fortune rapidly. He has a thousand dollars for every one that his father had; but his father was as thorough a gentleman as he is, — perhaps even a little more thorough bred. His wife was a Miss Van Corlaer, one of the old Knickerbocker stock. There are indeed other New York merchants as well educated and as well-bred as he is; but you must not take him, brick that he is, as a specimen brick of that vast multitude. There are merchants like him in England, as I have seen; but are there many?"

"How should I tell? We knew no people in trade; although now I recollect guardy did have a banker or two down once; and one of them was ever so nice."

The conversation dropped; and Humphreys was surprised that Margaret made no further remark upon this evening's experience, and said very little more about the people whom she had met. Wherefore the next day he spoke of her silence, and asked if she had been disappointed.

"Disappointed? No. The evening was very pleasant, and the people were very nice. Why disappointed?"

"Because, although it was your first acquaintance with society here, you say nothing about it; although you are so anxious, as you say, to see all there is to be seen."

"Ye-e-s; that 's a fact, as you Americans say," — Humphreys shook his finger at her as she looked saucily up, — "but, don't you see, Mansfield, that there 's nothing particular to be said? Those people had nothing peculiar about them; nothing to arrest attention. They were well bred, and as sensible as most people are in society; but that was all; except, indeed, my dear Mr. Stanford. Of course the surroundings and the things we talked about reminded me I was in America, but only for that I should not have known that I was not in

England; unless, indeed, that the men were a little meeker than Englishmen, and some of the women a little too pronounced in manner, and too conscious of their handsome gowns, to suit my taste. I 've seen such in England, too, but rarely at the Priory."

"Ah, Margery, even you are just like the rest of your people: always on the lookout for something strange and grotesque, and passing over simple folk like me and my friends without a word."

"But, you insane creature, why should there be a word about such commonplace people as Mr. Mansfield Humphreys and his friends? Among my friends we take all such folk for granted; give thanks silently, and say nothing."

"There should be a word about them, because the commonplace is generally the characteristic. If you say nothing about them, you should say nothing about the rest, or to other people at least you will convey a false and injurious impression."

"What matter? It may be wrong; but is every wrong a woe? Can't you afford to laugh at it? I do believe, Mr. Washington Adams, that you 're half daft on this sub-

ject; just a little touched here;" and she tapped her beautiful forehead with her finger.

"Margery, Margery, every wrong is a woe; and think a minute," said Humphreys seriously; "if America and American society had been habitually present to your mind and your friends' minds as you saw it last night, should we have lost a year of our lives in sorrow and suspense?"

As he stretched out his hand to her she grasped it, and, drawing herself to him, said, "You are right, darling, you are right. I never thought of it in that light." Then, lifting her head from his shoulder, she said, with mischief in her eyes, "Is that an example of what you logical creatures call the *argumentum ad hominem?*"

"*Ad feminam*, this time, little girl, *ad feminam* — '*varium et mutabile semper.*' Do you understand that?"

"A woman must be dull indeed, or live among men who never went to school, not to find out what that means."

"But perhaps there was something not quite so commonplace to you as you suppose in those people last night. What did you

think of your neighbor on the other side at dinner, Mr. Bassett?"

"That dark-eyed man who was so reserved? Yes, he was introduced and we had a little talk. An elegant fellow. Very well-mannered and distinguished. Had n't much to say for himself, though, I thought."

"You 'd hear him talk fast enough if you saw him down town. He 's an auctioneer."

"Auctioneer!" cried Margaret in amazement, opening her eyes as wide as her mouth; "a man that says 'going, going, gone!'"

"Just that: an auctioneer and a real estate agent."

"Real estate agent? I don't quite understand. — Oh, I see, sells and lets houses and lands for gentlemen. — This is dreadful. I never heard of such a thing as a person like that being asked to dinner. How came he there?"

"My little Britisher, as you say in England" (Margaret retorted his former threat for this return gibe), "Mr. Bassett is a gentleman, who sells and lets houses and lands for men of all positions, most of whom he

would not regard (in private) as gentlemen; and most of whose wives, although their husbands could buy him ten times over, would give all their old shoes if his wife would call upon them. His family, although not wealthy, were known in New York as people of culture and consideration long before the Revolution. — But let us go on. I saw my namesake, young William Mansfield, talking to you with every evidence of admiration. Was it mutual?"

"He! that tall, blonde, broad-shouldered fellow with the golden hair and beard? Yes, indeed: he was ever so nice: reminded me of Jack Surcingle; although he 'd more sense than poor Jack; but I don't believe he is a bit better; although I 'm sure he is good. He was very entertaining; told me some very interesting stories about the West. What of him?"

"Well might he tell you about the West. He 's a miner."

"A minor! He 's young; but I should say he 's more than of age."

"*N-e-r*, Mistress Bull, not *n-o-r*."

"Oh, a miner! owns mines, I suppose."

"Well, yes, he does now own shares in a

mine or two that, if they turn out well, will make him rich by the time he 's thirty-five. But he has worked in mines himself; put in blasts, and put up timbering with his own hands. He was — elegant as you saw him, and liked in society — living on a little salary a few years ago, very busy in the day, very gay at night. All at once his employment and his prospects failed him. He had studied engineering, and, without dallying or whining, he "went West," as the phrase is here, into the mining country; took hold of what first came to his hand; worked like a navvy; shrank from nothing; suffered hardship and privation; at last got on moderately well and secured a promising claim or two; and now that he 's on here to sell part of it, he takes just the same place he had before. I know all about him; for he 's a cousin of mine once or twice removed."

"I wish he was nearer. A manly fellow, and looks such a swell. He 's more like a young English gentleman than any man I 've seen here. Was he educated in England?"

"Another blunder, but the same Bull.

Not only was William Mansfield not educated in England; but he has never crossed the ocean or been out of the United States, nor had his father or his mother, nor his forefathers or foremothers since they came to New England in the reign of Charles I. It is such men chiefly, not your traveled Americans, that you take for Englishmen, and for English gentlemen. Most of the people that you see at the hotel, here, have been to Europe, and more than once."

"I should n't have thought it. Why don't you keep them at home, and send more men like your cousin and" — with a little turn of her head — "your cousin's cousin?"

"What good would that be? How did you treat my cousin's cousin?"

"I?"

"You, darling! A thousand times better than he deserved; but all of you, your set. And besides, kind as they were, they managed to make me feel more as if I were under inspection after we were engaged than I did when I was playing Washington Adams. I believe your friends liked me best in my American *rôle*. I was more amusing."

"Bother Mr. Washington Adams!"

"I don't say so. But for that gentleman, you would not have been here."

"No more I should. How strange!" and Margaret fell a-musing.

IX.

A NEW HOME IN BOSTON.

THE next day they went to Boston. Margaret was much impressed by the sameness of the country through which they passed, the deficiency of any points of interest, the absence of large houses and large trees, and of cottages, and by what she called the inhuman look of the landscape. She said that the people and the land did not seem to be very well acquainted with each other. The length of the journey, too, wearied and surprised her. It was quite, she said, like traveling into a far country, another kingdom.

"And so it is," said Humphreys. "You 've been in three kingdoms to-day;" and then, in answer to her open-eyed look of inquiry: "First New York, then Connecticut, and last Massachusetts, in which we now are. Three independent governments, the heads of which have the power of life and death,

and which are not at all responsible to each other for their acts, or for their laws, which in many respects are quite unlike. We might be man and wife in any one of them, and William Mansfield Humphreys, bachelor, and Margaret Duffield, spinster, in either of the others."

"What a dreadful thing to say, Mansfield! Why will you say such frightful things? How could that be?"

"True, nevertheless. Different marriage laws in all the three States, every one of which is absolute and independent in control of all the personal relations of life. But don't be alarmed; we've not been divorced quite yet," with a quizzical smile; "and, as it happens, you were Mrs. Mansfield Humphreys all the way."

"But how can it be as you have said? I thought it was all America here; one great country, of the greatness and the unity of which you were all so proud; and that your States were quite like our counties at home."

"Nothing of the sort; except that a man's true country here is really his State, as your counties are in England; although, even of us, comparatively few at the North

see and feel that truth. Your favorite, Mr. Freeman, is nearly right on that point. You 'll understand it all in a few months. It 's very simple. — But here we are at The Crossings."

"Clapham Junction again!" exclaimed the fair Briton. "You 've forty Claphams in America. America is one great Clapham."

A few minutes' drive brought them to the Vendôme, where Humphreys, while at New York, had secured a small suit of rooms in which they were to live until, after inspection and counsel together, they decided where they would have their home. For in talking over this subject on their voyage Humphreys found in his wife such a feeling of uncertainty and apprehension as to the places and the people that awaited her in "America" that he postponed decision upon their residence until Margaret should be able to look about a little, and until she had also had some experience of the country. He had no family ties, no home attachments. His father and mother were not living; a brother he had never had; and his surviving sister had been long

separated from him by marriage into quite another society than his. Over the site of his father's house, straight across the hearthstone, a railway passed ; and over not a few acres of the fields and meadows of the old homestead stretched part of an enormous mill-pond, or water-power as it was called, which drove half a dozen seething factories. His lot in this respect resembled in some degree that of many a New England man who was born and brought up in the home of his fathers forty years ago. This being his condition, he had lived his bachelor life, since his prosperity, in a handsome suit of apartments, where however, because the rest of the house was occupied altogether by bachelors like himself, and because of the lack of proper kitchen provision, he could not take Margaret, even for the short and intermediate time during which they needed such accommodation. Thus situated, they were as free to choose where their home should be as newly-paired birds to choose the nook for their nest — always understood that, as the nest must be in a place suited to the habits of the bird, their new home must be in or near Boston.

With the three-hilled city Margaret was greatly pleased. Its picturesque and eye-soothing irregularity of surface and of streets; the variety in style of its houses, and their sober, home-like look; the evidently mature and mellowing age of some of them; the comparatively unobtrusive exterior of the shops, a superior air of cleanliness, quiet, order, and decorum in the place, the very stones of which seemed conscious of respectability; the rarity of Irish faces and voices, and the almost entire absence of Germans within her range of observation — these were a few of its advantages over New York in the eyes of the young Englishwoman. Commonwealth Avenue, with its breadth, its verdure, and its varied domestic architecture, upon which their windows looked, she thought the most beautiful street she had ever seen, not excepting any part of London around Hyde Park, nor any in Oxford. "It looks so like a street for gentlemen to live in," she said to Humphreys; "elegant, yet unpretending and home-like, and not as if it was made yesterday, like that staring Fifth Avenue."

"Both are new enough; and, alas for

your sagacity, my wise woman of Brentford, Fifth Avenue is the older."

"So much the worse for Fifth Avenue. The street may be, but the families that live in it are n't, I 'm sure. The shell is mostly suited to the animal within." But Margaret's great delight was the Common. To this she led Humphreys' steps whenever they went out together; into this she wandered alone sometimes, when he was from her. "This," she said, "is something like a park; although indeed it 's not a very large sort of place. But one feels at rest and at home in it. And what beautiful trees! I did n't know you had such handsome trees in America. This place, too, looks as if it was not made, but as if it had grown."

"Reason: so it has. It 's almost as old as Hyde Park."

"And the people here, too, seem to belong to it. Well might you say I was coming into another kingdom. It truly seems in most respects another country; unless it is that the people here speak English, too; but so many of them with a strange, hard, thin tone of voice that I don't like, and

that 's the worst thing I 've found in Boston."

"You mean, I suppose, the nasal twang, which you wrongly call American. It is indeed an unlovely sound; but I have heard it in its unloveliest intonation from British lips."

"No; not that. I 'm surprised to find how many people here are entirely without that; but among them there are so many who speak, although correctly, in that hard monotone, and so stiffly too, as if they were half educated and were painfully reading out of a book! Why are n't they a little more at ease? They should be: they 're speaking their mother tongue."

"Simply because they are n't at ease. They who speak that way are, most of them, people of a sort who in England would have the speech and the manners of your farmer class, or your lower middle class in town. But these people, although they 're no better than those, have all been to public school, and are strong on grammar and dictionary; and those whom you see have got on, and feel that they must be very careful about their speech. But these are only in part the reasons of what so offends your ears."

"What! Do they like to speak so? Do they try to talk in that half precise, half slovenly way, emphasizing every other word? I like the Marlshire farmers' and even the ploughboys' speech better."

"Yes; I see what you mean. But, my lady, it's all very fine for you, who speak — just as you look, to rejoice in the coarse, rumbling contrast of your head-bobbing farmers' and grateful cottagers' inflections; but as to these people that so offend your dainty ears" —

"Yours, too, Mr. Hypocrite."

"— how do you suppose they feel about the matter? How do you think they would like to be put back into the speech, say, for example, of the good fellow who brought Jack Surcingle with his dog-cart that day to us in the park? For, after all, that 's the prime question, — how would *they* feel about it?"

"You don't mean to say that they would set themselves up" —

"Set themselves up, my *grande dame!* They 're *sot* up already. Every one of them, — these city-living people with the good clothes on — thinks that he or she is as good

as the Earl or the Countess of Toppingham; although they may not be so rich and have no title."

"O dear!"

"At the same time I must admit that they would run after my lord and my lady, and, without any real deference, kow-tow to them, and mob them half to death with what they call social attention."

"O dear, dear! That 's worse yet. That 's vulgar; which the farmers and the ploughboys are not."

"I 'm not sure, my little woman, that vulgarity is not the first step in social improvement."

"But I do dislike half-bred people so much; so much more than those who make no pretense to be fine."

"That 's because they suggest to you low-bred people that have climbed half way up to your social level. Because they are not what you are, you resent their attempt to resemble you. You 're like some exquisite friends of mine in England whom I heard declare they would rather travel third-class than second-class: the people were n't half so disagreeable."

With all her liking for Boston, however — where the street railways were almost her only cause of offense — Margaret would not have chosen to live there. Her idea of home could not connect itself with paving-stones, omnibuses, and streams of people passing the door. She did not like to look from her own windows across into her neighbors'. Green fields, trees, country roads, lanes, the open sky, — these, and daily walks among them, were a part of her idea of home life; and she would have chosen Old Cambridge. But when she found that, if their home was there, Humphreys would be obliged to ride daily back and forth "shut up for three quarters of an hour in one of those dreadful cars with all those queer people," she would not hear of it. She thought it was strange that with his income, and as he had told her of his intention to give her a modest carriage, he should not drive into Boston with his own horse; and she said so; not knowing that she had thus touched one of the distinctive differences in habit of life between Old England and New England.

"Why, Margaret," was the reply, "either

my man and my horse would be obliged to stop in Boston all day, the horse at a livery stable, or both to go back and then come in again for me; and that, with the care of the wagon and the grooming of the horse, would take, to all intents and purposes, the whole time of both; just to drive me to and from my office."

"And why not?"

"It is n't our way. We waste money and food, and are prodigal in clothes; but we don't waste the time of men or of horses, even when we don't know what to do with it when it 's saved. The getting quickly and cheaply from one place to another has come to be an invisible fetish among us, which we worship under the awful title 'rapid transit.'"

Margaret cheerfully gave up her rural preferences, and they obtained a pretty house on the broad, turfed, tree-shaded street which she admired. Here they soon settled down; and the addition to the new furniture of that from Humphreys' old apartments, many pieces of which had belonged to his father and his grandfather, so tempered the novelty of their situation,

that they soon began to feel as if they were in an old home.

One day not long after their settlement, Margaret's womanly eyes were specially delighted by the appearance of a box, which, when Humphreys opened it in her presence, was found to contain a beautiful set of old translucent china, with a cipher in gilt on every piece.

"Something you 've bought for me, you dear extravagant fellow, at that bric-à-brac shop in Tremont Street."

"Something, Margery, that was my grandmother's. That is her maiden cipher. It was a wedding present, and was made for her in Europe."

"Your grandmother's! But I did n't know — ask pardon, sir" (dropping a curtsey) — "that Americans had things like that in the time of your grandmother."

"And there are many other things that you don't know, Miss critic in petticoats." Then soberly: "Of course, Margery, such a set of china, trifle as it would seem to your cousin, was a more important article in my grandfather's house, than it would have been in Toppington Priory at the same

time; and so was an old spider-legged pianoforte, with a purfled case, that tinkled under my grand-aunt's fingers, and which we 'll have just because it makes a pretty show; and we 'll have, of our own, in this and my other traps, what people in Fifth Avenue go to Sypher's to buy. But we did have these things, and we knew how to use them; which I can't say for all of the rich people and their fine things that I 've seen in England. Could you?"

"I believe," with a look of quiet surprise, "that all of our friends behave as if they were used to their position and their surroundings."

"Yes, Margery, you 're right. I can't deny that you are, or were, safely entrenched within the defenses of your social order."

Two years passed, during which, it need hardly be said, Margaret saw all that she wished to see of society in and about her new home. The "best people" in Boston, in Old Cambridge, Brookline, and Dorchester Heights would have been pleased to receive Mansfield Humphreys' wife, even if she were not the beautiful, accomplished, and happily born woman that she was. A sum-

mer at Newport, where Humphreys was able to get a handsome furnished cottage for the season, gayly completed her acquaintance with "American society." But this part of her experience pleased her less than any other. At first, the soft air, the bathing, the novel forms of pleasure, the pretty social panorama, and the many-hued and many-formed beauties of the sea, over which, as she sat in sweet silence on some rock, she looked toward England, made her happy. But ere long the glitter and the glare of it all, the petty little social turmoil that constantly went on, and the exceeding thinness of the French polish, except in a few spots, began to be offensive. It seemed to her that most of the women there lived but to make three expensive toilettes a day, and to display them. As for the men, they soon resolved themselves, for her, into two classes: hard-headed, but finely dressed, middle-aged business men, without any knowledge but that of business and party politics, who came to Newport to eat and drink and smoke in silence; and young men who were weak copies of Jack Surcingle, without his manly, kindly nature, for the

absence of which she was not compensated by the presence of the *r*'s that were beyond the Captain's lingual powers. Therefore, although she did not withdraw herself entirely from the social circles of the great New York summer resort in New England, she was more and more, and chiefly during Humphreys' occasional absence, by herself; and wandered off alone or with her maid, in the morning, walking by the water-side, or sitting upon the russet rocks, looking upon the ever-changing sea, and sighing her heart toward the fair, cloud-coped isle that was the home of her childhood.

The people whom Margaret saw in society were of course chiefly New England folk of long-established social position, and such others from New York and elsewhere as came naturally within that circle. But Humphreys' business and semi-political position as a railway lawyer and director brought her in contact with persons who she quickly perceived were of quite another sort. Humphreys would once in a while bring home, or welcome there, and ask her to show some attention to, men, who, when they were gone, she would say in her heart,

if not with her lips, were "queer," or "not nice." Once she broke out when Humphreys returned from accompanying one of his guests to the station. "Do tell me, Mansfield, why you were so civil to that great, coarse, bull-necked Colonel Waterstock. Is he in your army?"

"No," with a smile: "if all our colonels were in the service of the United States, we should need no privates to make a standing army."

"I'm glad of it. He looked in his fine clothes like our old English sign 'The Hog in Armor.' How he ate!"

"Why, Mistress Prim, did he put his knife into his mouth, or into the butter?"

"No, I think not; but you know it is n't necessary for a person to do either to be disagreeable at table. I did n't like to look at him. And such a tone of voice, and such English! Did you hear him? 'I seen the President las' Thu'sday.' 'I were goan along on the Avenue.' 'He done it.' 'I don't believe there 's nothin' more to it.' What is such a man doing at your table, with your wife?"

"My most exquisite dame, did you never

see men with rustic airs and speech in your gentlemen's houses in England? I have."

"That 's not what I mean; not at all; nothing of the sort. A man may be provincial, very rustic in speech and manner, and yet not be at all vulgar. He may speak with a burr in his voice that would hold a chestnut, and yet his English be respectable and even pleasant, although not elegant. — But this creature!"

"Verily, thou art a schoolmistress and a mistress of ceremonies rolled into one."

"Nonsense, Mansfield! did n't I see it in your eye that you winced at table half a dozen times?"

"None the less, ma'am, Colonel Waterstock is a man of importance to me and to others. He is now president and chief controller of the Great South Western Railway; he is worth eight or ten millions of dollars; he carries the legislatures of two States in his breeches pocket; he could be governor of either, and probably will be of one, and afterwards senator of the United States."

"This is worse and worse. Is that the sort of man of which you make governors and senators?"

"Yes, I'm sorry to say it is; and more and more so every year. Our fathers and grandfathers chose men of culture and character; men who would as soon have thought of bribing an apostle or an archangel as a legislator. But" — breaking away, and beginning to walk the floor, "what matter! The country is more prosperous now than it was then; richer at home, stronger abroad. Colonel Waterstock is a masterly manager; he ensures success; and as to education, he knows now more about Europe and its affairs than your clever and cultivated Lord Toppingham will ever know about America; and what matter about such unessential points as his mere manners or his way of speaking English?"

"Or his character?" said Margaret; and fixing his eye and looking steadily into it, she asked, "Are you Mansfield Humphreys or Mr. Washington Adams?" She continued her steady gaze until Humphreys, to conceal the confusion of his face, was obliged to turn away and go to the window.

There was more in the civility to Colonel Waterstock than Margaret supposed, even after this little discussion of that very capa-

ble gentleman's character. Two years and more had now passed since her marriage and arrival at Boston; years in which were mingled a happiness in Humphreys and his love beyond even what she had hoped for, with a disappointment in her surroundings and with herself because of her inability to adapt herself to them. With Humphreys she lived in the serene enjoyment of the love of a man whom it seemed heaven had made for her; in the society of a few of his friends she found great pleasure. But after the novelty of what she saw for the first time had passed, the general society of "America" lost its interest; it palled upon her; it seemed tame and bare and cold and barren; without character, without variety, without purpose, without meaning. It appeared to be an inorganic assemblage of homogeneous individuals, without relations or mutual responsibilities. She felt the absence of any social motive power other than a love of display. It was more and more to her, day by day, oppressively blank and cheerless. Nor could she find occupation or amusement for herself when alone, except in her books, her music, and her household; as a part of

which no child had yet appeared. Her family cares were therefore as nothing to the well-trained young English woman, vexed as she was at times at the want of training in the best servants she could get.

Her schemes of walking in and about Old Cambridge failed utterly. After enduring her unpleasant trip there in the cars a few times in various seasons, she found that she could not walk as she could in England. In summer the intense heat, and in winter the equally intense cold, the snow, the slush, the bottomless mud of the roads, made walking quite impossible ; and — greatest lack of all in this respect, — spring there was none ; absolutely none. No sweet vernal softness stealing upon all the senses and filling the eye with the brightness, the ear with the music, and the nostril with the perfume of hope and promise. She shuddered through what her friends and neighbors called spring. Moderate cold or even moderate rain would not have kept the young Englishwoman within doors ; but within doors she remained during most of this season ; kept there by the cutting winds, the severity of which she felt more

when they were dry than when they were damp. She was obliged to confine her airings either to walks in the Common, or to drives in her victoria.

Besides these and other like disappointments, she had found herself during the last six or nine months deprived more and more of her husband's company. He went to New York often, being away a day and two nights, or three days, and he returned sometimes jaded and depressed, although at others notably gay and light-hearted. Telegrams came to him frequently, which he would stare at silently and then destroy. Margaret was relieved from the torment of that beginning of jealousy, the suspicion that her husband was sated with her beauty and weary of her love. He was her lover still, though with a husband's mastery and freedom. How she delighted in him when he teased her fondly, and called her sweet abusive names! All the more, however, did she muse and mourn over a moodiness which had come upon him, out of which she could sometimes wile him, but which she could never win him to explain. He put her off almost curtly, although kindly, saying he would be all right soon again.

X.

AN AMERICAN END OF AN AMERICAN FORTUNE.

THE truth was that Humphreys had involved himself in perilous speculation. He had done this not from any gambling or speculative propensity; not even from a desire to increase his possessions: for he was of a contented disposition, and felt that he had enough. His motive was the keeping of that enough. During the time when he was in England courting and marrying Margaret, although it was not more than three months, a project long hatched had been matured and set on foot, with all necessary legislative aid, for a railway which would unite the principal points touched by that of which Humphreys was counsel, shareholder, and director, with a saving of fifty miles and also with a connection which stretched into the limitless space of the West. Had Humphreys been at home when

the bill chartering this company and giving it land and privileges was passed, he might have protected his interests at least by becoming one of the new corporation; but, when he returned, the stock was all in the hands of holders who were awaiting the watering, the second-bond-issuing, and the various other processes by which railways are made profitable to their projectors. Humphreys' railway suffered a depreciation corresponding to the high estimate of the new route; and indeed it was seen that the old one must needs be abandoned as a main line, and reduce its business to that of way travel in a poor country. Humphreys thus saw his principal source of income about to fail him within a little more than a year after his marriage. Until the new line was laid that income was safe; but the managers of the new company were energetic, pushing men, who were sure to get some miles of their line in running order soon; and at the stock board Humphreys' line went down into the depths.

His sudden loss, or prospective loss, must be as suddenly repaired. For himself he cared not much; he could live happily on

very little. But Margaret! — when he thought of her his heart seemed filled with hot lead. And to his grief was added shame. He remembered Lord Toppingham's remark upon the instability of his position, and Lady Toppingham's almost satirical declaration that Margaret's little income rested upon a surer basis than all his thousands. Margaret must not know his position, the Toppinghams must not suspect it. He must recover himself quickly and secretly; and he did not doubt that his experience and his acknowledged ability would enable him thus to attain his end. He went boldly into speculation, putting all that he had at risk; for doubt did not enter his mind. He looked upon his reinstatement as confidently as a strong young man looks for his recovery from an attack of illness. But alas! as the strong young man is sometimes deceived, so was he. The ability that served him as a railway lawyer and manager of legislators and the public did not serve him in Wall Street; or luck, which has very much more to do with pecuniary success than some moralizing wiseacres would have us believe, was against him; and to his sur-

prise as much as to his sorrow he did not at once realize his expectations. Everything did not fail; he was not ruined; but he became involved in a tangled train of financial affairs, some sound, some speculative, yet all depending more or less upon each other; and even his high-hearted hope could not blind him to the possibility of ruin, absolute and utter.

It was in this stage of his affairs that he had become acquainted in the way of business with Colonel Waterstock, a bold and unscrupulous financial and political adventurer, whose hardihood of mind and of body had carried him safely through straits and struggles that would have crushed a nature less tough and brutal, but which made him tougher and more brutal, and had placed him in the position which Humphreys had described to Margaret.

Colonel Waterstock, if he had chosen to do so, could have put Humphreys in the way of recovering surely all that he had lost, and more. He saw Humphreys' ability as a lawyer and a manager, and he wished to use him; but his selfish, grasping soul forbade him to deal generously with any one.

He clutched his millions, and his chances for other millions, more eagerly than many a poor man does his hundreds; and his purpose was to make Humphreys his slave, and also to make their business acquaintance a means of entering the reserved social circle to which Humphreys belonged. Hence a coarse broad hint from him that he would like to talk certain affairs over with Humphreys when he was quite at ease and at perfect leisure; and hence the invitation which, under the pressure of circumstances, Humphreys felt that he could not afford to neglect to give.

It was when affairs were in this condition that Margaret saw a prospect, although more than half a year distant, that she should have the child in her arms which she had looked and hoped to have before, — an announcement which under other circumstances would have filled Humphreys' heart with unmingled joy, but which now added to his perplexity. Not that he yet feared want for his wife and his child; but in her present condition what might not be the consequences to her of a severe financial catastrophe to him!

Colonel Waterstock found in Humphreys' house more than he had promised himself. He had heard, by the uncertain, exaggerating voice of rumor, that Humphreys' wife was of a noble family; which was one great reason of his desire to know her; and he was at first disappointed when he found that she was not "my Lady." But, as he looked at her, the woman soon made him forget all this. Her beauty took him captive; and, coarse and brutal as he was, her grace and charm of manner, little as she wasted them on him, enhanced the power of her beauty over his intoxicated senses. She had yet another attraction for him. The musical organization which nature — to sentimental judgment the most capriciously inconsistent and cruelly despotic of powers — had denied to the sweet and noble soul of the Earl of Toppingham, she had bestowed largely upon this bold, sordid, sensual man; who, incapable of a pure thought or an elevated sentiment, insensible to the charms of poetry or of any literature except the writings of Dickens and certain "American" humorists, thrilled to the innermost fibres of his being when the music of great

masters crept into his ears. For his musical taste was elevated: he was a patron not only of the Opera, but of the Philharmonic and the Symphony societies. Margaret at her piano-forte, playing Mozart and Chopin and Beethoven, made complete and absolute the unconscious conquest won by her beauty and her grace. Colonel Waterstock came to the house again and again, sometimes by invitation, at others uninvited, until at last he established himself there upon a footing of somewhat more than mere acquaintance; and Margaret, for her husband's sake, was attentive to his wishes and careful to please him, although she revolted from him personally so much that she never gave him her hand without the consciousness that she ought not to withhold it, and if he sat upon the same sofa with her, always shrank to the farther end.

About this time the young wife and prospective mother was gladdened by the receipt of a letter from her cousin, saying that Lord Toppingham intended a visit to America, and would leave England by the steamer of a certain date. Neither she nor Humphreys cared to mention this news to Colonel Waterstock.

The speculations in which Humphreys had embarked all his means, and even his credit, proved on the whole and in the long run unfortunate. Now and then he profited, and was encouraged to go on; but losses were more frequent and greater than gains; and although the waters of his fate rose now and then above a mark to which they had fallen, when they retired again it was to a lower level than before. Colonel Waterstock had now and then put "a good thing" in his way, but it was always a comparatively small thing. The Colonel wanted for himself all the good chances that were on the cards; and his position and his great command of money enabled him always to avail himself of any that were presented. His wealth was becoming larger month by month and week by week, — almost day by day; while Humphreys could no longer shut his eyes to the certainty of ruin, — ruin so absolute that it would leave him without a dollar and with a very considerable debt.

In his extremity he decided that he would endeavor to push his fortunes with the Colonel more than he had yet done. He went

to the great financier and politician, and offering to give himself with all the ability and energy he possessed to the affairs of the Great South Western Railway, asked only what he had received in former years, under somewhat similar circumstances, shares and chances of profit. The Colonel received his proposal with seeming favor, and revealed to him a project by which the value of certain shares would surely be doubled and probably trebled in a few months; and of these he expressed himself willing to assign to Humphreys two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth if he would pay the cash for them by a certain date, some months ahead. "Happy to make the terms more 'commodatin' ef I could, Mr. Humphreys," he said, "but business is business, and fuss-rate men stan' ready to take th' hull on th' same terms." Now Colonel Waterstock knew Humphreys' affairs almost as well as he knew them himself, and did not need to be told that there was small chance of his having such a sum of money at command by the time specified. Humphreys, however, was silent, and left his considerate friend with thanks for his "kind offer."

He felt that he could no longer conceal his situation from Margaret; and after dinner on the day of his interview with the Colonel, he told her, with a bitter calmness that cut her to the heart, the whole sad story. When he began his confession he sat apart from her upon a broad easy couch in the little book-lined parlor off the drawing-room where they often passed happy hours together. As he went on she came close to him and put her arms about his neck, looking wistfully into his eyes, but with no word of surprise or sorrow. When he finished and said, "And now Margery, my poor girl, I shall soon have nothing for you, nothing," she drew his head down upon her breast, and holding him as a mother holds her child, she kissed his forehead gently and often, murmuring "my poor darling, my poor darling." Then at last Humphreys broke down; two great tears burst from his eyes, and with a smothered sob he hid his face upon her shoulder, as a woman overwhelmed with emotion hides hers upon a man's.

"And is there no way out of it?" she asked after a long silence, "no help at all?"

"Oh yes, my excellent friend, Colonel

Waterstock, shows me a way to fortune on the payment of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"The selfish wretch! and after his coming here so often!"

"Reason, Margery, reason! Only the selfishness of business. Why should he give me two hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of shares, with a chance of making five hundred thousand or a million on any other terms than those on which other men would be glad to get them?"

"And he with more money than he knows what to do with!"

"I never yet saw a man who thought himself in that condition. — But what matter? the conditions are impossible, and there is an end. — Don't be too troubled, though; we shan't want. I can always command enough for comfort; and with that we need not quite bid farewell to happiness, need we?"

Humphreys' lip quivered as, with an attempt at cheerfulness of tone, he asked this question.

"Farewell to happiness! when I have you, and you have me, and we are both well and strong! Why, are you the faint

heart that did win fair lady? Look at me, darling;" and she stood before him at her full height, gazing into his face, sweetly blushing, and with a charming proud confusion, conscious of his love, conscious, too, of her beauty and of her firm health of mind and body, over which, so perfect was she in her womanhood, coming events had cast no shadow. Then, dropping on her knees, she laid her arms and head upon his knee, and said, as if she were a little child, "You forget: I have my money."

"Your money! why, Margery, forgive me, but what can you mean? One hundred and fifty pounds! Seven hundred and fifty dollars a year!"

"Yes, I know it 's very little to a man who has had your fortune. But one hundred and fifty pounds in England is very much more than seven hundred and fifty dollars in America. Nearly twice as much. I found that out long ago. A dollar does n't go so far here as half a crown does at home, even in London. And we might go home, and we should be so happy!"

"Home, Margery! What home? What can you mean?"

"Home to Toppington, of course. You 'd have no rent to pay; for my good guardy would only be too glad to let us have dear Maple Grange again, where we were so happy; don't you remember, darling? No one uses it; and we might better live in it than not; and then we should have the hundred and fifty pounds all to ourselves. And I should want no dresses; for, what with you and guardy and cousin Kate, I 've fine gowns and things of all sorts now enough to last me half my life; and if I had n't I could live with you at Maple Grange on one stuff gown a year and eat porridge and milk, and be as happy as a queen; happier than any queen I ever read of. Besides, you would surely soon be in a way to add largely to your income and ere long to reëstablish yourself entirely."

"But" —

"Be quiet, Mr. Faint-heart, and hear me out!"

"What more?"

"I should be happier then, if you could be happy, than I ever was here or ever could be, with all the money you have lost. For now I 'll tell you, dear, what I 've never

said before, nor shown — have I? — that I 've never been quite contented here or happy, — except in you, except in you. Life here is not what it is in England. It is n't the people; that is, your people, the friends you have brought around me in New York and Boston. There could not be kindlier, better-bred, or more intelligent men or women than they; quite, too, like our friends at home, or with so little difference that it 's not to be thought of in a reckoning of happiness. It 's the country, and the circumstances in which these people live, and are obliged to live. It 's the form of your society, more than its substance. To tell you the truth *your* friends, the people in *your* society have the manners and the tastes of the people in mine at home, while their surroundings and their modes of life are necessarily like those of our city-bred middle classes. The incongruity strikes me constantly. And it is n't helped by money. The vulgarest people that I 've seen among you have been the wealthiest; and those who were most like people of rank and breeding had, many of them, very little money; and among those who had the tru-

est refinement of taste and manner I found that most had never been to Europe. — Besides, poor as I was, I could help people at home. I miss my old women and my young mothers, and the Toppington boys. There 's no one here one can be helpful to, unless through some sort of benevolent machine."

"We have no dependents in this country; although there 's poverty enough among the foreigners in the cities."

"So much the worse for you that are without them. You have no relations with each other but those of business. Except in the way of business you know nothing of each other outside of your own little sets. Society here has no bonds," —

"Bonds fret as well as bind."

— "you are unrelated individuals, like a mass of pebbles; the small ones sinking to the bottom, and leaving the great ones at the top, and no cement to bind any one to any other. I have n't felt like myself since I have been here. I felt more like a gentlewoman when I was at home, almost a dependent. I should feel more like a gentlewoman at dear Maple Grange with only a maid of all work than I have felt in this

fine house amid all the luxuries with which you have surrounded me; and yet where I was obliged to receive such people as Colonel Waterstock and to meet them elsewhere."

"Margery, you know now why I asked him and begged you to be civil to him."

"I know that what I have said sounds like a reproach; but I know too, well enough, that you won't believe that I would reproach you, and now, dear, of all times. You could not help it: could not have helped it under other circumstances. Your society is so constructed, or unconstructed, that you can't keep the Waterstocks out. In New York the Waterstocks are becoming society. And you, too: you feel all this; I know and have seen that you do. You would be happier in England than here. Tell me, now, apart from personal friendships, would not the society at the Priory please you better than that which you see here, — most of it, I mean?"

"Frankly, it would."

"I did not need the telling. So it would your personal friends. People of your circle of society easily adapt themselves to us;

so easily, especially the women, that they seem born to it; but we cannot adapt ourselves easily to your social conditions however we may like you, or however unexceptionable we may regard you personally in all respects. People like you and your friends appear to us out of place in the conditions in which we find you. I have felt out of place here altogether, and never wholly at home or at my ease but when our doors were shut and I was alone with you. If we are to be poor, then, let us go home and be happy and poor in our proper places. I would rather live with you in England on five hundred pounds a year than in America on fifty thousand dollars."

"Margery, you are mad. You don't know what you ask. Even if your income were sufficient for such a thing to be thought of, — I to go to England and live with my wife partly as a dependent on Lord Toppingham!"

"Be as proud as you please yourself, and get what money you like for yourself; but why should n't my guardian give me a house to live in, if he has one to spare, and is willing, especially if he 's no other use to put it to? It 's all in the family."

"I know. You recognize such claims as a matter of course, and accept such favors without any painful sense of obligation."

"Indeed we do. But here one brother may be living splendidly in what your newspapers call circles of fashion, while another remains with straitened means among rude people in some remote nook or corner. Which is the better way, yours or ours?"

"My sweet she-philosopher, we 're getting into deep water. Better confine ourselves to our own personal problem. It 's quite enough for us at present."

XI.

COLONEL WATERSTOCK.

A FEW mornings after Humphreys had told his sad story to his wife, and when he was absent on one of his brief visits to New York, Margaret was in her dressing-room with her own maid Hedwig, a tall blonde Scandinavian, with strong white arms, yet Paris-bred and with a touch like a feather; a girl devoted to her dark-eyed mistress, whose constant attendant she had been for two years. A knock at the door, and Hedwig, with a look in her face which her mistress's love and confidence permitted, brought Colonel Waterstock's card. At this Margaret was somewhat surprised, as the colonel had never before visited the house in her husband's absence, and she knew that he was aware of Humphreys' visit to New York, and indeed had brought it about by a suggestion which promised to be advantageous. She would have been

glad to deny herself; but she went down to the drawing-room and received him courteously, as she had done before; and as before, and for the same reason, was as gracious as she could be by self-compulsion. Her visitor, who was always notably well-dressed, so far at least as rich garments of conventional correctness and of striking newness could make him so, was on this occasion even more than usually remarkable as to his apparel. His heavily bound morning coat was so redolent of newness that it suggested the smell of the tailor's goose. The buttonholes looked as if they had never been buttoned before, and as if now they could never be unbuttoned again. His shiny satin scarf was fastened by a costly diamond pin; his boots produced such an impression of blackness and brightness that it seemed as if they must have been blackened and polished on the very soles; and that he had just come from the hands of his barber was testified not only by the exquisite condition of his hair, but by a mingled odor of bay-rum and musk that almost made Margaret sick. His round, ruddy, hard-fleshed face sat complacently above his two hundred pounds of

body. Of his admiration he was more than usually demonstrative, and beamed upon his hostess with such a radiant beneficence that she conceived a hope that he might indeed be going to do something handsome for Humphreys, and she in consequence redoubled her graciousness. He asked her to play, and when she complied he sat entranced, drinking in the intoxication of passion through eye and ear. He asked her to sing; and even this she did. She very rarely sang; and only for Humphreys, or when she was alone. Her singing voice, as sometimes happens with those whose speaking voices are rich and full, was so deficient in power and in compass that it failed entirely to meet the demands of her musical taste, and she therefore had very early given up all study of vocalization and never sang in society. But within its range her voice was perfect, though weak, and of a penetrating vibration and touching quality that pierced the very souls of those with whom she was in musical sympathy; and among these was Colonel Waterstock. Moreover she was rarely fortunate, in that singing enhanced rather than diminished or disturbed the beauty of her face.

When she ceased the colonel exclaimed "You done that beautiful! You sing like an angel, like a divinity." Margaret smiled; for she knew that the spell of her singing lay in the most human and womanly of her emotions. The smile tempted and excited the enamored colonel, who began to show his admiration in so pronounced a manner that it was irksome to her, and erelong became offensive. To a woman who has herself a large capacity of love, there is no experience more distasteful than the manifestation of strong personal admiration from a man with whom she is not in personal sympathy. Margaret directly changed the subject of conversation, but Colonel Waterstock with a boisterously gallant air exclaimed, "Oh, I ain't to be put off so; be sure o' that; an' you don't mean it; I guess not;" and immediately launched into a declaration of his passion.

Margaret sat a moment, silent and motionless in her resentment; and then, rising, said calmly, "Colonel Waterstock, you visit this house on the invitation of my husband, and have been received at his request. If you leave it now immediately and never en-

ter it again but in his presence, I shall keep what you have just said to myself."

But the great financier and politician had taken an extra cocktail that morning, prefatory to his visit. On his strong, well-seasoned stomach and tough brain its only effect was to increase his natural boldness; and now, excited both with spirit and passion, he pushed on, and, accustomed to success and to win it in one way, he said, "Don't be foolish now. You an' I kin unde'stan' each other, easy. Treat me kin'ly and I 'll set ye all up square; fix it fur him so 's he 'll git jess wot he 's after, and you kin live 'n fuss-rate style, finer style 'n ever. 'R if ye like, I don't mind marryin' ye out an' out. Easy' nough to git a di-vorce with jess a leetle waitin', an' you 'll be the wife of a man wuth twenty millions, twenty millions, you may bet yer sweet life o' that; an' the wife of a gov'ner, 'n of a Senator. — Wot more could I say? Wot more could you expect? I mean business."

"Sir, I am the loved and honored wife of a man whose meanest servant you are not fit to be; and I would rather live with him, or if I was not his, with any gentle-

man in a garret, than be yours if your twenty millions were hundreds."

"Servant! Gentleman!" blustered the colonel, furious at the derogation which is always most resented by the free and independent American democrat; "gentleman! I sh'd like to know whar you 'd fine a better gentleman 'n I am 'n all America, or 'n England either?"

Margaret, vexed with herself at having been provoked by his insult to a retort, now stood pale and speechless; but, with stony eyes, she pointed to the door. He did not move, unless a little nearer, and began "Nonsense, my dear lady" —

She would have left the room without another word, but she saw that as he stood his strong bulk was between her and the door. "Stand aside, sir," she cried, stepping forward with a look and a gesture that would have sobered any man who was fit to look upon such a woman. But her voice was feeble and husky with emotion, and it seemed to her as if some one else had spoken the words. There was in this man, too, a certain brutal muscularity of mind as well as of body, and a *vis inertiæ* that had ena-

bled him to carry his point many times before by mere immovability ; and he stood still.

Margaret stepped boldly, though with a trembling heart, toward the bell. He threw himself, with his blue eyes aflame, before her, exclaiming "You idjot! stan' in yer own light like a fool if you will ; but if you make any noise 'bout this you 'll repent it. I 'll roon you and your beggar of a husband."

The threat stung Margaret like hartshorn in her brain. All at once her pallid face blazed red, and her voice returned to her. "Hedwig!" she screamed, "Hedwig!" and sprang for the door. The man was too late to intercept her : she reached it first, opened it, and, crying out again, "Hedwig!" she rushed into the passage, and there, indeed, was support unlooked-for ; a gentleman whom, even in her excitement, she instantly recognized — Lord Toppingham.

Margaret was not a fainting woman, but she fell swooning into the arms of her guardian ; who, struck with amazement at such a reception, sustained her for a moment in silence, as he saw a huge middle-aged man dash by them and down the stairs

and out of the house. Then he laid Margaret upon the couch in the drawing-room, where a few minutes' attention from her maid with restoratives brought her to consciousness, and to the capability of a very brief explanation to her guardian, her joy in the sight of whom was so touching that it almost unmanned him. He would have had her carried to her room and to bed; but she would not hear of it, and asking for her dressing-gown and a down quilt, after taking a little sal volatile she was able to sit with Lord Toppingham's hand in hers and hear his explanation of his unexpected and most opportune appearance. This was very brief: it being merely that circumstances had arisen (which he did not set forth) which made it desirable that he should leave England sooner than he had intended, and that he had in his inexperience of trans-Atlantic travel not thought of announcing his anticipation of his time of departure by ocean telegraph. On his arrival at New York he had indeed telegraphed to Humphreys, but at his office, and had taken the first train for Boston. Humphreys was in New York, whence he

was expected to return at midnight, and the earl's telegram had not been sent to the house. Margaret's disturbing interview with Colonel Waterstock had prevented her from hearing the carriage which brought her guardian thither; and as she rushed to the door he was coming up the stairs with the servant by whom he had been admitted.

When Humphreys returned at midnight he was surprised by the sight of Lord Toppingham, who was waiting alone for him. After a few words of explanation he went to Margaret's room. She was in bed, whither exhaustion from the day's events had sent her; and, notwithstanding her anxiety to see him, she had fallen asleep, or rather into a light slumber, in which she started fitfully from time to time. Hedwig sat by her. Silently as Humphreys moved into the chamber, his mere presence seemed to exercise an influence upon her, and she was soon awake with his arms about her. She told him in full what she had told Lord Toppingham in part; and they talked long into the night.

In the morning it was agreed among

them all, quite as a matter of course, that nothing was to be said about the matter. Colonel Waterstock would surely be silent unless he were provoked into self-defense. Nothing was to be gained by the revelation of his base conduct, while much would thereby be suffered. It was remarkable however, that Lord Toppingham was least reluctant in this respect, and indignantly declared that "the scoundrel ought to be exposed and punished," while what Humphreys thought of chiefly was that Margaret's name should not be thus spoken by the public mouth in connection with that of such a man as Colonel Waterstock. He knew that, however great may be a wrong, if it is once made the subject of public discussion, the wrong will find defenders, especially if it has been done by a person of influence. A consciousness of this, too, kept the colonel calm.

Humphreys saw at once that this disagreeable incident perfected and precipitated his ruin. He now understood Colonel Waterstock; and he was sure that the promised shares would be withheld from him, even if, under the circumstances, he would

have accepted them or could have taken them up. But between him and the successful financier and politician all was of course at an end; and even the minor and incidental advantages that he might have derived from friendly business relations with the colonel must, of course, be foregone.

Margaret, who found that she had received a nervous shock severer than she had supposed, kept her room and her bed; and Humphreys, in the course of the morning, revealed his position to Lord Toppingham without reserve. The earl did not utter a reproach, nor did he even refer to his former remark upon the lack of stability in Humphreys' position. He only grasped his hand and said, "I 'm awfully sorry, my dear fellow." To Humphreys' remark that of course there was an end of the prospect of shares, even if he could have taken them up, Lord Toppingham demurred, saying at once, "I don't see that. Why not take them, since it seems a sure thing?"

"From that scoundrel, — that blackguard?"

"Scoundrel and blackguard as he is, what has that to do with the shares in a railway, if you can get them?"

"But he 'll not let me have them now."

"On the contrary, now he dare n't refuse."

"But it would be impossible for me to pay for them."

"H'm, that indeed! How much did you say?"

"Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars."

"Fifty thousand pounds; a good round sum. When was it to be paid?"

"In about three months now. But why do you ask? What matter? Three days as well as three months or three years."

Lord Toppingham sat in silence a few minutes, and then said, "My advice is that you write a simple business letter to your Colonel Waterstock, sayin' to him that you expect to make arrangements to take up the shares. He 'd as soon have your money as any one's?"

"I suppose so."

"Then he 'd rather have your money with your silence, which a blackguard like him would think he might buy. Never mind what he thinks. Why should we let the blackguards use us when we may use

them without soilin' our fingers? Write your letter. You 'll find that either he will write a mere business assent, or say nothing, which under the circumstances is assent. When the time of payment comes, if you can't pay, or you decide not to take the shares, he has told you that others stand ready to do so ; some other person will, and there 's an end, and no harm done. If you can, and if you decide that you wish to do so, which," — with a little significance of look and tone, — "it 's possible you may not, why you recover yourself entirely, as you say."

"And more. But my dear Lord Toppingham, I have exhausted my means and my credit. I could n't raise ten thousand dollars."

"My dear Humphreys, between us here, why will you use the handle to my name? Twist it off. I 'd like it ever so much better. I don't mean that you 'my lord' and 'lordship' me like an underbred person: nothin' of the sort. But whenever you do use my name you take it by the handle. Now, even the great Falstaff, you know, although he was 'Sir John to all Europe,'

was simple John Falstaff to his familiars; and surely I may hope that we are on those terms. But I've heard it remarked that well-bred Americans are more formal than we are, and mister and sir each other when we should merely use each others' names."

"We have no visible social barriers, and no recognized marks of social position; therefore, unless we 're very intimate, we are a little more precise with each other than you are."

"Well enough, then, in your case, perhaps. Pahdon me for speakin'. But let that go. Now about this money. If you want it, and if you can make me see that the thing 's safe and sure for you and Margy, you can have it. Don't look so startled. I can do it without touchin' the estate, or harmin' the children, or even cuttin' down any of those trees that Mr. Washington Adams spoke of as my stock in trade. I 've never thought much of the Atlantic telegraph; but now I have some respect for it. I can arrange all that for you, and will do it, *if* your plan proves sound, and *if*" — again the little significance of manner — "you continue to desire it."

"Lord Toppingham, what can I say to such a proposal? How can I thank you? How can I accept it?"

"Most incorruptible of Yankees, not to be bribed by fifty thousand pounds into droppin' his friend's title! Say 'Thanks, dear Toppin'ham, I'll accept your offer as frankly as it's made, for Margy's sake, whom we both love.' Don't you see? I don't propose givin' you the money: not quite that. If your project is sound you 'll return it to me, and you and Margy 'll have what you gain by the loan. If one friend lends another money that he 's not usin' himself, and receives it again, he 's done no great thing; and you might use all I have on those terms; you might use me, for Margy's good, and yours; and now yours is Margy's;" he laid his hand kindly on Humphreys' shoulder.

"Well then, dear Toppingham, you shall do as you think best."

"And as you think best — when the time comes. And now to-morrow write your letter to your precious colonel."

XII.

THE BRITISH LION INCOGNITO.

THE shock that Margaret had received proved to have been so disturbing that just at that time she was sufficiently affected by it for her physician to advise rest and absolute quiet for a few days, — a prescription which had some influence upon the issue of the affairs we are recounting. But after the few days of quiet and tender treatment she came down again as radiant as ever.

Lord Toppingham had come but for a three months' visit, and he now wished to start upon his travels. Humphreys, although he could do little now in the way of retrieving his fortunes, did not feel as if he could be absent long enough to act as the guide and fellow-traveler of his kind friend and relative, as the latter now called himself. He could go off with him for two or three days at a time, he said, but not longer.

"You can coach me, though, and give

me what letters I need, can't you?" said the peer.

"That, indeed; but if your name appeared upon the hotel registers you 'd need no letters. You 'd have more invitations than you could accept, and see more reporters and interviewers than you ever saw before in your life, and be asked to visit more schools and "institootions" than you could remember in all the rest of it."

"True?"

"Quite true; such is democratic devotion to rank. But what do you really want to do; to jaunt about, and be fêted, and have a railway, and theatre, and club view of the country, or really to learn something of the people and their ways of life?"

"The latter, of course."

"Then you must drop your title and go about as an undistinguished person and a commoner. No well-known lord or lecturer or literary man that I ever knew of saw more than the mere surface of society in this country."

"And why?"

"Because he was constantly on exhibition, public or private, himself; and the

people that he saw were on exhibition to him. That view, and what he saw as he whisked over railways, gave him the sum of his knowledge — which was simply nothing."

"What must I do then? I don't exactly see my way."

"First drop your title, as I said before. Travel as a simple unknown gentleman. You might use your own family name. Mr. Topping would do very well."

"But that would be such a strange, high-sounding name for this country," said Margaret, who was present.

"Not at all. You don't know. There were Toppings in New York and Boston fifty years ago, and more;" and, turning to the earl, "if you were supposed to be a grandson of old George Topping the ship-builder, who lived in Delancey Street, New York, about that time, it would n't do you any harm."

"Old Topping, the ship-builder!" exclaimed Margaret, with a look of amazement; but the earl only smiled, and said, "Perhaps he 'd as good a right to the azure shield with the ten white lozenges as I have."

"And then," Humphreys continued, "although English fashions are so much in vogue now in France and in America, it would be well for you to modify some slight external signs of what Margaret would call the Britisher in your appearance."

"You shameless creature! — And what, sir, must guardy do? I 'm sure his clothes are quite like yours, which indeed I know are made in London, at the swellest tailor's in town."

"Cheapness, cheapness! They cost little more than half as much as poorer ones made here; especially when you smuggle them, as I do. I 'm an absolute free-trader in theory."

"In practice, too, it would seem," said Lord Toppingham. "But go on, please, into particulars."

"To make the matter sure, I should advise you to go to one — any one — of the dozen or twenty great clothes factories in New York, where clothes are cut and made by machinery, and provide yourself with a morning suit. It would do much to give you an average look. Then — you asked for particulars — that little bit of dark crimson

silk scarf with the small turquoise-headed pin is very handsome, and really quiet withal, but if you would wear " —

" Not a satin scarf with a diamond pin ?" cried Margaret, " I hate a satin scarf and a diamond."

" If your ladyship had not interrupted me, I should merely have advised a dark, plain, or spotted scarf, and have said nothing about diamonds. — Take off two, I should say, — pray pardon me for going into such minutiæ, — at least two of your rings. You may wear one — a stone or a signet ; but that snake with the ruby head and that Belcher of emerald and diamonds would surely mark you as a stranger here. Then you 'd better cut your hair a little shorter, and have it lie a little closer, with less of easy negligence. Continue to part it in the middle if you will ; for that is not notably eccentric ; but it would be better to part it on the side. As to your whiskers, there 's either too much of them or too little. Bêtter have none at all than those little fringes to your cheeks. Cut them off and wear only a mustache if you will. But best of all " (with a sly smile), " if you could per-

suade yourself to grow what our Western friends call chin-whiskers" —

"Mansfield Humphreys! you abominable wretch! Have guardy look like a goat, or like" — and she crimsoned into silence. "I know that if he went back with such a face to Cousin Kate he'd do without a kiss till he cut it off. Indeed I doubt if old Wraggs" [the butler] "would let him into the Priory."

"He let in Mr. Washington Adams."

"Yes, but he was an American and a curiosity."

"The suggested ornamentation," said Lord Toppingham, "is unfortunately quite unattainable for lack of time. Any other little grace or elegance to be added?"

"Destroyed," cried Margaret.

"No; nothing merely external; for fortunately your pointed-toed shoes will do; they would n't have done eight or ten years ago. I would n't, I think, carry that small, close-packed umbrella of yours always, even on bright windy days. But as to your manner: be just as polite as you please among our friends; the more courteous the better; but in general a little less of suav-

ity would help to ensure you against detection. Unless you 're in a friend's house, I would n't say 'Thanks' quite so often. Chiefly, however, I suggest that you should, if possible, drop or greatly modify a certain courteous and considerate way you have of treating people, and at the same time assuming that they should do just as you wish."

"In other words, guardy 's to forget he 's a gentleman, and to behave like a rich snob, or a cad in fine clothes. Oh, I do wish Kate were here! You 'd hear of this, sir. She has a tongue becomes a woman."

"Margy!" exclaimed Lord Toppingham.

"Forgive me, guardy! I did n't mean it. But you know that Kate can say a sharp thing when there 's good occasion; and I 've seen you enjoy it."

Lord Toppingham followed Humphreys' suggestions so far as they were practicable; and the change in his appearance was not only discernable but significant to an observant eye, considering the slightness of the means by which it was produced. The earl looked far more like an "average Ameri-

can" than Humphreys did himself, who had superintended the metamorphosis, and by a little contrivance had made it as complete as possible. When Margaret saw her guardian in his "American" rig she at first laughed a merry little laugh, and turned him round daintily with finger and thumb; but as she looked at him her face became sober and resentful, and so remained until he asked her to give a poor Yankee a kiss, and took one.

"And now where shall I go?"

"Yes, that 's a point of importance. Of course you 'll see Boston and its suburbs, being with us. Then I would go, in Massachusetts, to Newburyport and to Salem, to Springfield and to Stockbridge; to Portsmouth in New Hampshire, and perhaps to Keene; to Burlington in Vermont, and to Hartford, New Haven, and Waterbury in Connecticut. Philadelphia and its suburbs of course you 'll see; and I 'd go to Burlington in New Jersey, and to Orange, although of late years that has become rather a dormitory for the overflow of the heterogeneous dwellers in New York. At the West I should see Cleveland in Ohio, Lexington

in Kentucky, and, if you go so far, Detroit in Michigan. That 's twelve hundred miles from here. If you 'll go down upon Long Island, you 'll see some of the most genuine Yankees that can be found ; people who, as you say in England, have been seated in their counties for two centuries and a half, living in houses built by their grandfathers and their great-grandfathers ; some of them people of the finest culture, although not one in a hundred of them has been across the ocean ; many of them very plain and uncultured, but having an independence of character and a mental quickness that may surprise you in such simple rustic folk. And this you will find measurably true of all the places I have mentioned. All these I can put you in the way of seeing ; but as to the South, if you wish to go there, I can do little or nothing for you. Besides, that is quite a different subject of observation and of study. Our commonwealths are united under the same general government ; but our people and they are, or were before the war, as unlike as Scotchmen and Irishmen are to Englishmen, although they are all British subjects. They,

too, are unlike each other. A Louisianian is as unlike a Virginian as a Scotchman is unlike an Irishman; a Georgian almost as unlike a South Carolinian as a Highlander is unlike a Lowlander. Their bond of unity and semblance of sameness has been slavery and the bloody code that accompanied slavery. There, however, you would n't think of going; for Louisiana, where New Orleans is, is fifteen hundred miles from here — as I informed you when we first met."

"I remember how astonished I was at hearin' it, and what a blunderin' remark I made about Washin'ton defeatin' the British army there. You must have thought me a great ignoramus."

"Not more so than I 've found many of the most intelligent and best educated of your countrymen on the same subject. But you 've been reading up, I see, when you 've got so far as to discover that it was Jackson and not Washington, and 1813 and not 1783."

"To be sure. Why, Washin'ton himself was never within a thousand miles of New Orleans; never went to the South. And to be sure I 've read up. Do you think

that I would come to America in the gross state of ignorance in which I was, and without preparin' myself a little for my study? Why, even good old Tooptoe, who lives in the second aorist, and never could see the joke about some great man's not being able to conjugate a verb in $\mu\iota$, would be ashamed of his pupil. But these towns you tell me of and send me to are places I never heard of before. People in England would n't know what I meant if I spoke of 'em, and would wonder why I took the trouble to see 'em."

"Doubtless. You regard what you call America as composed chiefly of New York, Washington, Chicago, San Francisco, Niagara Falls, and the boundless prairie, with the railways and hotels between these points. Now you might see all these and yet be as ignorant of the society and the people which are the real product of the country as if you had stayed at home. Chicago and San Francisco have actually grown up within the memory of one generation. If you wish to observe the social condition of a heterogeneous mass of trading adventurers, hastily gathered together, and nearly half of them Europeans, go to New

York, Chicago, and San Francisco. But I beg you to absolve me and mine from the results of any such observation, however much you may be moved to admiration. So far as we are concerned, the same people (although some indeed of them are Yankees) might as well be in Australia or Alaska."

"Alaska? What 's that?"

"A newly acquired portion of our native land — somewhere near the North Pole."

"You 'll annex the North Pole itself before long."

"About the same time that Great Britain takes the antipodal axis under her protection."

After seeing something of Boston and its society, and taking a few trips of a day or two with Humphreys in various directions, Lord Toppingham, who then began to feel quite at ease, if not at home, started on his longer journey. During his absence Margaret preserved her high health, and was in such a fine state of nerves and spirits that she was a daily tonic and stimulant to Humphreys, who needed all the cheer that could be given him. Lord Toppingham's generous offer to advance the money that

he needed for his great speculative operation, he had been brought to accept by the earl's warm insistance, supported, somewhat to Humphreys' surprise, by the advice of Margaret. "Let guardy do what he pleases. You may be sure he 'll do nothing that he ought not; nothing that Cousin Kate would n't be willing to have him do." Chiefly, however, he consented because he felt sure of being able to return the money almost immediately.

Hardly, however, had Lord Toppingham turned his back upon Boston, when the financial world, with surprise, began to find an unaccountable uneasiness in the stock market as to two or three great railways, and chiefly as to the Great South Western. The men who had put millions of dollars into it began to be anxious, although they kept bold and even smiling faces; and the men who had been disappointed because they had not been allowed a share in the "deal" began to be content. The uneasiness went on until it became apprehension, and at last alarm. For alarm there was good reason. In six weeks the estimated value of the South Western had fallen sev-

eral millions of dollars and the course was still downward. Shares could not be sold except at such ruinous losses that no one would sell unless compelled to do so. Ere long there was a complete collapse; talks of a receiver and investigations and what not. A railway upon which millions had been spent, millions eagerly advanced by shrewd hard-headed business men, and to which hundreds of thousands of acres of land had been allotted, was suddenly found to be worth nothing as merchandise, and very little as a present means of investment. Why, no one seemed exactly to know; although certain financial sages, who had not been bitten, shook their heads and talked wisely in just such vague terms as they had used before when ruin had come from quite other causes; and other financial sages who had been bitten also shook their heads and also talked wisely, and in vague terms, but of a directly opposite meaning. By the time of Lord Toppingham's return, which was a few days before the expiration of Humphreys' date for completing the proposed purchase of his shares, the Great South Western Railway, on the phenome-

nal success and dazzling promise of which projects had been founded, business partnerships established, marriages made, great houses built, had been swallowed up as a mere make-weight in a deal with another company, the very one which had ruined that which was Humphreys' chief source of income, and had disappeared as available property.

Lord Toppingham wrote to Margaret from time to time; but his letters were very short; mere information as to where he was, with assurances of affectionate remembrance. To one of these letters, however, just after the final downfall of the Great South Western had been announced by the telegraph all over the country, he added "Keep up a good heart, my girl, and tell Humphreys not to be cast down; that I know more than he does, and that I see a sure way for you both out of all this trouble."

He returned a little browner and less fresh-looking from his traveling through the drier air of "America;" a little more "American"-looking than when he set out; and with two or three roughish but racy

slang phrases which he had caught up on the western limits of his journey, and which he uttered with smiles and great relish. The very next day, however, after his arrival in Boston, he laid aside his slight but much modifying American disguises, and came down stairs, as Margaret said, "clothed and in his right mind." To Humphreys he spoke most cheerfully, and with a bright confidence of tone and warmth of manner that did much to sustain and hearten him in his adversity. With Margaret her guardian had that day, when Humphreys had gone out, an interview the results of which were both pleasing and perplexing to her husband when he returned and during the rest of the day.

After she had given herself to him, Margaret never in their privacy coyed her love, but, without wearying him with appeals for assurances of affection or demands for little attentions, she seemed to find the delight of her life in showing him, without much telling, her own fondness. But this day, when he came home, she gave him such a greeting as he might have hoped for had he been gone a year. She was sun and shower:

she was radiant with smiles and blushes, and she rained both tears and kisses. She broke away from him, but erelong returned, and going up to him took his head between her hands and gazing into his eyes cried, "O you darling, you darling! I 've got you now! Fast, fast!" All through the afternoon, whenever they were alone, there would come from her some such sweet demonstration of rejoicing fondness.

"Margery! What is the matter with you, girl? Are you possessed?"

"I think I must be." Then, with an outbreak of laughter like a thrush's notes in a warm still day, "O no, no, not quite possessed; not yet; possession will come hereafter." Whereupon, her memory being stimulated by the word she had used, she broke out with a sweet joy that had yet in it a touch of tenderness, —

> "What is love? 'T is not hereafter;
> Present mirth hath present laughter:
> What 's to come is still unsure.
> In delay there lies no plenty;
> Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty,
> Youth 's a stuff will not endure."

Then, after suiting the action to the word, she caught up her skirts lightly, and

darting mischief from backward eyes, she fled away on twinkling feet.

At dinner Margaret continued radiant. Lord Toppingham was gravely cheerful, with an occasional humorous and significant smile at Margaret's sallies. Humphreys ate sparingly, and almost in silence, sorely puzzled by Margaret's tone, and by the expression of her guardian's face. As they went into the drawing-room, Margaret, who was going first, with her hand on Lord Toppingham's shoulder, pulled his ear down to her lips and whispered, "Guardy, dear, do let me tell him. I can't keep it much longer. Poor fellow! see how dumpish he is, and we 're so happy." The reply, "To-night, surely," seemed to satisfy her.

XIII.

DR. TOPPINGHAM'S "ANTE-MORTEM."

MARGARET withdrew to her own room early, and the gentlemen went into Humphreys' den to smoke. Only some desultory remarks had passed between them heretofore about the impressions derived by Lord Toppingham from his trip, partly because of the pressing nature of Humphreys' private affairs, and partly because he shrank from catechizing his friend as to "how he liked the country." Lord Toppingham introduced the subject himself; and after he had uttered a few phrases of hearty praise and of keen but not unkindly criticism, Humphreys said, "You 're touching the surface of things only, I see. Tell me plainly, what is your judgment of the people here, and the condition of affairs."

"Plainly, without reserve?"

"Plainly, and without reserve."

"And you 'll not be offended?"

"Why should I be? There is probably not a thoughtful New Englander who is not at heart sorer than you could make him; and I have my private wounds."

"Plainly then, the country is in a condition for which there is no precedent in history. It is useless to look into the past for parallels or for guides. Nothing at all like it was ever known, or could have been known. The conditions are altogether unlike any that have ever before existed. Therefore prediction would be folly. — Don't suppose that I say even this merely upon my observation since I have been here; although that has been closer than you may suppose, and I have had assistance that you don't know of. But before I came here, stimulated by what you had said to me, and by a discovery of my ignorance, I informed myself as thoroughly as I could upon your history and affairs. The task is not long nor difficult. A people who have lived upon the soil they occupy not yet three hundred years, and who have had a separate political existence of but a century, who brought with them the contemporary civilization of their fathers' land,

with its laws, its religion and its customs, its literature, nay its very cradle-songs and household words, and who have preserved these ; who have had no dynasties, no revolutions, even constitutional, and until very recently no war, and that a civil one of a very simple character, although very bloody and costly — a people with such a brief, eventless past cannot have much history worthy of study. It could all, with liberal consideration of detail that has any import, be packed into one ordinary octavo volume."

"In that opinion I am entirely with you. Because the revolt of the Colonies was an important political fact, and the United States are a vast and thriving federation, I can't see why we should be bored with all the trivial detail even of Hildreth's history. The chief point of interest is that events of such influence upon the world were brought about by such trifling means and uninteresting actions."

"And what do you think is the importance of these events to the world?"

Humphreys, troubled in soul, and not ready as usual in discussion, paused reflectively for some minutes.

"I will tell you," said Lord Toppingham, "it is just what your friend told us at luncheon when you, as Mr. Washington Adams, asked my question. Simply that here you have food for the hungry and freedom for the oppressed."

"Nothing more?"

"Absolutely nothing. And the oppressed who here find relief must come from some other country than England. Poverty may pinch harder there than it does here, although even that I doubt as to *sober* men. The sufferings of poor people at home, great as they otherwise might be, come more from beer and gin than from lack of money. Drunkenness is so large a factor among the causes of want and suffering and crime in England, and so small a one here among your native artisans and other working men, that a comparison of the effect of the social and political institutions of the two countries upon these conditions of life could not be correctly made until one half of your native manual workers had been more or less drunk for one third of the time for a whole generation."

"A frightful suggestion. Are you not extravagant?"

"Nothin' of the sort. I 'm quite within bounds. Now here I have passed parts of many days in the poorer quarters of half a dozen towns, large and small, without seein' a single drunken man or woman; and I see by your police reports that the drunk and disorderly people that you do have are nearly all of foreign birth. — But, to return. I need not tell a man of intelligence that the freedom of the British subject is as absolutely perfect as that of the American citizen, and that the freedom is of the same kind, resting on the same principles. Nor need I tell you of the like exemption of both from oppressive taxes and services; such, for example, as those which grievously aggravate the sufferings which a poverty that you know nothing of inflicts upon the lower classes of Germany. But there is the limit of your superiority in this respect. You show in this country an indifference to personal rights, and a sluggishness in their assertion, that is astonishin' and depressin'. I cannot account for it in a people of your race, your political experience and education, and your personal courage. Here individuals and minorities have no rights. You live

under a tyranny of majorities, professional politicians, and rich corporations.

"And the worst of this matter is that you seem to have lost the power of resistance. You submit with the supineness of sluggishness and cowardice. Your only mode of seekin' relief seems to be to endeavor to become a part of the oppressin' majority, or, directly or indirectly, of some monopolizin' oppressin' corporation; and if you cannot do that, you yield without protest or audible murmur. Then you seek to 'get even,' in your own phrase, by individually disregarding each other's personal rights. Judgin' you in a general way, and without the limits of social relations, there does not seem to be a man of you who is not ready to set at naught his neighbor's comfort, convenience, health, or enjoyment of life, if by so doin' he can get or save a dollar. To this too you submit; each one bein' content to do so, it would seem, because he knows that he is in like manner at liberty to set at naught the personal rights of *his* neighbor. A sorry sight, made worse instead of better by the easy tolerance and the mildness of manners by which it is accompanied. You are

becomin' a nation of complacent robbers and swindlers. You don't rob openly and steal like sneak-thieves; but you do appropriate to yourselves the rights of others whenever you can do so with impunity. You have a slavish deference to the forms of law, and a compensatin' disregard of the spirit of justice. Your treatment of British authors is a mere manifestation of this spirit. You are not mean nor greedy. You are not unwillin' to pay the British author, or any author, a reasonable price for his work. But if certain publishers can make money for themselves and the people they employ, and give you cheap and nasty books, you are supinely indifferent to the injustice and the disgrace of the proceedin'. You show in practice no sense of public honor."

"Are there no men in England who disregard the rights of others, no swindling corporations, no scoundrel traders, no pirates who rob within the letter of the law? It seems to me that I have heard of them."

"Thousands. But we don't submit to them. We resist them: we fight them. Individually, we, the rest of the thirty millions, insist upon our rights, and, if we can,

upon the punishment of those who disregard them. We bring them before police magistrates. We indict them, try them, convict them, and send them to prison or to penal colonies, no matter what their wealth or position. Therefore you hear of them. *You* make them mayors, and aldermen, and legislators, and school commissioners. With all our respect for the freedom of the press we don't allow men even to libel away our rights and reputations in newspapers as you do. We sue them, and if we can prove that they have published untruth to our injury we can punish them in damages: yes, indeed; we even send them to prison. The newspaper here is one of your tyrants; one of those to whom you all submit most abjectly. You allow journalists to say what they please about you for their profit or their other private ends, and for your amusement, each one of you bein' content to run his risk if he may enjoy the discomfiture of others."

"I' m afraid that count of your indictment cannot be traversed."

"I should think not. *Panem et circenses.* Bread you have without the askin'; and

the newspaper is your circus, in which you see reputations butchered to make sport for the public."

"After all it does not make much matter; does little harm. No man is much injured in this country by a newspaper paragraph, nor even by an elaborate slander under the guise of criticism. People read it and soon forget it."

"So much the worse for the country, if that were true. It shows that the institution that should be the guardian of your rights and your reputations has lost its proper dignity and its power for good, and has become a conduit for scandal and an arena of vituperation. But it is not true that this does no personal wrong. It is impossible that evil should be printed and published to tens of thousands of readers, and do no harm. To use a common phrase, 'Some of the dirt will stick.' But your public seems to find pleasure in this public foulin' even of those whom you call your prominent men. I 've been offended by the familiar and disparagin' way in which I have seen men who ought to hold, and some of whom were likely to hold, the most

eminent positions among you handled by flippant, vulgar writers in your journals. You seem determined that you will leave no one unsmirched; and to find delight in the consciousness that no man is worthy the respectful consideration and deference of his fellow citizens. You keep up a perpetual ostracism; and every man among you whose reputation rises a little above the average is likely to prove the fate of Aristides. You don't like very bad men; but what you worship is a mediocrity of mind and morals, like the man who eulogized a woman as 'pretty chaste.' The one great qualification sought in a candidate for high office is that he shall have offended no one by high principle or a positive course of public conduct; and the consequence is that your public affairs are in the hands of managin' mediocrities. To all this there is but one exception. Your hero, he whom all men praise, is the man who has made himself rich and who will spend his money freely on his friends, his party, or the public."

"You mean that 's the way we take our circuses."

"Exactly. And to repeat what I have

said before in another form, the worst of all this is the indifference with which you regard the evidence of your own condition which is constantly set before you. You have no reserves, and seem to have no shame. The exposures which are daily made in your newspapers of corruption, peculation, thievery, deliberately planned and carried on for years as a systematic and tolerable, if not justifiable, mode of managin' public business, have come to be accepted by you as mere interestin' items of news, or as occasions of what you call investigations, which again waste public money, and out of which may be made what you call political capital. I was present at one of these investigations and I say to you solemnly that I could not tell which seemed the greater scoundrels, the men who were investigated, or those who were conductin' the investigation. The tone of the whole proceedin' was a mixture of trickery and a low sort of easy-goin' jocoseness. Manly dignity and honor were wholly absent. I would not have employed one of the men on either side as an attorney. The very atmosphere of the place was an offense.

And yet these were your legislators. The reports in the newspapers made quite as much of the low jokes of a professional funny man on one side as they did of what was, or should have been, the serious part of the business; and even the best of your journalists seemed desirous to get some trivial entertainment for their readers out of the proceedin'. The wrong revealed did not appear to me nearly so deplorable as the lack in the community of a genuine indignation against the wrong. Even in your society there appears the same lack of moral tone and of moral courage. The social ban has become obsolete among you. All that you ask is success, by fair means or by foul. I learned of an entertainment at the house of a man who had occupied two of the highest public positions which a man can occupy in your country, and who himself was as honest, I believe, as a man can be who is a professional politician here, at which a fellow, one Bullion, who in England would long ago have been sent into penal servitude for half his life, sat between the host and a gentleman of as fair a character as himself, and who now is a very eminent per-

sonage indeed. No one is ignorant that that man is a financial robber and cut-throat, and yet, success having made him powerful, you have no class of sufficiently established position and character to venture to exclude him from society."

"Did you never hear of successful scoundrels making their way among the courts and the nobles of Europe, and being put to use by their entertainers?"

"Often, in the past; but not nowadays; at least in England. You surely do not mean to ignore the elevation of moral tone in public affairs which has taken place within the last century. What was done with impunity in Walpole's time would insure political and social damnation now. But you don't seem to see the worst aspect of the corruption which pervades your country in politics, in finance, and in society, — which pervades it accordin' to your own testimony. There 's a book in your house which you have not seen, and which I think you will hardly require to see for the proper apprehension of this question. Your position brings to you many newspapers from all parts of the country. Now

from these Margaret has, during the past two years, cut out the records of corruption, peculation, and other base conduct of men in office, in positions of trust, private as well as public, — reports of legal proceedin's in which people — women as well as men — said to occupy respectable positions in society were involved, and, in general, whatever might be justly regarded as fair evidence of the moral tone of the country as revealed in action, and these she pasted in a huge scrap-book. I have read it with astonishment, equally at its bulk, as it covers but two years, and at the character of its revelations. There has been no such implicit indictment of a people since Abraham found that there were not ten just men in Sodom.

"And this is the two years' record of a country in which the means of comfortable and reputable life are more diffused and easier of attainment than in any other known to history, and a country, too, which is filled with churches and with public schools. This is the fact which is most striking, most damnatory, most alarming, in your political and social condition. The city of New York spends the enormous sum

of three million and a half dollars in one year on public schools, the purpose and the only justification of which is the elevation of the public morals, the making of good citizens, and intelligent voters; and New York is the most corrupt and the worst governed city in the world. My point is that you educate your people, spend millions in doing it, and then that they *choose* these vulgar scoundrels to administer their affairs. You are not suffering from the ills inflicted by an effete and bloated aristocracy" (Lord Toppingham dwelt a little on these words), "your government bein' a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, as Mr. Lincoln taught you to say; and yet from one end of the country to the other, except in a few corners of New England, your public affairs are in the hands of vulgar rogues, of whom your New York worthies are but eminent and distinguished members of their kind."

"Thrift, thrift, Horatio," said Humphreys bitterly. "What would you have? The priest must live by the altar, even if the altar is the altar of liberty. Politicians who do politics as other people do other busi-

ness must profit, they and their supporters, by their trade. To this condition have manhood suffrage and a paid legislature brought us. The two, working together, have made money the end, and corruption the means, of political life. It was a moral certainty. But you seem to ignore the movement for civil service reform, the object of which is to purify our politics."

"Civil service reform! Court-plaster for a cancer! The disease is not in your politics; it is in your people. I don't mean such people as you, my dear Humphreys. You are powerless; as to which point I shall say something to you by and by. I mean the people who, will you nill you, control the politics and make the politicians of the country. They *want* affairs to go on as they are goin'. This I can't say from personal observation and inquiry, of course; but it is another moral certainty. If the politicians offended the moral sense of their constituents, their real constituents, or if they did not serve their interests, the politicians in a democratic, manhood-suffrage government would be displaced, and that speedily. The conclusion is as certain

as that five is more than four. The corruption of your politics is a mere sign and token of a general corruption, a degradation of the moral sense, a willin'ness on all sides to disregard right, within the limit of the law, for greed of gain. I don't say that you are the only people who show the working of such a common motive of action; for there at least is Russia, where we are told that everybody cheats the state except the Czar, who is the state. But I do say that, as you must see, you are the only people in which such stupendous and wide-spread corruption is carried on, and has been carried on for many years, by the elected representatives of the people, and equally by those elected from both parties. The same moral deficiency which has produced Margaret's dreadful array of dishonesty, swindling, breach of trust, finds expression in your politics; disregard of right, wrong-doing within the letter of the law, for gain, leading surely to wrong-doing of any kind that may be concealed. Do you suppose that all these thieves, and swindlers, and betrayers of trust, and ruiners of banks and other corporations, are very exceptional men in

their moral tone, or that they would shrink from obtaining by political corruption, if they could, what they take in another way? or that it grieves them that your political Jims and Mikes and Barneys prey upon the public in one way as they do in another? It 's all of a piece. You have no god but Mammon. Now in England, too, we worship Mammon; but we have other gods; and Mammon, although powerful, is not omnipotent. In England there are some things that money cannot do; in America, nothing. — Was it always in your politics, even in New York, as it is now?"

"No, indeed; we have only to go back one generation to the days of our fathers, to find an entirely different state of things."

"I knew it; and asked merely to elicit your answer. For when I was in New York, I learned there from middle-aged and elderly men, who easily put the proofs before me, that forty or fifty years ago the government of that city was in the hands of fitting representatives of its best men; its most respectable, most respected, most intelligent, and cultivated people. That members of the families of the highest so-

cial consideration were its aldermen, and that its other offices were filled as might be expected under such administration of its affairs. Now it is only necessary to read the New York newspapers to see that its City Hall is a den of thieves, and of vulgar, ignorant thieves, a nest of unclean birds who prey with unconcealed rapacity. One or two men of honor and intelligence have managed to get into the Board (I learned it at first hand), in the hope of beginning reform, or at least of resisting evil: they were absolutely powerless; were laughed at, and came out smirched and wounded. The respectable citizens have again and again united to put down the vulgar, ignorant thieves. In vain; they were reëlected; reëlected in committee, reëlected in caucus, reëlected at the polls. 'Not this man, but Barabbas!' — Can you tell what is the cause of this? Why were the most respectable and the most respected men the managers of public affairs in the days of your father, and why are they now in the hands of vulgar robbers and sharpers?"

"I can't tell, unless it is that I recollect reading in a chance newspaper when I was

a boy, as an explanation of some unexpected little political manœuvre (I forget what) that it meant that 'the people were coming.' I remember wondering at the time what it meant, and if my father and my uncles and their friends were not 'the people.' Since then this political rottenness has been steadily growing."

"Right again. Your direct testimony confirms the *à priori* argument. New York, although you say, and with reason, it is the most un-American of places, exhibits in its politics only a highly charged, but most characteristic, illustration of what is, what must have become, more or less, the condition of your public affairs everywhere. In a country which had no recognized and established superior class, in which legislators were paid salaries and traveling expenses, and every man out of prison had a vote, it was inevitable, as you yourself have said, that politics should become a mere business for the benefit of professional politicians and of those who put them in power; and when upon a country in this condition unprecedented wealth poured in on one side, and unprecedented immigration of the low-

est and most ignorant classes of foreign nations on the other, to be made at once into citizens and voters, — as miracles now have ceased, since the sun no longer stands upon Gibeon, nor the moon in the valley of Ajalon, but natural laws have their natural operation, the government of the country is sought for the sake of public plunder in which professional politicians and their supporters share. The announcement that provoked your boyish wonder meant simply that the masses of the people had found out that they were the ruling majority, and that they meant to use their power for their own profit — I mean their individual gain in dollars and cents, and not the good of the country — and that they also had discovered that there were men coming into the management of politics who would do their work for them on shares. Can you deny that the course of your politics, and the course of your legislation since then has shown this to be true?"

"I fear not. What remedy would you propose? More general education?"

"Education again! That an observin' and reflectin' man should ask such a ques-

tion! You scoffed at me — good naturedly my dear Humphreys, good naturedly — for my ignorance of your affairs; and then I was ignorant. But now that I am not, it would seem to me that you must be so, to make such a suggestion. If by education you meant moral trainin', a fittin' for the work and the duties of life, I should answer that you could n't have too much of it; and that it would be in some degree at least a remedy for the ills from which you suffer. But you used the word, I know, in the general sense it has in America and even to a great degree in England — school teachin', the pourin' of *ics* and *graphies* and *ologies* down children's throats. You have too much of that already. The more you have of it, the worse you are. Look at New York, again; by self-confession of its decent and helpless citizens, the corruptest, dirtiest, worst governed city on the earth, and yet spending millions a year on a public-school system that has been in operation forty years. Why there, there, the very school system is made the occasion of rapacious public plunder, of the vilest demoralization on the part of the very men engaged

in it, as I was told by those who knew the facts officially. Education! When did knowledge hinder crime? Did you ever read the history of the Renaissance? Did you never meet a simple creature who could neither read nor write, and who could not be led to wrong another, and who would recognize the good among his superiors, and cheerfully submit to them?"

"That's a very aristocratic view of the case."

"In the right sense of the word it is. Don't you think that such a rule of the best would be better than such a government of the people by the people and for the people as you have now in America, and which has been taking on its present character exactly *pari passu* with your boasted system of free schools?"

"I can't now undertake to say;" said Humphreys, rather languidly. "I don't feel in a disputing mood. I'm very sure it would n't please the people quite so well."

"Indeed it would n't: they, as I said before, want affairs managed as they are managed now, and are willing to put up with their little individual losses in the plun-

derin' for their chance of a share of the plunder."

"But a people cannot plunder itself any more than a Czar can."

"Of course not. Not directly, through political office. But a very considerable part of the people may plunder the whole indirectly through the assistance of political officers. And on this considerable part of the public, with its various affiliations, formin' the body which controls your elections, your politicians depend surely for support. Now all this is possible only because of the lax tone of morals in regard to gettin' gain of which your political condition is at once a sign and an exciting cause. The whole must be reformed together, or not at all. You will give your civil-service tonic to your jaundiced patient and paint his saffron skin with the light of learnin' all in vain."

"It strikes me, m'luds, that the noble lud who last addressed you occupied your attention merely with destructive criticism. I 'm sure your ludships would be pleased to hear from him" —

"Nonsense, Humphreys! And don't you know that all good honest criticism of sys-

tems or affairs, criticism that leads toward reform, must be destructive? Pray don't cant in that way, and forbid the discovery of error unless by those who can propose a remedy. That, however, I could do; but my remedy would have the slight defect of being absolutely impossible of application."

"And that is —?"

"Like most physicians' prescriptions, it has several elements. First the deprivation of members of your various legislatures of all pay or compensation of any kind, and the makin' of the acceptance of a bribe, directly or indirectly, disfranchisement for life without pahdon; next, the appointment of your judges durin' good behavior, and the doublin', at least, of the salaries of all of them; then, the election of the President of the United States by the representatives of the States, the Senate, and for ten years, with ineligibility for a second term, and the election of your State governors for five years; then a graded scheme of suffrage, and the election of your tax-levyin' bodies by your tax-payin' citizens; next the presence of your Cabinet officers in the House, and their compulsory resignation on

a two-thirds vote of want of confidence; next the abolition of all fees to executive officers even down to deputy sheriffs, and the substitution of salaries; and last, not least, the disfranchisement of all persons not born in the country."

"'Hence! wilt thou uplift Olympus?'"

"Did I not tell you that I knew my remedy was impossible of administration? Nevertheless, without it or its equivalent I see no recovery for you."

"The first two items of your prescription are just within the bounds of possibility in some blessed future, vaguely discerned and faintly hoped for. But the third! The President elected by the Senate! Would not some Bonanza king, or Colonel Waterstock, buy the Senate, or some political boss bribe himself into the Presidency by promise of offices?"

"What matter? What matter who is President of a Federation whose Senate can be bought and bribed?"

"Not much, it would seem. And besides, I can't see why any man now, who has food to eat, clothes to wear, a roof over his head, and a fair social position, should

desire to be President of the United States. Since the term of John Quincy Adams the office has been sinking in dignity and increasing in unpleasant associations year by year. No first-rate man goes into it by any chance. And besides, what human creature is so forlorn, so nondescript, so difficult to place as a man who is ex-President, and only an ex-President of the United States? He is neither fish, flesh, nor good red-herring. But still more impossible than this change is the last that you propose, — disfranchisement of the immigrant."

"Yet, next to the first, that is the most important. There was once a party among you, I believe, that insisted on the discontinuance of naturalization, was there not?"

"Yes indeed, and it came near to being successful. But it went farther than you do; at least some of its leaders did. They would have given the franchise only to those whose grandfathers were born in the country."

"Observant, far seein' men; although perhaps not practical. For I have found, no less upon good testimony than by observation, that the worst class of your commu-

nity, that which most corrupts your politics and debases your society, is composed not of ignorant immigrant foreigners who have been naturalized, but of native, common-school-bred citizens who are the sons of immigrants. This class is scattered largely wherever I have been; but New York this class both rules and ruins — ruins it politically and morally (for its material prosperity is assured, like that of your country, by a combination of all the great forces of nature); and it does the same for the various imitation New Yorks. If your foreign population and your population born of foreigners could be removed from political influence to-day, sound political reform would begin to-morrow."

"We know that sadly and too well. But would not such a measure, if it were possible, fill the country with a discontented, unruly, dangerous class? and also check immigration?"

"It might now, because of the change; but if at first you had welcomed the hungry and the oppressed to food and freedom and no more, do you think they would not have been happy and content?"

"Happy enough; but demagogues would have soon taught them discontent."

"Then you should meet your demagogues and beat them at their own weapon — speech. But in any case, this matter of immigration is one the bearing of which I am surprised to find that even the thoughtful men among you do not see."

"Not even the old native American party? — which, by the way, was the most genuine and spontaneous outgrowth of true patriotism that I have ever heard of."

"No. Their view of the question and their purpose, so far as I can discover, were only political. Immigration has affected not only your politics but your society."

"My dear Toppingham, where can you have been? — a question which a decent American is often tempted to ask of a British critic."

"Pray don't flare up, Mr. Washington Adams. I don't mean your personal society; the people around you here, and the society elsewhere to which your letters gave me access. That society is notably repellant of foreigners, — suspicious of them, unless indeed they are very distinguished. I mean

the general surface of society in the country, as it appears to an observer who is uninterested in its various divisions, and ignorant of the invisible barriers by which the separation is effected. It does not seem to have occurred to any of your own critics that you could not go on through more than half a century receiving yearly hundreds of thousands (now summed into millions) of the lowest and most ignorant classes of Europe without sufferin' a social deterioration, except among your most reserved and exclusive people. These immigrants become citizens; they do business with the average American; their children, numbered by millions, are what you queerly call 'native born citizens' — Americans; the Americans who most proudly flaunt their Americanism; the Americans who, when they get rich, as so many of them do, swarm over Europe, and establish in Europe the reputation of your country. You have told me that there is no Americanism so rampant as that of your naturalized American. There is: that of his children, by whom it is surpassed. Now, as I have told you, these people — with some admirable excep-

tions I admit — as a class, are the embodiment of the most unpleasant and objectionable traits that are attributed to your countrymen. They have the worst manners, the worst morals, the most presumption, the least capacity of deferential consideration for anything superior to themselves. Wherever I went I found that the class regarded as most dangerous was composed chiefly of young men and women born of foreign parents. They have none of the virtues of either an aristocratic or a democratic form of society, and all the vices of both, with a contempt of right and a defiance of authority which, you must pahdon me for sayin', belong peculiarly to the latter. Strangely, too, they have what we call the American tone of voice, more strongly marked than I heard it among other classes. Young men and women with Irish and German names, and even the little newsboys whose faces told their Irish birth were the worst offenders I have found in this respect.

"Now these people, when they are prosperous, not only go over to Europe as representative Americans, but they exercise a direct daily influence upon your average

American society of the old stock, which you told me, and I find correctly, was decent, well mannered, capable of respect and deserving respect. The consequence is deterioration. It is unavoidable. You cannot have an alloy and preserve in the resultin' mass the qualities of your superior metal. Hence you are in a general way gradually approachin' the type of Mr. Washington Adams. He rises somewhat; you descend somewhat. The result is a sort of American which I can't find very admirable, and which I do not believe that you delight in. Now the Washington Adams's and the Waterstocks are becomin' year by year more and more powerful among the influences that mould your society. Society I say, because I must use the word. But society is organic; you are socially inorganic. What you have is not society, but social chaos."

"A cheering prospect your studies and your observation lead you to hold up to me."

"Can't help that, my dear Humphreys. Make what allowance you like for my prejudices as a Britisher and a lord; but if I speak at all I must tell the truth. — And

now I come to your purely social matter, and to you of the old stock. Perhaps you wonder that, as I set out from you to visit and observe them, I did not begin my ante-mortem inquest with my opinion on them. The reason was that, as an influence in the country, they as a class count for so very little, numerous as they are. By all rights they ought to govern the country, and to mould its society: by right of numbers; by right of possession; by right of achievement, for it was they who made the country; by right of aristocracy, and grace of God, for they are your *aristoi*. But they don't. Why, I know not. That mystery you must unravel for yourself. But that they are not the governin' class or power in the country no observer can fail to see. And yet they are its safety as well as its substance; and its sweetness as well as its strength. Wherever I found them, I found in a remarkable degree the virtues and the graces of a sound and respectable, if not always very allurin', social life. You are right about them, wholly right in all you claimed for them. They it is, the Yankees and the Virginians, who are the real Amer-

icans in the sense in which we use that word. They are the salt of your earth. But my good friend, some salt may lose its savor; and this, your salt is beginning to do. Your war, and the wealth of your western country has scattered your people of the old stock so broadly over the country, and the foreigners and sons of foreigners have stepped so largely and so boldly into their places, that as a distinctive power they have almost ceased to exist. Instead of the old Yankee or Virginian who, however he might hate 'the British,' was proud of his English blood (as well he might be; for there is nothing good in your politics, your law, your society, or your literature that is not purely English; you are the refuge of the oppressed simply because you are English; your race is your salvation; and just in proportion to your departure from the teachin's of your mother you have deteriorated) — instead of this man you are gettin' a nondescript, who, havin' no past, has no attachments, and who, knowin' nothin' about race, denies that he is English, or Irish, or German, and insists that he is an American."

"Yes, indeed; he will call sparrows that have bred in this country for twenty generations English sparrows, but insist that he, whose father was born in Ireland, or in Germany, or he knows not where, is a true born American. And why not? Did not a very distinguished member of the House of Lords once say to me that an American was a man born in America."

"Do you never let a man repent?"

"Yes; if he will make confession. But let that go. And now the outlook?"

"Did I not say, when I began, that prediction as to the future of your country is impossible because the history of the world affords no precedent to guide judgment? In the early part of your civil war a stout octavo volume appeared in England announced as Volume the First of the 'History of Federal Government from the Achaean League to the Dissolution of the United States of America' (I give the title from memory of course) by one of the ablest historical writers of the century. The second volume of that great historical work has never appeared; but its writer did appear some years afterward as a lecturer in the

consolidated and prosperous country the destruction of whose government he had announced or predicted; — have it as you will. He had to learn that there was some essential difference between the Achaean League, and other federations, and the federation known as the United States of America. He, with all his historic lore and his great ability, was not ashamed, I believe, that he had to learn this lesson; and I at least may do well to profit by his example. Your position is one the like of which could hardly be imagined. You possess, with little more cost or trouble than the mere takin' it, a vast region as large as Europe: half a great continent. You have wealth unbounded. You can, from your mere superfluity, supply the civilized world with food and clothin', gold and silver. You give away to your railway lords richly productive land in parcels that make some of the sterile duchies and kingdoms of the past look like worn-out garden patches. Into this country you receive yearly tens and almost hundreds of thousands of immigrants all of whom are practically able-bodied, and most of whom bring some money

with them. You divide this vast region into smaller (but really large) commonwealths or states, in each of which the government of the personal relations of life is isolated and independent, if not sovereign, while at the same time a citizen of one of these is, or at his will may become, a citizen of the other, with all the rights of birth or legal naturalization. The relations of these states or independent governments with each other and the relations of the whole to the world at large you commit to one general government, which represents you to the world, and under which you are not Massachusetts men, or New Yorkers, or Virginians, or what not, but Americans. And yet you really have no foreign relations, and are to all intents and purposes forever insured against a foreign war. I can only repeat that the like of this — anything to be in any way compared with it — was never seen before; and the more a man has studied history or politics, the less will he be likely to predict its ultimate issue. It would seem as if the control of such a vast country with its conflictin' interests, its varied population, and its many independent governments could

not remain under one central power when population shall have become dense and society more highly organized. But your political contrivance of universal citizenship, and the new bonds of this century, the railway, and the telegraph, may knit you more firmly together than czarism has thus far knit all the Russias. At present you are hopeful and confident even to boastfulness ; and no wonder ; for you are rich and strong and prosperous. But to us of older and more highly organized societies you have somewhat the look of a huge, loose-jointed young giant, hardly more than well in gristle, who may prove weak in the knees and the loins before he knits into maturity. The condition of your society, due in great measure to the very causes of your prosperity, I have told you plainly that I regard as deplorable, — and so do all the best of you here, — and not only deplorable, but dangerous. You are saved from present danger by the fact that your forty millions are scattered over half a great continent, and that you have land, and consequently food and possible competence and even wealth, for any one that will take it. If you had thirty millions

of such people as yours in one little country like England, in New England for example, and under one government that controlled your personal relations as well as your general affairs, in ten years you would be flying at each others' throats. As it is, seeing as I do, the present safety there is in your wealth and your expansion, I yet believe it would have been better for you morally and socially that you had never owned an acre beyond the Mississippi, that an emigrant ship had never reached New York, that you had never found a grain of gold or silver on your soil, and that you were divided into three republics, East, West, and South. Your society then would have developed itself normally, by natural growth. Man does not live by bread alone; and now that is the end of your endeavor. — What think you?"

"That the patient in an ante-mortem examination sometimes recovers, and lives happily to a hale old age. — What you say may be true," said Humphreys doubtfully; "but I can't believe it. The problem perplexes many of us sorely. But if what you have said is true, where shall we look for the divinity that 'shapes our ends?'"

"I did not suppose you would believe it. But be sure of this: at present your ends are only 'rough-hewed.'"

"To drop metaphor," answered Humphreys, "and Shakespeare's rather overworked aphorism, — which my experience of life has led me to doubt, — our main object, if not our end, is very clear. You in Europe are continually asking, 'What is the use of America? What is America for? She develops nothing new.' Here is my answer. The function of this country and its people is the diffusion among all men of material good; and this function is performed for the whole world, not only by our production and distribution of wealth and well-being, but by our example, and by the spirit of our social institutions."

"Perhaps you're right; and — well — yes, it is a useful and an honorable function. — And now, good-night. I know we've kept Margaret waiting."

XIV.

EXIT MANSFIELD HUMPHREYS.

When Humphreys entered Margaret's room he found her awaiting him in an attitude and a condition which showed that her night toilet had been interrupted by her impatience for his coming. She was in her dressing-gown, and her hair, half down, lay tumbling about her white throat like dark waves around a marble tower. He thought at once of the day when he first saw her, and her little cousin pushed off her hat and raised such another silken storm.

"So here you are at last, you faithless creature! Grown tired of me already. I see how it is. If I 'd only been wise, and not thrown myself away. I, Margaret Duffield of Milton-Duffield." She dragged him to a chair and sitting upon his knee laid her hands upon his shoulders and looking into his face with eyes beaming happiness and love, said "Oh, you mercenary

wretch! You shabby fortune hunter! You base deceiver of the confiding female! And it has come to this?" Then the arms went round his neck and the noble lips gave other evidence than words of what was passing in her heart.

"Margery, — dear Margery, — are you mad?"

"Yes, mad with happiness, and love, and joy. We 're going back to England to be happy together all our lives, are n't we darling? For although I had nothing when you won me and married me, now I 've Milton-Duffield tacked to my petticoat; and you 've got to take it, because you took me; and in the old phrase, 'the land and the live-stock go together.'"

"For heaven's sake, Margery, speak a little sober sense."

This she then did, and told him her brief story. As he knew before, on her father's death, leaving her his only child, his landed estate went to a far away and quite unknown cousin, an elderly man who had one son about thirty years of age. This young man, it was assumed, would soon marry and have half a dozen children. But

his tastes were low, and his habits gross and irregular. He postponed marriage and lived a life of debauchery. Not long before Lord Toppingham was about to leave England for America, this man's horse fell upon him in the hunting-field and his thigh bone was splintered. Had he been sound and temperate, he would have done well; but inflammation set in, and there was quickly an end of him. His father was a feeble man of seventy years of age with no other heir; and Margaret, as her father's only living child was heiress presumptive of Milton-Duffield. It was this event that had caused Lord Toppingham to anticipate his proposed departure from England. But when he arrived at Boston he found matters in such a state that he refrained from mentioning the news at once. Colonel Waterstock's affair; its effect upon Margaret, and the natural apprehension that she might feel it still more than she did; the impending ruin of Humphreys, with the hope of complete recovery of his fortunes, — to this complication of troubles, Lord Toppingham feared at first to make any exciting addition. Having reserved his news for a few

days, after his long conference with Humphreys upon his affairs, he decided to keep the whole matter to himself until the question of the shares was settled. Meantime, through his solicitor in England, he had effected an arrangement with the feeble old gentleman now in solitary possession of Milton-Duffield, by which, in consideration of an annuity, he gladly retired from the estate, and executed a release of the rents. Margaret could take possession immediately.

When she had finished this story the glee had faded out of Margaret's bright eyes; for as she told it, Humphreys' face grew graver and even sadder than it was when she began; and as she ended he said, almost mechanically, "I 'm so glad, for you, Margery."

"For me? for me? And why not for you?" Then looking at him a moment fixedly, "Ah, I see how it is. My poor darling, I see how it is." And she put her arms about his neck and laid her head upon his shoulder, and rocked herself to and fro as if it were she that was in trouble. — At last, after a silent while. "You 'll go,

Mansfield, you 'll go, won't you, and live with Margery in our dear old beautiful home, — that 's yours now, yours? — See, sir, see what you 've been and gone and done. You came down to Toppington and fell in love with Margaret Duffield, a poor girl, almost a dependent, who had n't money enough to have a maid of her own. She went trudging afoot about the country, and you made her long to have you walk with her; she played the pi-anner and you made her heart yearn to have your heart thrill with the same tones that thrilled hers, and yet you said no word. All the more you won her love; and then you saved her; for yourself, you selfish creature; and although you did have a hard time in getting her, who suffered most, darling, who suffered most? You married the poor girl, and gave her everything that she had not, and made her the happiest woman that ever loved man — oh, so dearly, so dearly. And now that she has Milton-Duffield for you — not that it 's a very grand place, nothing at all like the Priory, but just a fit home for a gentleman like you — nor a large fortune, not so much as yours that you gave me a

right in — now that she has this, will you refuse to make her happy by taking it, and being its master, just as you took her and are her master? — You 'll come to our dear old home with me, won't you? — See," with a gleam of sauciness in her eyes, and then a rosy hiding of her face upon his shoulder, "you never were quite a real American except when you played Mr. Washington Adams; and now come home with me, so that our boy — for I 'm sure it 'll be a boy — will be born a real Englishman. Does n't the Bible say, 'a man shall leave his father and his mother and cleave unto his wife?' And don't you know" (in a little parenthetical tone), "I 've always thought that a strange maxim for an Oriental people, with what you bearded creatures euphemistically call *patriarchal* institutions? But your father and mother have gone; you 've no brothers, and only that one sister away off in — Millwater, is it, or Milkwater? — Oh, thanks, Milwaukee, that you don't see once a year, and who," with a little droop of the corners of her mouth, "although she 's a very excellent woman I 'm sure, is n't exactly a woman that you pine after. You 've

no home to break up. Come to one that stands ready for you, with a wife in it who was born there, and her fathers, for such a long, long while. — What was that pretty Latin adage you told me of the other day, *ubi uxor ibi domus?* — Am I right? Put it in practice now. *I'm* going to live at Milton-Duffield; that is," — laying her cheek submissively upon his hand, — "if you 'll let me, and if you will live there too."

The end of all this was plain enough. Humphreys had hardly a choice. His unfortunate speculations had greatly simplified his affairs; and such arrangements as were necessary were easily made. Where nothing is, there is little to be done. Lord Toppingham went back at his appointed time, their harbinger.

In the course of a few months Humphreys sat again with Margaret on the deck of an ocean steamer, and with solemnity, but, as he confessed to himself in the silence of his heart, with no such grief as hers in like case, saw Montauk light sink into the Atlantic, as he left the land where his people had lived a few generations, for one in which they had lived for more than as

many centuries; and with no diminished love for the memory of the vanishing New England of his youth, he found, happily for himself, a new home in the old home of his fathers.

THE AUTHOR'S
APOLOGY FOR HIS BOOK.

AN APOLOGY.

The little of this book which was published in Edinburgh under the title "Mr. Washington Adams in England" has been made the subject of so much and such diverse comment, public and private, that, to those at least who honored it with attention and remark, an explanation of its occasion and its original purpose may not be unacceptable. All the more am I tempted to such an explanation because of my surprise that such a trifle — begun as a mere broad burlesque — should have been found worthy of so much consideration. Moreover, any one who does not care to know the why and the how of the thing's existence may lay my book down at this line, and read no further. To those whose inclination is otherwise I venture, however, the suggestion that, before they do read further, they look over the selection which the publishers have made from the opinions expressed upon the first three chapters as they were put forth (to the surprise of the writer, although with his consent) in their pretty Edinburgh dress.

Some apologies aggravate offense: always those which show the unjust their injustice; for they will be unjust still. This apology is one of that kind. I fear there are few that it will please; — only those who prize truth above all other things. At home "every true American" (whatever that may mean) will find something in it

to dislike ; abroad, among those who may look at it, Conservatives will see in it what offends their prejudices and opposes their wishes, and Liberals, what disproves their theories and disappoints their hopes. The writer will fare like the bat, who was persecuted by the birds because he was a beast, and by the beasts because he was a bird. He will be content, however, if, like his prototype, much maligned for blindness, he is able to find his way through what, to greater and wiser creatures, is obscurity.

Accident gave a semblance of propriety to that publication in Scotland; for there was written eighty years ago a book,[1] "Memoirs of an American Lady," which gave a remarkably truthful picture of society in the rural districts of New York at the close of the last century. The successors of this book have been so unlike it, both in its truthfulness and in its kindly spirit, that it looms up like a distant landmark, showing how far the British critic of the present has drifted from that of the past, although through a time not longer than the life of a strong, well aged man. Conspicuous among the latter are two writers, the bearers of one name, Trollope, the later of whom (among the other notable things done by him) sustained Mr. Francis Galton's ingenious and impressively urged theory of heredity by the spirit in which he treated "America and the Americans." Passing, at present, over the manifestation of that spirit, I shall take as my starting-point the following passage which impressed me much on my meeting with it in one of his later novels,

"Paul Montague's father and mother had long been dead. The father had been a barrister in London, having perhaps some small fortune of his own. . . . An uncle of his, a younger brother of his father, had married a Carbury, the younger sister of two, though older than her brother Roger. This uncle many years since had taken his wife out to Cali-

[1] By Mrs. Grant, of Laggan, published at London in 1808.

fornia, and had there become an American." — *The Way we Live Now*, c. 6.

Am I dull, or perverse, or even crotchety, when I say that the condition of mind out of which this passage came perplexes me sorely; indeed, that I cannot understand it at all? If a man who is the son of an English squire, can, after he has attained maturity and married in England, go to California and become an American, I must ask some person more capable than I am of apprehension and definition to tell me what an "American" is. That a Parsee may become a British subject, a German a citizen of France, or that a Scotchman or an Englishman may be by birth or adoption a citizen of the United States, we can all see readily. But I never heard a sane and tolerably well informed person speak of a Parsee's becoming an Englishman, or of a German's becoming a Frenchman.[1] What then does the word "American" mean when it is used as Mr. Trollope used it? I confess that I cannot find any meaning for it at all; and I have also to say that I have never been able to find any person who was able to give it a meaning which, even upon brief consideration, was satisfactory to himself, although I began my inquiry, publicly as well as privately, more than twenty years ago.

There is a weekly journal published in New York marked in some of its articles by that union of subtlety, strength, and breadth of view which are the intellectual characteristics of the race to which it is addressed, and which is called "The American Hebrew." That title I can understand; and it seems to me a very good one,

[1] It should be needless to remark that families may do this in the course of generations of residence and intermarriage, like the McMahons in France and the Bentincks in England; and also to say that this is not at all to the purpose.

— clear and descriptive. It means a Hebrew born or domiciled in America. There is another weekly newspaper also published there, which is called "The Irish American;" a title which I admit again that I cannot understand, although the phrase is commonly used, and since the dynamite times is commoner than ever, particularly in England. An American Irishman is an apprehensible creature; although he is not so often apprehended, or, as Dogberry would say, comprehended, as some of us wish he was when he uses dynamite. But if the substantive "American" has any limiting sense at all, an Irish American is simply an impossibility. An Irishman is an Irishman, whether he is a British subject or a citizen of the United States; a Scotchwoman is a Scotchwoman, an Englishman is an Englishman, whether a British subject or not, whether living in Australia, in India, in Canada, in England, or the United States. There are British Englishmen and American Englishmen, millions of them both; and the assertion is no new one; for I made it and urged it twenty-two years ago.[1] There are those, doubtless, who will say that this is an attempt to

> "distinguish and divide
> A hair 'twixt south and southwest side;"

but if it be so said, I am content. The difference between the south and the southwest side is just the difference between south and southwest; difference enough to lead in half an hour's divergence from a hair's-breadth to wreck and ruin. Hamlet was mad only north-northwest.

The unthinking, undiscriminating way in which this subject is treated, even by those who are not ignorant and from whom the truth and consideration of truth might

[1] *National Hymns.* New York, 1862, pp. 24 - 26 and passim.

be expected, is exemplified in the following passage written by a scholar and the son of a scholar, James Upton, Fellow of Exeter, Oxford : —

"If we turn our eyes to our own country, we cannot go farther than the invasion of Julius Cæsar without being immerged in legends and romances. But even in that late period of arts and sciences *our* British barbarity was so very notorious, that *our* inhospitality to strangers, *our* poverty and meanness, and *our* ignorance, made *us* contemptible to the Romans." — *Critical Observations on Shakespeare*, Book i. sec. 4.

And a greater than Upton works the same confusion, and uses "our" and "us" in the way to which attention is emphatically called in the passage just quoted. Milton, in his "History of Britain," writes, referring to the early inhabitants of Great Britain, —

"And this they do out of vanity, hoping to embellish and set out their history with the strangeness of *our* manners, not caring in the meanwhile to brand us with the rankest note of barbarism." [1] — *History of Britain*, Book VI.

Turning to the light literature of our own day we find Grenville Murray, in the dedication of his "Side Lights on English Society" to the Queen, saying : —

"Thirdly, as an Englishman, I venture to submit for the consideration of the Head of our race a careful study of some of the most important aspects of English society, as at present constituted."

Now if Milton and Upton had given the subject even

[1] Here *caring* is used in the sense "being careful," "being cautious." Observe, too, the word *note* used more than two hundred years ago in a sense which many persons, including so distinguished a critic as Matthew Arnold, seem to think was transferred from theological polemics to literature by Cardinal Manning.

a brief consideration, they would have seen that they and their fellow Englishmen, whom they included in their *us* and *our*, were in no way concerned in what was said of the inhabitants of Britain in the time of Julius Cæsar, in no way affected by it. Those people were not Englishmen but Britons, Celts, whom our English forefathers removed from the soil just as we have removed the real American races from the soil we now possess; we having been even more thorough than they. *Our* and *us* have no proper place in Milton's nor in Upton's plea; nor had they any cause of offense. Just as preposterous is it for Mr. Grenville Murray, "as an Englishman," to address Queen Victoria as "the head of our race." The Queen is at the head of the British government, at the head of society in the British dominions, but with the English race she has probably as slight relation as any woman ever born in England. She is German, and nothing more; her connection even with the Scotch being the tenuous one that her great-great-great-grandfather was grandson through German women to James I., since which time if any other than German blood has passed into her family strain, it is inappreciable. One of the most striking illustrations that I remember of this subject (in some London journal) is a remark upon the English-seeming of Mr. Henry James the novelist, coupled with another (intended as confirmatory), upon his likeness to the Prince of Wales. Now Mr. Henry James *is* English, whereas His Royal Highness is German pure and simple; and, if I have been correctly informed, notwithstanding his birth and breeding in England, he betrays, to a nice ear, his Germanhood by his speech.

A matter not without significance, this that we have been briefly considering; yet let us brush aside the question of race, although it is the most important one in the history of the world, — of government, of religion, of so-

ciety, of art, of literature, — and let us admit that on the continent of North America, between the Great Lakes and Mexico, there are some forty or fifty millions of people, who, although nine tenths of them are of English blood, while some are Irish and others Germans, and who, although they of English blood are they whose fathers won the country from savagery and achieved its independence, and framed its government, and they of Irish and German blood are either immigrants or the children of immigrants — let us admit that, although this is the case, these forty or fifty millions of people must be called "Americans;" not because the name is proper to them, nor because it is at all descriptive of them, but because it is convenient to other people to jumble and lump them together under this name.

This admitted, how are these people to be judged socially? Who are to be taken as the representatives of the society which in the course of two centuries and a half was formed by their character and their circumstances? Should they be the great body of those whom they themselves regard as decent, respectable, decorous folk, persons who in the various walks and conditions of life, the humbler as well as the higher, are, in what Mr. Matthew Arnold well styles conduct, accepted in that society as of regular standing? Should they be such as these among the nine tenths who are the representatives of those who through two centuries of effort framed the government and the society of the States and the Union, or such as these regard as foreigners, or as grotesque in manners and unsound in morals?

Leaving this question here unanswered, let us consider the manner and the spirit in which judgment has been passed upon these people publicly by the literary representatives of those who were nearest to them in blood, in language, in religion, and in the structure of society. We all

know in a general way what that manner and that spirit have been from Mrs. Grant's day until the present time, when there are appearing signs of a modification, although not of a thorough change, in both. Conspicuous among the latest writers upon this subject is one who has no sympathy, and who we may be sure would never have had sympathy, with the attitude or the methods of his predecessors, — a British critic whose social position at home, whose high culture, and whose acquaintance with society, in all classes of the whole world, are exceptional. Lord Ronald Gower, in his recently published "Reminiscences," has some pages giving his Impressions of the Americans, the following extracts from which are of interest, and in some passages much to our present purpose:[1] —

"You have asked me to give you in a few lines my impression of the American people. This sounds to me like asking a fly to give his impressions of the mind of a man on whose head he has alighted. . . . In New York I saw but little of the society of that place, not caring for dining out or for calls of ceremony, and passing my days in walks about the town and my evenings at the theatre or in a theatrical club in Union Square. . . . Not being a *personage*, and not caring to appear in a white tie and fine linen every evening,

[1] Some of my readers may like to know that Lord Ronald Sutherland-Leveson-Gower is a son of the late Duke of Sutherland (his mother was that noble and beautiful Duchess who was Mistress of the Robes to Queen Victoria) a nephew of Lord Ellesmere, and of Lord Morpeth (Earl of Carlisle), brother-in-law to the Duke of Argyll and to the late Duke of Westminster, and uncle to the Marquis of Lorne; an Eton boy, a Cambridge scholar, a Member of Parliament, a student of art, a sculptor of no mean ability, and a man who has from his early youth been familiar with the most cultivated and elevated circles of England and the continent of Europe.

and having wished to see social life in the American city not as a guest but as a traveler, I think I can more impartially judge of what would be the impression made on a cosmopolitan than had I traded on being an Englishman with a handle attached to my name, as probably most Britishers with such an impediment would do. I mixed with all classes. . . . Wherever I went I found all classes of Americans not only civil but highly civilized, as compared class for class with the English ; not only amiable, but as a rule, kind and courteous, and with rare exceptions, well-informed, well-bred, and having more refinement of manner than any other people I have ever come amongst. What struck me especially in New York was the invariable civility shown by all classes of men to women, whether the women rustled in silk or wore linsey-woolsey or homespun ;[1] however crowded the car or the footway, room was at once made for a lady. Does not this somewhat contrast with the surly, grumpy incivility that is shown to the fair sex in our public carriages and streets? This politeness is not, as in a neighboring country to ours, mere lip and eye civility, but arises I believe from a mutual and intuitive good-breeding, with which, as I have said before, Americans of every class are endowed.

"For instance if one entered a club or hotel, one was not met by those assembled with a 'Who the Dash is this person whom none of us know ? and what the Dash does he here ?' sort of look ; nor, if one entered into conversation with some one in a railway car or steamer, was one greeted with that truly British stare which in this country of insular prejudice and arrogant assumption conveys, as plainly as words, the question, 'What the mischief do you mean by speaking to me without an introduction ?' . . .

"I mixed thus with all classes, and spoke to all with whom I came in contact, and in no single instance did I meet with anything but perfect civility — the civility of equals, which

[1] A figure of speech on the part of our kindly visitor. I am sorry to say that no woman in New York, no matter how lowly her condition, wears linsey-woolsey or homespun.

is, after all, the truest. I admire with all my heart this great people, our brothers, who although we have for so many years presumed to treat them as poor relations, are in some forms of common courtesy and general politeness far superior to ourselves.

"I grant that the Americans we meet on the continent of Europe are often offensive in manner, and give a very unfavorable impression of their country both to foreigners and to Englishmen; but believe me, these are the exceptions. As a rule they are those who have inherited or made fortunes which they know not how to spend, and therefore come over to the Old World, which they astonish with their vagaries and extravagances. But it would be most unjust to judge the American people by these units. What Englishman but regrets, and is heartily ashamed of his fellow-countrymen and women whom he meets on the boulevards of Paris, on the Rhine steamers, or in the galleries of Rome? 'Where,' he cries, 'do these originals come from? What corner of England has produced such frights? Great heavens! to think that they should belong to us!' . . . It would be as unjust to judge of all English men and women by such types as to think that the Americans resemble the American who certainly is not an agreeable feature in an Alpine scene or an Italian church, and yet this is precisely the injustice we English have dealt out to our great kinsmen ever since the War of Independence." — *My Reminiscences*, vol. ii. 2d ed., Lond.: 1883; pp. 257-262.

It is not because of the opinion expressed by the writer that this passage is here quoted. Pleasant as it is to all men, who are not churlish on the one hand or cynical on the other, to be liked by those with whom they are brought in contact, the view of his subject presented by Lord Ronald Gower will impress his American readers chiefly by its novelty on the part of a British writer, and by its simple, hearty frankness. Nor shall I refrain myself from saying that, according to my experience and

observation, his opinion of "Americans" is somewhat too general, and is too indiscriminatingly favorable, and that his condemnation of his own countrymen upon the point of manners is too sweeping. It tempts me to repeat what I have said elsewhere (to the surprise of some of my British critics) that nowhere in England did I meet the surly, insolent Englishman upon whom Lord Ronald and other critics of British society have animadverted; and that only once was I spoken too with any semblance of incivility, and that was by a 'bus conductor whom I had stopped in full career for nothing. The very few examples of British arrogance and insolence that I have met with were outside of England; two of them, I am sorry to say, were in my own house; but the actors in these were men who, although not unknown to the world, Lady Toppingham would hardly accept without demur as gentlemen, and whom Captain Surcingle might have described as "lit'wawy persons, or somethin'." I shall also express my regret that Lord Ronald Gower did not see more of true household life among people of long and well established position (some of them rich, but most of them far from being so), in New York, New England, and the region surrounding Philadelphia. Had he, following his clever intuitive perception, done as Lord Toppingham did, and, dropping what he calls the impedimental handle to his name, gone among such people simply as Mr. Gower, visiting them in an informal, sociable way, he would have known them then as few or none of his countrymen who have written about "the Americans" have known them; and the criticisms of an observer so socially experienced, accomplished, and so candid, would have been both important and interesting.[1]

[1] I wish to say that I did not see Lord Ronald Gower's book until April 27th of this year, some weeks after the foregoing pages had left my hands and were partly printed.

Lord Ronald Gower's remarks are interesting to me chiefly for these reasons: —

His singular admission that his giving an opinion upon America and the Americans after a visit of a few weeks is like a fly's giving his opinion of the brain of a man on whose head he has alighted: very graphic, very suggestive, and in a British traveler, of astonishing novelty and perceptivity:

His recognition of an obligation of personal presentableness, if he did go into society in America, even as a private and unfêted person; an obligation which severer critics of "American" culture and conduct than he is have not felt:

His unconsciously *naif* use of the term Britisher, which, as I have pointed out, is constantly applied by his countrymen to themselves with the apparent assumption that it is applied to them in America, where according to my observation it is never used, and never heard, unless as a quizzical quotation of British error:

His recognition of the right and reasonableness of not considering "the Americans" all in an undiscriminated lump, but of comparing them "*class for class* with the English." Another singular and heretofore unheard of proposition:

His recognition (kindred to that above) that, although there may be found in Europe "Americans" in fine clothes and with money to spend, who are as unpleasant as some British travelers also to be seen there, it would be as unjust to accept the former as the latter as types of the society of their respective countries:

Finally, his admission as to "Americans" — made with that frank apologetic tone which (in our country at least, and I gladly believe in England too) distinguishes the man who is a gentleman to the core, and even gives him pleasure, when he is conscious of having done a

wrong — that his countrymen have for "so many years presumed to treat them as poor relations," and that an undiscriminating misrepresentation of them is "the injustice we English have dealt out to them ever since the war of Independence."

Lord Ronald Gower's book was written in ignorance of mine no less than mine in ignorance of his; but in writing these passages he had his eye momentarily upon my objective point. Indeed, so complete is his admission, and so competent is he to make it, that I feel that I might here lay down my pen. But it may be better to make a clean breast once for all, and, before turning to British criticism of another strain, to give my readers the greater part of a letter addressed to me apropos of the Washington Adams part of this book, by a New York woman, of whom, as her name remains unknown except to me, I may say that if there be a living Englishwoman, who in mind, in person, and in manner more completely embodies the ideal of nobility, I was not happy enough to see her, or her portrait, or to hear of her. My correspondent, after citing in the course of her letter a deprecating comment, in a Liberal London journal, upon "the political and social degradation of his fellow-countrymen" revealed by the writer of "Mr. Washington Adams," remarks upon it thus; quite, it will be seen, in the strain of the nephew of Lord Ellesmere and Lord Carlisle, of whose book she was as ignorant as I was: —

NEW YORK, 22*d February*, 1884.

". . . Degradation of *your countrymen* is good! Emigrants and their children are no countrymen of mine; and it is time the American (so-called) should have his place defined. All over the continent last summer I saw young people just one remove from Ireland and Germany, rich, ignorant, loud, vulgar, passing among the people around me, side by side with my daughter, for American!

"I can understand now why so many Englishmen spoke to me last year of your book, which I then had not seen. It was evidently a sore thing to them."

[I cannot imagine why. Nothing was ever written in a more kindly spirit to England; nor were England or English people in any sense its subject.] . . .

"Your book is singularly searching without seeming to be so in purpose. The dinner-table talks, and the attacks upon the guest the moment he becomes a guest, all intelligent Americans can appreciate. No Englishman ever had an American at his house that he did not rudely question him, and call him to account for what he was pleased to call faults and follies. I myself have sat at the table of an ex-British minister, where I was the special guest, and have been told bluntly that I 'spoke very good English for a Yankee;' and not a frown, but a laugh went around."

[I must here differ from my fair correspondent as before I differed from Lord Ronald Gower. Such inquisition and such sneers I had no experience of in England. It is only in private houses in "America," where they were guests by their own seeking, that I have seen any of my British acquaintances give occasion for these reproaches.]

"But I well remember, on the contrary, my gentle-mannered father's severely rebuking a young, heedless brother who tauntingly reminded a somewhat captious English guest that it rained always in England.

"I have lived for years among the English, and none of the good qualities that they have can blind me to the fact that ever since they were forced to let go our hand they have never failed to represent us as ridiculous, vulgar, ignorant, and repulsive. France and Germany get their habit of caricature, and learn a want of respect for us from England. And their pretensions are so false! Even their hatred of slavery was only a pretense. When we were driven into a war to prevent its extension, whose side did they take? and how? Read the 'Saturday Review' and 'Punch' of that time!

"But I am more temperate in England among the people

there, than I am with you on paper. Don't think my influence (such as it may be) has been a bad or an undignified one. It has not. But I confess that I have always had a cold and cutting answer ready for these British taunts; and these, I verily believe, are what the Englishman requires. He is by nature *unjust;* but when condemned he is silent, and even courts the condemner. If you could see my little packs of 'love' letters from my enemies in England, I'm sure you would say, Can this thing be?

"Ah! I wish Americans were more dignified and quiet, and self-respecting; were more what our fathers were! I wish street-habits were cleaner, and house-habits more lovable; and I wish American women, with all their opportunities, were braver and stronger, and yet more womanly, and knew, above all things, how to keep the love once given them. Indeed, I wish a great many things of my country people that may never come to pass. . . . Truly, M. C."

And now let us look at the pictures of "the Americans" presented to the world by a British observer, who was much more thoroughly acquainted with whatever is good in them, both as to character and manners, than Lord Ronald Gower could have been.

Mr. Anthony Trollope had, as I have intimated before, an hereditary tendency to malign and misrepresent "America and the Americans," and he readily allowed himself to be led by prejudice, and by resentment of the undoubted wrong done to him on the score of his copyright, into excesses of injurious misrepresentation, all the more wrongful and all the more injurious, because, like his mother's, they were founded on fact. All lies are welcome; all lies efficient; but no lies are so welcome and so efficient as the malicious lie with circumstance. This sort of misrepresentation is found in every passage of Mr. Trollope's novels in which the subject is presented; but I shall not be obliged to leave the book from which I have already quoted, and which I read casually some-

time after "Mr. Washington Adams" was published at Edinburgh.

Let me say, in passing, that I know something of Mr. Trollope's opportunities of observing society in "America," and of making himself acquainted with the manners and the habits of thought and of speech, of those who are regarded there as respectable, well-conducted people. I know those among whom he chose to pass his time; who were generally of no special wealth or great distinction in any way, but who were fair representatives of that large class here who owe to traditional refinement and social culture that "good-breeding" which Lord Ronald Gower seemed to regard as "intuitive" in "Americans of every class." I could name a lady with whom Mr. Trollope was, or felt himself, on such terms, that he favored her with his company on the day of his last departure from New York, lolling his bulk upon the sofa underneath the portrait of her great-grandfather (a gentleman who would not have dreamed of so disposing his person in a lady's drawing-room), and where he thought it proper (somewhat to her surprise, as she informed me) to lounge away the whole morning until he took steamer for Liverpool. But was he on this, and other like occasions, making studies for "American" characters? Not so. This lady, her friends, her social circle, and those of corresponding social circles in other places, furnished no figures for Mr. Trollope's pages. As to England, he could be so faithful a limner and reporter, that sometimes he seemed to sink from the literary artist into the interviewer and the personal sketcher of individuals. He has photographed for posterity the better classes — upper and middle — of England. But in drawing his "American" figures, he turned from the decent, the respectable, the people whose characters and manners made them agreeable to him, whose tolerant kindness and good-

natured forbearance passed over his frequent (not ill-natured) presumption, in consideration of the pleasure his writings had given them, and drew, chiefly from gossip and from newspaper paragraphs, only portraits of such disreputable and notorious persons as could not obtain entrance into any respectable American family.

Let us glance at the two figures which he presents, not as sketches of exceptional and notorious persons, but which he carefully, by suggestion and inference, holds up as typical representatives of their countrymen and countrywomen.

As to his appearance Mr. Hamilton K. Fisker is thus introduced: —

"The American was smoking a very large cigar, which he kept constantly turning in his mouth, and half of which was inside his teeth. . . . This wretched American with his hat on one side, and rings on his fingers (!) . . . He was gorgeously dressed with a silk waistcoat and chains, and he carried a little stick." *The Way We Live Now*, chap. ix.

As to what he was, by origin, in person and in character, let these passages show: —

"The reader will not have thought much of Fisker on his arrival in England. Fisker was, perhaps, not a man worthy of much thought. He had never read a book. He had never written a line worth reading. He had never said a prayer. He cared nothing for humanity. He had sprung out of some Californian gully, was perhaps ignorant of his own father and mother, and had tumbled up in the world on the strength of his own audacity." *Idem*, chap. xxxv.

"Fisker was not only unscrupulous himself, but he had a thorough contempt for scruples in others. According to his theory of life, nine hundred and ninety-nine men were obscure because of their scruples, while the thousandth man predominated and cropped up into the splendor of commercial wealth because he was free from such bondage. He had his

own theories, too, as to commercial honesty. That which he had promised to do he would do, if it was within his power. He was anxious that his bond should be good, and his word equally so. But the work of robbing mankind in gross by magnificently false representations was not only the duty, but also the delight and the ambition of his life." *Idem*, chap. xcii.

As to his speech we are told that it was "a fine, sharp, nasal twang" (chap. ix.), and in language like this: —

"'No doubt, Miss Melmotte — no doubt. I feel that quite strongly. But what I meant to observe was this, that I certainly should not introduce a lady whom I aspire to make my own lady to any lady whom a lady ought n't to know. I hope I make myself understood, Miss Melmotte.'" *Idem*, chap. xcviii.

Fisker having fallen, at a club, into the company of some half-a-dozen sporting, gambling young Englishmen, who, in spite of their loose habits of life, were gentlemen by birth, breeding, and sentiment, and having behaved good-naturedly about money that he won, we are told: —

"Not one there had liked Fisker. His manners were not as their manners; his waistcoat not as their waistcoats. He smoked his cigar after a fashion different from theirs, and spat upon the carpet. He said my lord too often, and grated their prejudices equally whether he treated them with familiarity or deference. But he had behaved well about the money, and they felt that they were behaving badly. . . .

"'He 's not half a bad fellow, but he 's not a bit like an Englishman,' said Lord Nidderdale, as he walked out of the station." *Idem*, chap. x.

And this creature who eats his cigars while he smokes them, who wears his hat on one side, and indues himself in flashy waistcoats, who speaks with a sharp, nasal twang, and talks about introducing "a lady whom I aspire to

make my own lady to any lady whom a lady ought n't to know," who spits upon the carpet, who had never read a book, and who, perhaps ignorant of his own father and mother, had tumbled up out of some Californian gully, who had no scruples himself and a thorough contempt for scruples in others, and who gave himself up to the work of robbing mankind by magnificently false representations; this social polecat, who could by no contrivance have obtained a second entrance into any one of the decent houses in which Mr. Trollope sought, and found, a welcome, is held up, not as a monstrous, grotesque, and loathsome imagination of the novelist's, founded mainly upon the reports that he found in newspapers of the behavior of one or two notorious scoundrelly adventurers, but as "the American;" and he is contrasted with "an Englishman;" this abstract Englishman being, as we see in the passage just quoted above, represented by a peer, and those who are, by birth and breeding, a peer's proper companions. "Not like an Englishman!" Not, indeed, like any Englishman that I ever met under a private roof, I gladly admit; but no more like any decent "American." But his case being "morals none, manners beastly," — he is introduced as "the American."

The portrait has a companion of the other sex. If two "Americans" are introduced into one story by a novelist of Mr. Trollope's skill and experience (he twice favored "America" with his company for a considerable time) we might reasonably expect that one of them would be a decent, wholesome character, particularly in case of one brought forward as a representative, and the only representative, of "American" women. But no; let Winifred Hurtle, the "American woman," paint herself. She fears that Paul Montague, who has won her love, is about to throw her over, notwithstanding the wonderful beauty of which she cannot but be conscious.

"He should marry her, or there should be something done which should make the name of Winifred Hurtle known to the world! She had no plan of revenge yet formed. She would not talk of revenge — she told herself that she would not even think of revenge — till she was quite sure that revenge would be necessary. But she did think of it, and could not keep her thoughts from it for a moment. . . . He had promised to marry her, and he should marry her, or the world should hear the story of his perjury." *Idem*, chap. xxvii.

"Then Mr. Ramsbottom had asked whether the lady was a widow. 'There was a man on board from Kansas,' said the fellow-traveler, 'who knew a man named Hurtle at Leavenworth,[1] who was separated from his wife, and is still alive. There was, according to him, a queer story about the man and his wife having fought a duel with pistols and then having separated.' . . . But there was a rumor also, though not corroborated during his last visit to Liverpool, that she had shot a gentleman in Oregon." *Idem*, chap. xxviii.

"But she, who was sometimes scorned and sometimes feared in the Eastern cities of her own country, — whose name had become almost a proverb for violence out in the Far West, — how could she dare to hope that her lot should be so changed for her?" *Idem*, chap. xlvii.

Here is a bit of an interview between her and her English lover, who cannot bring himself to espouse this beautiful she-panther of the Rocky Mountains.

"'No man has ever dared to treat me like that. No man shall dare.'

"'I wrote to you.'

"'Wrote to me — yes! And I was to take that as sufficient! No. I think but little of my life, and have but little for which to live. But while I do live, I will travel over the world's surface to face injustice and to expose it before I will

[1] Leavenworth is nearly two thousand miles from Boston, New York, and Philadelphia.

put up with it. You wrote to me! Heaven and earth — I can hardly control myself when I hear such impudence!' She clinched her fist upon the knife that lay on the table as she looked at him, and raising it, dropped it again at a further distance. . . .

"Then he paused. 'Don't spare me,' she said. 'I know what it all is as well as though it were already told. I know the lies with which they have crammed you at San Francisco. You have heard that up in Oregon I shot a man. That is no lie. I did. I brought him down dead at my feet.' Then she paused, and rose from her chair, and looked at him." *Idem*, chap. xlvii.

The following touch of tenderness is from a letter to the man she loves: —

"You talk of compensation! Do you mean money? You do not dare to say so, but you must mean it. It is an insult the more. But as to retribution: yes. You shall suffer retribution. I desire you to come to me, according to your promise, and you will find me with a horsewhip in my hand. I will whip you till I have not a breath in my body. And then I will see what you will dare to do; whether you will drag me into a court of law for the assault." *Idem*, chap. li.

Well may Mr. Trollope make his Mrs. Pipkin say, "They do tell bad things about them Americans." And who has told them with such mischievous intent and such injurious effect as Mr. Trollope and his mother?

Strange, that the descendants of the little damsel whose curtseying compliment to Washington Mansfield Humphreys tells of (p. 46), strange, that they and their friends among whom the traditionary manners which so pleased Lord Ronald Gower prevail should not like — should, after a century of such treatment, public and private, even be touchy about, should indeed actually resent — the presentation of Winifred Hurtles and Hamilton K. Fiskers as portraits of "the Americans!" These or none; for in

all British literature (until within the past year) none other than these and their parallels have ever been presented. Absurd, unreasonable, thin-skinned "Americans"! incapable of enjoying pleasant little jokes at their own expense, of bearing a little good-natured criticism. Under-bred people, too, conscious of their own defects, and always on the look-out for an affront![1]

Verily if they were ready to take offense they would not have far to go for it, not so far as Mrs. Trollope's representation of their "Domestic Manners;" not so far as her son's novels, not even so far as the columns of the "St. James Gazette" and of "The World;" not farther, often, than their own tables. For example, there was at the table of an acquaintance of mine a lady of birth and very considerable social distinction in England, Lady A., let us call her. She was the daughter of a peer and the wife of the heir to a peerage, then bearing his courtesy title. The party at dinner was small, and Lady A. could easily see that her lord somewhat ostentatiously did not touch his soup. This, according to Yankee notions of good-breeding, did not place his lordship in the best light (although they would not require him to take much of his soup if it was not to his taste); and there must have

[1] It was not until after these pages were written and ready for the press that, tempted by the mere beauty of the Macmillan edition of Charles Kingsley's novels, I bought it, and, having previously read only "Westward Ho" and "Yeast," found in "Two Years Ago" the accomplished New York gentleman Stangrave, an isolated figure in British fiction. Mr. Kingsley came here, lived here a while, and really saw much of society during his visit. Doubtless he saw not a few such men as Stangrave; for not a few such are to be seen; but I do not hesitate to admit that he is a type even rarer among New York merchants than Lord Toppingham is among British noblemen.

been the consciousness of some such bidding of courtesy in the breast of Lady A , who, sitting by her host's side as her lord sat by that of their hostess, called across the table with bland and elegant condescension, "Do take some A. ; it 's not at all nasty ! " As the question — which is not of my raising, nor in any way of "American" origin it should be remembered, but was raised and has been persistently pressed for many years by British critics — is as to difference of manners, I will at once confess that the conduct of Lord and Lady A. was so different from that which has been prevalent, as long as memory and tradition tell, among Yankees and Virginians of any moderate degree of breeding, that they were both at once set down as very rude, ill-bred people, and all the more rude and ill-bred because of their rank. That there have been people called for some reason or other "Americans" who behaved no better, is very likely ; but we are speaking on one side of a peer's daughter and a peer's son, and on the other of persons who, although without rank, have, like the former, the best social position at home.

I willingly confess too that such exhibitions of social amenity do not seem to be reserved for us alone by our British cousins, who, on the contrary, bestow them upon each other in like circumstances. For I find it recorded in London of the late Mr. Abraham Hayward [1] that being

[1] Mr. Hayward was the writer of some entertaining review articles, miscalled essays. He was also a very popular "diner-out." Dining-out has become almost a profession in England among men who have no position or fortune, but who have wit and tact, and who get on by ministering to the tastes, the convivial pleasures, and the vanity of their social superiors. Sometimes, as in Brummel's case and Hayward's (although the two men were otherwise so unlike each other), they affect a social despotism, and become capriciously tyrannical, being alternately fawning and insolent. I saw him in London in 1876 — little, shambling, slovenly, white-haired, bland, with subaudition of a snarl.

on a visit to the late Lady Waldegrave, he at dinner one day exclaimed, "H'm! The same soup for three days! Filthy stuff, too!" Without hesitation I admit that here is a token (if it be a token) of a great difference of manners. Such a speech as that by a guest at his host's table has never been heard of within my range of observation or acquaintance with tradition in "America"; and, indeed, so far have we degenerated from that standard of manners that such a speech, or such a one as Lady A.'s, would here exclude thenceforward the speaker from the table and the house where it was uttered.

One English hostess, according to recent record, showed the feeling and the spirit which would be common here on such provocation. It is told in London that a gentleman who had recently and somewhat unexpectedly come to a title and an estate dined at a house where his entertainers were not persons of rank, but were persons of social consideration, and somewhat noted for elegant housekeeping. He thought it proper to show dissatisfaction with the dinner to which he had been bidden, and to call in an aggressive way for this, that, and the other thing, which he got, by his hostess's orders. When he came to take leave, she said with sufficient distinctness to be heard by those around her, "Good night, ——. We are happy to have had the honor of seeing you for the first and the last time." Very well, that! at least so far as to the deserts of the victim. The only wonder in the rude "American" mind is that a person who could succeed to a title and estate, and who could get into such a house, should have given occasion for it.

A case not quite so bad but met in somewhat the same way did occur a long time ago in "America." A certain Mr. W., who attained a moderate distinction, and who received no little attention in England, was, after trial here for a while by people of social consideration in his own

country, set down as one who was not a gentleman and had not in him the possibility of one. His invitations ceased; but he, knowing what entertainments were to be given, would sometimes, Brummel-like, present himself uninvited, and carry his point by his own impudence and the too tender consideration of his unwilling host and hostess. One night at a large party, to which he had been with great decision not invited, he presented himself at high tide in the most gorgeous evening array. "O papa!" softly exclaimed the daughter to her father who was talking to the friend who told me the story, "here 's Mr. W. 'T was no use. What shall we do?" "I 'll receive him," the father replied, and stepping forward, he said, in a clear voice that attracted much attention, "Good evening, Mr. W. This is indeed a most unexpected pleasure." W. never visited that house again, and from that time fell steadily. This was certainly fifty years ago. I may be wrong; but it seems to me that the Yankee's sword at that distant time was quite as keen as the London lady's of to-day, and a little more polished and more daintily used. Strange that such people, and the sons and daughters of such people, should show dissatisfaction when Hamilton K. Fisker, and Winifred Hurtle, and Asa Trenchard, and the figure adumbrated by Washington Adams, are held up to England and to all Europe for three generations as "the American"!

Such incidents as those just related are trivial, and their sober consideration would be a sort of trifling, were it not that they bear strongly against that active disbelief which is manifested, particularly by most British social essayists, in the existence of a traditional social refinement in "America." This is manifested equally by the Tory and the Liberal writers of England. The former (unwisely for their purpose) seem to find pleasure in the belief that all classes of people in "the States" have

always been as lacking in good manners as they delight in showing them to-day; the latter are sanguine in the belief that the progress of democracy and social refinement has been equal.

I remember having the honor of meeting at dinner a long while ago a distinguished Liberal member of Parliament, who spoke with enthusiasm of the progress of refinement in America. I listened, as became me, almost in silence to his remarks; but I remember observing, as he spoke, that he had his feet upon the top of the high wire fender before the fire, and that although he was the special guest at the dinner where the dozen or twenty gentlemen invited to meet him appeared as gentlemen do on such occasions, he was not only in a rusty and somewhat dusty street dress, but that his linen was, both at his wrists and around his throat, conspicuously in need of the ministrations of a laundress. Perhaps I was wrong; but in my callow inexperience I asked myself whether, although his opinion might be very valuable upon a point of public policy, he was exactly the man to criticise the manners, present or past, of the people whom he had honored by his visit and his approval.

Disagreements of this sort between the manners of some of our most distinguished British visitors and our own have not been so rare as to give them at any time the piquancy (I can hardly say the charm) of novelty. A very eminent British author was invited to a dinner in his honor by a friend of mine, a clergyman so distinguished that, although he was not an author, his name was well known in England. The honored guest, who was not a traveler in rapid movement, but was stopping some time in New York, presented himself in a tweed jacket, with the rest of his toilet conforming thereto, his host and the other guests being in the evening dress of gentlemen in England and "America." They would

as soon have thought of coming in wide-awake hats and "bang-ups" as in tweed coats. Dress is indeed a trifling matter, except when it is a mark of the consideration in which a man holds those whom he expects to meet, and of his respect for their customs and habits of life. Wherefore lapses of this kind are the more remarkable because of the somewhat excessive punctiliousness of most English gentlemen in this respect at home, and according to my observation even in "America." Lord Ronald Gower, as he tells us, did not wish to trouble himself as to dress during his brief visit; and he therefore showed his consideration for "American" society by not accepting invitations.

More recently we have seen a very distinguished visitor from England; one who, before he had ever visited "America," thought it proper to lecture the world upon the lack of culture in that unregenerate country, — we have seen this eminent apostle of social culture meeting not only gentlemen but ladies at dinner in his street dress, and disturbing all the calculations of his hostess by what seemed a most capricious disregard of the arrangements made in his honor and that of his party. The attitude and the tone publicly assumed by this gentleman makes it, I think, fitting and proper to remark, in this place and with our present purpose, upon his manner and bearing during his visit, of which, however, I shall only say that those whom he seemed to regard as his pupils were, in very many cases, astonished by his blunt disregard, or ignorance, of what they had been accustomed to regard as the courtesies of life; and moreover by his conspicuous lack of that ease and seemliness of manner which they had been accustomed to regard as signs and fruits of social culture. This appeared not only in his manner and in his speech, but even in the notes he wrote, which were, to say no more, so unusual

and so awkward in phraseology, that they were often made the subjects of unadmiring remark.

Now all this did, indeed, rather "astonish the natives" who have not been accustomed to regard a familiarity with second-rate French writers as the highest fruit of culture, or a lack of it as the most unmistakable evidence of Philistinism. Here, indeed, British critics may well note a difference of manners and customs in the two countries; provided, that this apostle of culture may be taken as an example of the best British breeding, of which I venture to express a doubt.

The gentleman thus referred to was, it is hardly necessary to say, not Sir Lepel Henry Griffin, who is known as the writer of some articles upon "America" in "The Nineteenth Century," which were chiefly remarkable for their union of commonplace truth (which no intelligent person here would think of disputing), with much error, the result of ignorance, misapprehension, and prejudice, both general and particular. They are worthy of notice only as distinguished examples of the kind of comment to which the people of the United States have been accustomed for more than half a century from a certain sort of British traveler. Sir Lepel, "a fly which had alighted on the head" of the "American" people, *did* undertake "to give his impressions" of that over which he had casually crawled. When a man steps forward to speak with authority upon an important subject, and volunteers public condemnation of a whole people, it is proper to inquire as to his means of knowledge. Therefore I sought information as to this gentleman's acquaintance with the society which he so glibly and jauntily discussed for the benefit of his countrymen — and himself. His visit was short; only of two months' duration, if I remember him rightly; but although in that time he could not have learned (even with candor and

a very good "coach") anything of importance or interest as to the structure and the working of society in "America," still, if he had taken the proper means, and used them in the becoming spirit, he might have learned a little. As it is, his articles are full of commonplace, distinguished only by the bad spirit and the discourteous manner in which it is set forth. The writer could have done it all just as well dryshod at home. His opinions are worthy of remark, because they are such conspicuous examples of that union of ignorance and presumption in which he has had predecessors but no rivals. Sir Lepel Griffin had no means of knowing anything about "American" society, in any sense of the word. He saw nothing of it. Upon as thorough and careful an inquiry as I could make, I have not been able to discover in New England, New York, Pennsylvania, and the region round about, extending as far as central Ohio, including a country more than five hundred miles square, and eight of the original States of the Union, a single person who ever met Sir Lepel Griffin in a respectable private house, or who had heard, or could learn of his having been in one. I believe that most of my readers will agree with me that if the case had been appreciably otherwise, it would have been impossible for me (particularly as my correspondents themselves kindly made extensive inquiries) to have failed to come somewhere upon his "trail." As to New York (the town), where Sir Lepel seems to have passed most of his time, there is probably not a man in it who would have been so sure to see him if he had been known either in society, or among men of letters, journalists or artists, as the writer of the following reply to one of my letters of inquiry: —

"WASHINGTON SQUARE, *May 6th*, 1884.

"You ask me about Sir Lepel Griffin. Soon after his articles began to appear, I made inquiries of a number of my

friends and could get so little track of him that I began to suspect he had not been here under that name. But at last I came upon an acquaintance in a banking-house who remembered him. . . . This makes it highly probable that his baronetcy is, as they say, very recent.[1] . . .

"Yours, C. K."

The only other trace of the gentleman that I have been able to discover is in the following paragraph from the "Spectator" column of the "New York Evening Post":—

"A few men about town will remember Sir Lepel Griffin, whose article in the 'Fortnightly' has attracted so much attention, as an agreeable, genial man, rather fond of late hours, and a somewhat close student of the principles of American drinks; but nobody suspected that he was gathering materials for anything worse than a headache, or that he would develop such a bilious literary attack on his return home. From what we knew of him he had a very 'good time' while here; from what he writes, his evident 'mash' in Detroit, and the possible thirty guineas he got for his article, are the only pleasant recollections he can have of America."

And yet a man so absolutely without knowledge, and without even the means of knowledge, will undertake to discuss and to condemn the society of which he is as ignorant as if he had never crossed the Atlantic. His articles, which are cleverly enough written, might be properly entitled, *Club, Theatre, Bar-Room, and Railway Glimpses of New York, Ohio, and Illinois*.[2]

[1] My correspondent and his friends are in error. Lepel Griffin is not a baronet, nor even a knight after the order of Sir Philip Sidney or Sir John Falstaff. He derives his title from his being a Knight Commander of the Order of the Star of India.

[2] Sir Lepel accounts for the superior beauty of the women

But this K. C. S. I., although conspicuous in his union of ignorance and presumption, is not alone among British travelers and critics in his lack of the means of real knowledge of the subject of which they undertake the discussion; — the discussion? rather the decision.

Generally, it is true that the European traveler — and the more surely if he is British and a person of any note — leaves "the States" quite as ignorant of them and their people on all essential points as he was before he crossed the ocean, and with his ignorance at once confused and confirmed and elevated into conceit by misapprehension of the very little of any real significance that he has been able to observe. For the distinguished traveler sees, through no fault of his own, indeed, very little that reveals

of Detroit by the fact that its northern position has caused an intermingling of the superior blood of Canada with that of its base Yankee stock. A conclusion worthy of its author. I find another British traveler (Captain Collinson, 1861) — on his first visit to this country, which lasted not quite two months, and after passing part of one day at the place — saying, "Detroit is one of those towns which has [*sic*] sprung up with wonderful activity; and a quay crowded with shipping extends all along the river-side, quite throwing into the shade our village of Windsor, opposite." Now the truth is that Detroit (so called from the fort *de l'étroit* — of the straits) is one of the oldest towns in the Northern States. In 1778, when Washington was unheard of, fifty years before Chicago existed, long antecedent to the founding of most of the towns west of Niagara, and when Cincinnati had not five hundred inhabitants, Detroit had more than two thousand. Nor has there been any such beautifying intercourse (at least to speak of) with "our village of Windsor, opposite," as our K. C. S. I. was led by tender memories to suppose. A characteristic instance, this, of the ignorance and unwisdom of the British traveler.

to him the real condition of "American" society, of which he touches only the surface at a few salient points. All the vast level range below, not to say the yet underlying strata, is hidden from his eyes. If he is a man of any fame in politics, literature, art, or society, his arrival is announced by the press; he is interviewed; he is seized upon by various people, who, with social, business, or other motives, wish to use him for their own purposes. He is entertained, fêted, taken to this, that, and the other "institution," where he is expected, and indeed almost required, to "make a few remarks." He passes over a great many miles of country shut up in a railway car, and surrounded by his "party." He sees a big waterfall and some mountains, a president and some governors, — waterfalls and mountains in their own way; and this is all.

What does this teach him of the society of the people among whom he has been? Entertainments, parties, receptions, among people of wealth (the only people with whom he is likely to mix), are much the same upon the surface in the superior circles of all Western nations. And who learns anything about anything in formal "society"? What do the obscurest and most commonplace of us ever learn of each other at such gatherings? We merely go through the parade in due form. Moreover, these more or less distinguished strangers are on such occasions here the principal guests. People are invited to "meet" them. They are on exhibition to the other guests, and the other guests are on exhibition to them. What is the "meeting"? An introduction; a languid hand-shake with some scores or some hundreds; a few words, "delighted to meet," "charmed," "hope," "always remember," and so forth; and this repeated a dozen times in the principal places, and two or three times in the minor places. Of what significance or instructive-

ness is this? It is not at such entertainments, or at formal dinners, or even at less formal breakfasts, that people are to be studied in their habits of life, their tone of thought, their morals, or even their language. To do that it is necessary to live among them, and to live among them unremarked as a notability and a watchful stranger; to see them when they are off their guard, and not when you are on parade to them, and they are, or wish to be, on parade to you. Probably the most ignorant man about anything essentially and characteristically "American," who has visited the country, is Lord Coleridge; except as to what may be seen in photograph and known by report almost as well as in reality. I say this with high respect and admiration for Lord Coleridge. The Englishman who, according to my observation, is most capable, of all of his living countrymen, to write with understanding about the country, told me that after having lived here a year and a half he was obliged to throw overboard all his theories and the opinions he had formed, and begin again from the foundation. The author of that extraordinary book "Asmodée en New York" (Paris, 1868), which is filled from cover to cover with the products of long and patient observation, keen penetration, and reflection, but is deformed and debased by some monstrous misrepresentations, says, "Pour connaître au fond le caractère du peuple américain, il ne faut pas des semaines, il ne faut pas des mois; il faut des années." (Page 498.)

Mr. Matthew Arnold showed wisdom in one respect at least about America. He who, before he saw it, had undertaken to gauge and to characterize "America," after seeing it for some months, although only as a lecturer and a distinguished literator can see it, concluded that he had nothing to say that he was sure was worth saying. He may be confident of this: that, with all his doubts, his ignorance is far greater than he suspects. Mr. Henry

Irving would have done well to follow his example. His "Impressions" will doubtless be pleasant enough for him to write and for others to read. But what will they be worth? Absolutely nothing; because Mr. Irving's visit, unless it took some other form that that of a professional tour, could teach him nothing.[1]

Among our British visitors and critics Mr. Laurence Oliphant is conspicuous for common sense, for perception, for candor, and for some knowledge of his subject. He had the advantage of seeing the country and the people as they are, and without the deceptive effect of distorting influences. He was neither a lord nor a lecturer; and he lived here; how long I do not know, — I had not the pleasure of meeting him, — but long enough to learn something, and to understand what he learned. He treated us to some very pungent satire, — well deserved. It is

[1] Mr. Arnold has told a reporter that he will not write a book on America, because, though he has had a very pleasant visit, he is not sure that he has anything to say. This is an excellent reason, and we are surprised that it does not occur to more travelers in this country. . . . It requires pretty long and patient study of any people, or else an extraordinary amount of preparation and a genius for observation, to enable a traveler to tell the world anything really worth hearing. — *New York Evening Post*, March 10, 1884.

Mr. Matthew Arnold declared yesterday, just before sailing for England, that he did not intend to write a book about America. This statement indicates that Mr. Arnold's head is quite level; for the temptation to perpetrate books on the basis of fragmentary information and hasty views of people and countries seems quite hard to resist. Many writers of high standing have belittled themselves and their subjects by doing it. It is greatly to Mr. Arnold's credit that he knows how slight is the knowledge of the United States which he has been able to obtain during his short visit. — *New York Herald*, March 9, 1884.

not generally known, I believe, that the writer of those two papers in the "North American Review" of May and July, 1877, which professed to record the political impressions of a Japanese traveler, and which attracted much attention, was Mr. Laurence Oliphant. They showed that he could see the bottom of what he looked at. And yet Mr. Oliphant, when he comes to treat "American" character and manners concretely, and to put language into the mouths of "Americans," blunders sadly in simple matters. His "Irene Macgillicuddy" was correct only as to the merest surface traits, and as a human creature quite an impossibility, — in this country, at least. And so, too, at least in all their distinctive traits, were the otherwise charming "American" girls in his recent very clever novel, "Altiora Peto."[1] To show this is not here pertinent; but to remark upon the failure of this unusually well-equipped observer to represent the speech of "Americans" is proper to my present subject. Of the personage meant to be most characteristic in this respect, Hannah Coffin, it is only necessary to remark, in the words of a discriminating critic in the "New York Evening Post," that the young ladies "have with them a terrible old companion, or chaperon, named Hannah, who talks something between a Maine Yankee and Buffalo Bill." Hannah is an impossible personage, — in "America," at least; a grotesque; not even a caricature of any actual living thing; and her talk is a mon-

[1] Those who need no explanation of this ingenious title will pardon one for those who do. *Altiora peto* is Latin for "I seek higher things." It is the motto of the Oliphant family. But Peto is an old English name, which is found in Shakespeare's Henry IV.; and some of us remember Sir Morton Peto, who was here some years ago. Altiora is enough like a woman's name to be used for Mr. Oliphant's high-flying heroine.

strous gabblement, made up of perverted phrases of people who live thousands of miles apart. A woman who acted and who talked as she does would be a character, a show, a laughing-stock, in the remotest rural village in New England. And it is all the worse, so far as truthfulness of representation is concerned, that, owing to the writer's clear imagination and his humor, her character is full of *verve* and life.

When, in recounting a discussion of Highland costume between Stella and Ronald MacAlpine (whose identity with a well-known æsthetic lecturer is manifest), Mr. Oliphant writes, — "'What! leaving so much more of the limb bare?' Stella had still retained too much of the prejudices of her countrywomen to say 'leg,'" he is correct, except in the universality of his implied assertion; but when he afterwards makes Miss Coffin, as she is trying on a fashionable gown, exclaim, "My, now! if I ain't real uncomfortable about the legs!" he is not only incorrect and inconsistent, but shows that he has failed to apprehend the truth about this squeamish feeling. Mr. Edward Everett, reproving a pupil who startled the propriety of the lecture room by a blast upon the nasal trumpet, confessed that he himself did blow his nose "in the privacy of his own apartment;" but even there a Hannah Coffin would not have admitted to her young friends that she had legs. She could not have got further than "limbs." But Mr. Oliphant thus brings up a little point as to Americanism which has been discussed so much and for so long that it may as well now be settled.

That many Americans — even men as well as women, but not all — do say "limb," when good sense, good English, good taste, and good manners require that they should say "leg," is true. But the squeamishness is by no means distinctively "American." It may be found on the pages of many British writers. In a paragraph

before me from the "Saturday Review" (date unfortunately lost), criticising a statue of Phryne, the writer shrinks from "legs," even in regard to marble, and calls them "the lower limbs." A conspicuous and amusing example of this skittishness is found in the Shakespeare Glossary of that distinguished scholar and critic, Alexander Dyce. There has long been a question as to the meaning of Orlando's phrase "Atalanta's better part," in "As You Like It." Various explanations have been offered. I produced many passages to show that the intended "better part" of the beautifully formed and swiftly running Atalanta was what the "Saturday Review" called the lower limbs; but I did not use that euphemism. Whereupon, after recounting some of the explanations, although he is writing a critical note for the critical, Mr. Dyce, blushing and shrinking behind his paper, cannot bring himself even to suggest the idea by a periphrasis, but says, "Mr. Grant White's explanation of the lady's better part I had rather refer to than quote"![1] After that, I think that the pretense of any peculiar Americanism upon this point may well be given up.

In connection with this allegation, and in support of it, one assertion has been made, and made so frequently, through so many years, that it may as well be disposed of now and here, forever. It is that "the Americans" (the general term universally applied, as usual) are so exceedingly shamefaced that they put the very legs of their piano-fortes in trousers or pantalets. This ridiculous story was told long ago, in the Mrs. Trollope day; but I believe that it first appeared in Captain Basil Hall's book. Since that time it has pervaded British books and British newspapers. It has been one of the stock illustrations of "American" manners. I have seen it three

[1] Indeed, indeed, respected shade, I ventured upon no such explanation.

or four times within the last few months. Now it is true that in Mrs. Trollope's and Captain Hall's day most "American" housewives who then had piano-fortes did cover the legs of them. And yet the story, as it was told, and is told, is absurdly untruthful. About that time the legs of the piano-forte, which had previously been small, straight, square mahogany sticks, began to be highly ornamental, with fluting and carving. The instrument became the most elaborately made and highly prized piece of furniture in the drawing-room, or rather parlor; and in the careful housewifery of that day (which kept parlors dark, that the sun might not fade the carpet) it was protected, except on grand occasions, — "a party," or the like, — with a holland cover; and the legs, that they might not be defaced, were also covered with cylinders of holland. That is all. Tables and chairs and sideboards had legs also; but they were not covered, simply because they were not ornamental and easily injured. Moreover, at festive gatherings, when the room was filled with a mixed company, in which young women predominated, the trousers, the pantalets, — oh, horror! — were deliberately taken off the "lower limbs" of the instrument, which were then shamelessly exposed to the naked eye. And this is the truth of that matter, which has been left to be told at this late day. It is a characteristic and worthy exemplification of the ability of the British traveler to apprehend and to set forth the truth as to what he sees in "America."

Even when our British critics are men of more than common ability, and are soberly and judicially disposed, there seems to be some mental or moral twist in their natures which prevents them from rightly apprehending and comprehending what they do see and hear. Mr. George Augustus Sala shall furnish us with an example in point, very trifling and simple, and therefore the more

significant. In "Paris Herself Again" he mentions having "gone so far" as to ask on shipboard for "the American delicacy of [*sic*] pork and beans," and then this paragraph follows: —

"'It 's done, sir,' replied the steward, who was of Milesian descent. 'Yes,' I told him gently, 'I should like the pork and beans to be well done.' 'Shure [Why the *h* in this word? How does Mr. Sala pronounce *sure?* If he had used two *r's*, the reason would be plain], — shure, it 's through,' urged the steward. I was not proficient in transatlantic parlance, and bade him bring the dish through the saloon. 'I mane that it 's played out,' persisted the steward, in a civil rage with my stupidity, — 'that it 's finished, — that it 's clane gone.' He should have said at first that the pork and beans were gone, and then my Anglo-Saxon mind [How came a man named Sala with an Anglo-Saxon mind? It is quite easy to understand how he might have an English education] would have mastered his meaning." (Chap. xxxii.)

And Mr. Sala, who is generally, and I need hardly add, rightly credited with somewhat more than the average capacity of observation, could write that passage after having been twice in the United States, for some months at least at each visit! Any "transatlantic" boy would laugh at his blunder. The steward's speech, if it is correctly reported, would have been quite as incomprehensible to any "American" as Mr. Sala informs us it was to him. No such use of "through" is known in the United States; but the passage shows an entire misapprehension of a use of that word at table, which is common. No "American" says that a dish is through, meaning that it is all gone; but many "Americans" do say, unfortunately, when they have breakfasted or dined, that *they* are "through;" that is, that they have got through, finished, their breakfast or their dinner. In William

Black's clever little novel "A Beautiful Wretch," — the heroine of which, by the way, is one of his charming women, — two young men are at breakfast, and one says, —

"But that 's only her fun, don't you know ; she 's precious glad to get out of it, — that 's my belief ; and nobody knows better than herself he would n't do at all. Finished? Come and have a game of billiards, then." (Chap. ii.)

Here one of the transatlantic speakers whom Mr. Sala had in mind would have said, not "Finished?" but "Through? Come and have a game," etc. This trivial instance is characteristic of a common failure of apprehension in the British critic of "American" speech and manners.

Mr. Edmund Yates has also visited the States; on a lecturing tour, I believe. Exactly how long he remained here I do not know, but long enough, it would appear, to become a British authority upon things "American," and gain an experience which leads him to continue in England the lecturing of "the Americans," which seems not to have been completed in their country. Not long ago, in this vein, he stated that all that "the Americans" knew of Christmas they had learned from, or since, the publication of Dickens's Christmas stories. An amazing announcement! The Maryland descendants and representatives of the old Roman Catholic colony of Lord Baltimore, and the New Orleans natives of the same faith, will learn with some surprise that they owed to the Protestant heretic, Charles Dickens, the birth of the feeling which made Christmas to them a great and solemn festival. But it is not necessary to go to Southern and Roman Catholic commonwealths to find a refutation of this wildly ignorant assertion. There are thousands and tens of thousands of men yet living in New York, New

Jersey, Pennsylvania, and New England, who can remember that long before Dickens's first Christmas story was published, Christmas was the turning point of their childhood's year. It was *par excellence*, the one great family and social festival. They can hear yet the joyful Christmas anthem chanted in churches which were great bowers of evergreens; they remember the family gatherings, the somewhat oppressive nature of which was relieved by a dinner sweeter in the mouth than in the stomach on the next day. To all this, if I may be pardoned a personal recollection, I can testify. To this my father could testify; and he did tell me that the church, in Connecticut, in which he kept Christmas, of which my grandfather was rector, was not only decked with evergreens on Christmas Eve, but illuminated, and in so ample a style that the reliquary candles, extinguished at midnight, were an important perquisite of the sexton. This takes us back three generations in a country which, Mr. Yates informs his readers, learned Christmas-keeping from Charles Dickens! The truth is simply this: There has been in the United States, of late years, a much more nearly universal observance of this Christian festival than there was before. Of this there are two causes, Charles Dickens not being one of them: first, what has been called the "broad church movement," in consequence of which people of other denominations have gladly adopted, to a certain extent, the Christmas customs of the churches of England and of Rome; next, the conviction that we needed more of general holiday-keeping than we had in earlier times. These causes have come into their full operation necessarily since the publication of Dickens's Christmas stories, but not because of them: they were *post hoc*, but not *propter hoc*. The inference that they were so is exemplary of the nearness of approach by most British critics to truth as to things "American."

As to the reason of the misapprehension of American society by so large a proportion of even the better intentioned and more intelligent people in England, and as to the difficulty of setting them right on this point, Mr. Matthew Arnold has, in one of his Irish Essays, "The Incompatibles," a passage in point, and quite explanatory: —

"True, there are difficulties. One of the greatest is to be found in our English habit of adopting a conventional account of things, satisfying our own minds with it, and then imagining that it will satisfy other people's minds also, and may really be relied on. . . . The true explanation of any matter is therefore seldom come at by us, but *we rest in that account of things which suits our class, our party, our leaders, to adopt and to render current. We adopt a version of things because we choose*, not because it really represents them; and we expect it to hold good because we wish that it may."

In this passage the distinguished British critic has told how and why it is that "America and the Americans" have been so greatly and so mischievously represented by writers for the British public; why it is that, in the words of Lord Ronald Gower, "injustice has been dealt out" to New England in Old England "ever since the War of Independence." It is, as one of my correspondents avows, expressing more bluntly and more colloquially Mr. Arnold's thought, because "there 's a lot of people over here who don't want to believe" that any good can come out of "America," and above all any good of an English sort.

With much in mind of what I have now recounted, and with the memory of what I have heretofore called the fidgety desire of British writers on America, and of

British visitors (which I had had many opportunities of observing) to find in America something "genuinely American," and the memory also of what had been so long presented in the British public as the real American, it occurred to me to write a little burlesque sketch, in which a Yankee gentleman should play a practical joke upon a party of people in England, — people intelligent, well bred, kind-hearted, but as ignorant as I, and many others, had found such people there, — by introducing to them a highly-charged representation of the real American in whom they took so much interest, and in whom they found so much self-complacent entertainment. This sketch was intended at first to make only one article in the "Atlantic" magazine. But when I came to write it, I found that some machinery, some preparation, was necessary for the easy and probable introduction of my burlesque figure. Wherefore I planned the meeting with Lord Toppingham in the railway carriage (partly a reminiscence), and the discussion there, and the consequent invitation. But when this was done, I found that somewhat more was necessary for ease of movement and for probability's sake; and therefore I introduced the little scene at Boreham Hall, which I had not thought of until, as I was writing, I was brought face to face with the necessity of my story. This done for necessity, I used the railway and Boreham Hall to indicate seriously what I was afterward to illustrate jocosely. I expected and hoped for nothing more than that my British and "American" readers would enjoy a laugh with me, and that the former — some of them at least — would thank me, as many of them have thanked me, for telling them a little that they did not know about "America." That was all of "Mr. Washington Adams." But although my joke was understood and enjoyed by many, it was misunderstood and resented by some of my British critics, who,

to my great surprise, treated my personages seriously.[1] Wherefore it seemed to me that it would be well to go on, and to carry my merry trifle to a sober conclusion. All the more was I tempted to do this, because already I had found that my puppets had become to me much more than my purpose, and that I, at least, was personally interested in them.[2]

[1] In an apology I may interject that all this "international" literature, as it is called, is personally distasteful to me; and that I heartily wish that it might cease; which it would do at once if British writers, who began it, and who have kept it up by incessant nagging and sneering, and misrepresentation, would cease writing upon a subject that, judging by their manner, they, too, seem not to like. If they would but do this easy thing, they, from the writer of "A Word about America," down, might be sure that they would hear not another word on the subject. To me the very word international is distasteful; and I don't care a grain of oats whether the Derby is won by a horse owned by a Brown, a Jones, or a Robinson in Old York, or by one owned by a Brown, a Jones, or a Robinson in New York.

[2] The first one of Mr. Washington Adams's satellites who took shape in my mind was Captain Surcingle; and his name and that of his father tell the light jocosity of my purpose. In train with this, Lord Toppingham's name was first written Topsawyer, a "congruent epitheton" often heard in England, but rarely or never here. My mood sobering, however, I shunned this burlesque in a character which began to assume a shape that awoke my admiring recollections; and retaining the *Top*, I added the old Saxon terminations *ing* and *ham*. It was not until Margaret Duffield had been married a month or two that I accidentally discovered (in the course of researches upon another subject) that there was an old English family, Topping, and that there were representatives of it in New England and New York. Lord Toppingham is drawn in person and in speech from the British officer whom

The opinions which have been passed upon them thus far are strikingly diverse. It ill becomes me, as Dr. Johnson said, "to bandy compliments with my critics;" and I shall give my attention to writers and judgments of an opposite sort. Lord Toppingham, who has been found by some of them to be a very life-like person, is declared by others to be quite unlike an English nobleman. That he is unlike many members of his order, no one knows better than I do. But as all "Americans" are not alike, so also are all English peers. Lord Toppingham is an individual in a class, not a smooth uncornered type of a class. But I have met him more than once both in England and in "America." With him and with Captain Surcingle I have eaten and drunk, and talked, not only in their houses but in my own; I have walked and talked with them not only in English parks, and roads and lanes, but in country roads about New York, and in Broadway and in Madison Avenue. My portraits of them may be dull and spiritless; but as to their features, what they are, how they think, and what they say, I know that these are true. My British censors on this point must pardon me for saying that I am so sure upon it that I cannot doubt my truthfulness unless I have very good reason from very competent authority. If Lady Toppingham and Margaret Duffield, and their intimate friends, should tell me that Lord Toppingham and Captain Surcingle are not good portraits; if Lord Toppingham and Captain Surcingle should find the same fault with my pictures of the ladies, I should at least doubt the truthfulness of my representation. But to

I met on the Thames steamer (*England Without and Within*, chap. vi.). The original of Lady Toppingham in person and in manner may be found in chapter x. of the same book. The other personages at the Priory are mostly reminiscences; but for Margaret Duffield I had no model.

inferior authority I cannot, yet at least, succumb. The fact is, however, quite to the contrary. From critics of this ability, and with this right to speak, there have come to me only notes of approval on this score, whatever demurring there may be upon others.

That Mansfield Humphreys should meet the approbation of those British critics who, in the words of one of my correspondents, "don't want to believe" what he tells them, is not to be expected. They even shut their eyes against him for what he is, — a man of single nature, simple tastes, and strong feeling; one whose good breeding is so much a part of him, and has been so from his boyhood up, that he is unconscious of it, and assumes as matter of course that all others must be as considerate of him as he is of them, until he is stung into consciousness by intimations to the contrary, more or less delicately conveyed under the forms of social courtesy; a man who has for mere polish, and for mere arrogance of position, the disregard which mere polish and mere arrogance of position deserve, and who is moved to covert protest and decorous aggressiveness by a resentment of the wrong done to the society in which he was born and bred, by those whom he honors and even loves, — wrong which he sees has its triple origin in ignorance, prejudice, and a supercilious assumption of superiority. This simple, unpretending New England gentleman has had his attention arrested by what Lord Ronald Gower and my correspondent, M. C., call, in the words of the former, "the injustice we English have dealt out to our kinsmen ever since the war of Independence." Over this he has brooded somewhat; and being not free from human passion, nor even from human weakness, being a man who, with all his self-respect and his natural reserve, does not "lack gall to make oppression bitter," it has

become what he himself calls his "fad" — a good modern slang word which means something different from "hobby." His newly-married wife tells him with jocose exaggeration that he is "half daft" upon the subject. He would doubtless have been a somewhat more smoothly rounded and pleasant person to some of the "Britishers" who concern themselves about him, if he had been quite thoughtless of the wrong which is the spur to much of what he says, and to something of what he does or thinks of doing. But in that case there would have been no story. Nor, unless he had happened to meet, in Lord Toppingham, a man in whom intelligence, courtesy, and kindness of heart were united with ignorance and prejudice as to American affairs (as I, and I am sure many others, have found them united in England), would there have been the good-humored collision which brought about the invitation to the Priory, and the appearance there of Mr. Washington Adams. To compare infinitely great things with infinitely small, — King Lear's conduct when he first appears is absurd, almost ridiculous; Hamlet's conduct is not always defensible; and if he had not taken his father's murder and his own loss of the succession to the throne of Denmark so much to heart, he would have been found a much pleasanter person by those smoothly well-bred people Claudius, Gertrude, and Polonius; but otherwise, in either case, there would have been no tragedy. "Mamma," said a young lady, who, being nine years of age, had begun to write novels, "Mamma, are all the people in heaven perfect?" "Yes, darling." "What, all? quite perfect?" "Yes, darling." "O dear, dear! when I go there, how shall I write my stories?"

Mansfield Humphreys labors at first under the disadvantage of being a constant reproach in England to those whom he personally respects and likes, and who person-

ally respect and like him. Over this, however, with the candid and the generous, he and circumstances triumph. There are some, however, whom yet I would not willingly call uncandid and ungenerous, but rather strongly prejudiced and perverse, who resent his resentment of what Lord Ronald Gower calls injustice, and who feel that policy and their *metier* require them to deny to him, in one way or another, the position which that injustice has provoked him to assert, although with reluctance and a bitterness of soul which he cannot quite conceal. *Soit.*

With this explanation of his motives, his speech, and his conduct, let my puppet pass, now that he has played his little part. If Mansfield Humphreys is an underbred prig, uneasily conscious that he is assuming a position which does not belong to him by nature and by recognition of the society in which he was born and bred, nothing that I could say would help him to such a recognition anywhere. But if, on the contrary, he is a simple, unaffected gentleman, who has been stung into a not uncourteous manifestation of resentful consciousness of wrong, done to him and his by three generations of public insult and private insolence, that, too, will be discovered without my aid.

As I am writing an apology for my little book, however, it may not be uninteresting to those whose interest in its subject has given them the patience to follow me thus far, to explain the origin of the scenes of which his love for Margaret Duffield is the motive; and the origin, too, of the attitude which he takes, and of some expressions which he uses, in regard to that affair It will be observed that the objections of Margaret Duffield's guardians, and of Margaret herself, to marriage relations with him are not at all personal; but quite the contrary. Him they respect, admire, and warmly like; but he is

"an American." An expression used by him in his interview with Lord Toppingham on this subject is the key to the situation — that in which he refers to and resents the "sort of brevet rank of gentleman" which he says is accorded to "Americans" like himself in the social circles of his host. Now this phrase, in which is concentrated what might seem to the ignorant an underbred personal touchiness, is not of his making, nor is the distinction which it implies one of his imagining. The phrase was put into his mouth, the distinction into his mind, by an English gentleman (one whom I have reason to respect and to like), who volunteered to step forward in the discussion of this subject, and to set forth this phrase and insist on this distinction, and to do this not in England, but bluntly to "Americans" in a Boston newspaper.

Soon after the publication in the "Atlantic" magazine (June and July, 1883) of the first parts of this little story, some one kindly sent me a copy of the following letter which appeared in the "Boston Saturday Evening Gazette" of June 2, 1883. Before receiving it I had determined to carry my hero (if I may venture to call him so) to an end of his adventure like that which befell him; and this letter, which I found was written by a gentleman who had a right to speak upon its subject, determined the course of the latter part of my story. I knew from my own observation in England that this "Real Englishman" told the simple truth; and his letter (written wholly in ignorance of what I had done) is much better worth reading than anything that I could write upon the same subject.

LINCOLNSHIRE, ENG., *May* 8, 1883.[1]

Editor of the Saturday Evening Gazette: —

Mr. Henry James is in an unfortunate position. Not only has he been too long away from the States to remember or learn the truth about those American customs and manners he satirizes, but he is also not sufficiently acquainted with English ideas to represent our "points of view" correctly. The fact is that in England the springs of opinion are too traditional and lie too deep for any one not born with them to grasp them rightly. The forces which operate most powerfully in this country are never paraded; they are so inherent here that Englishmen take them as natural to all, and never insist on them in words. This is particularly true of the English conception of social rank, our ideas of which can never be really plain to an outsider. This is due, in some measure, to the *custom of giving all Americans and foreigners the brevet rank of "gentleman"* while they are visiting the Old Country, provided only that they are ordinarily presentable. Many Americans think that, because Englishmen of high rank occasionally marry Americans, our aristocracy is losing its old exclusiveness. But this arises from a radical misconception of English views as to marriage. A peer in England may marry any presentable girl without loss of position, because she takes his rank and becomes absorbed into the "great house" of which he is the head. But let an American gentleman, however rich and distinguished, seek to marry a daughter of such a family, and he would find himself, unless he occupied a very high place in the government or diplomatic service of his country, ranked far beneath the poorest and least distinguished member of a "good English family." . . .

Mr. Howells, whose novels are much read in England, has said somewhere that Americans could not "believe any English nobleman took his rank seriously." If Mr. Howells were to mix with the best society over here (and it would receive him very graciously as a distinguished author), he would

[1] I suppress a more particular date of this letter, for the protection of the writer.

not only find that peers and heads of old families take, and are given, their rank very "seriously," but would also discover that Englishmen consider want of social rank the most serious of drawbacks. Unless a man is of good birth here, and has received a public school or university training among his equals, he must go very high before "society" will notice him at all. There are plenty of men in England with incomes under $1,500 (£300) a year who, owing to their connections with "good" families, rank socially before any millionnaire not so connected, and know people whom he can never know. . . .

The knowledge of all these things forms "points of view," but those who merely visit or reside in England for a while see little of this, because Englishmen do not judge Americans by their own standards, or wish to impose their own social laws on strangers, besides being too well-bred to point out their differences of rank to outsiders. Americans should be carefully aware that the only English "point of view" is that taken by Englishmen born and bred, and should smilingly disregard the criticisms on themselves which visitors to our country put in our mouths. We Englishmen have too genuine a respect for America, and wish too well to her great republic, to offer any insulting remarks on her manners and culture, believing, as we do, that her future will disappoint all those who are envious of her by its unforeseen successes.

I have the honor to be, yours, faithfully,

A Real Englishman.

That is very plain speaking; and although it is not in the least lacking in considerateness or even in kindliness, it leaves no ground of misunderstanding or loop-hole of escape. It will be seen that Mansfield Humphreys' phrase is not that of a self-conscious and over-sensitive "American," but that of "a Real Englishman," and one who, I have reason for believing, regards the New Englander as a gentleman, not by brevet, but thoroughly, in the English sense of the word. This plain-speaking coun-

sellor of his Boston friends makes but one mistake, I think, in the course of his letter: — the regarding official or diplomatic position in an "American" suitor as an advantage. He has, I fear, less knowledge on that point than on others. How often must our British cousins be told that they should not regard public position in the United States as any evidence of stability of position, or eminent merit, or respectability of character? And here let me say as to the reluctance of my heroine's guardian that she should be married to an "American," I can understand it, and even sympathize with it. It seems to me not at all unnatural or unreasonable that an Englishman of his social position should prefer to see a ward or a daughter married to a man in his own society with five hundred pounds a year rather than to an American merchant or speculator with fifty thousand dollars a year, however agreeable his person or irreproachable his character. Upon this point there can be no doubt that "A Real Englishman" told the simple truth.

But as to the origin of my satirical *libellus*, and the purpose of it, and the need, there is more to be said by others, as well as by myself, and the others are in England, friends, mere acquaintances or entire strangers. Among the first is the writer of the following letter who, like Lord Ronald Gower, is an Eton boy, a Cambridge scholar, a peer's son, and was a member of Parliament. It will be seen that what he says is much to the purpose; he is speaking of the Edinburgh "Mr. Washington Adams":—

—— Club, London, 10*th Oct.*, '83.

. . . I saw the little book at a railway station, and, of course, bought it at once. I read it with infinite amusement; for I knew how true it was, and I knew as well how much the information that it gave was needed. But all at once it flashed on me, where you got your idea of it. Am I not right? — our talk in your New York park years ago — fifteen

years — in that pretty wild nook at the upper end. I 'm sure of it; for I remember my saying to you about some very pleasant people we had met that they and people like them were not real Americans; and I remember your grave smile and the little lecture that you then kindly gave me, which, under your direction, I found to be all true. When I left America I was a wiser if not a better man, at least about America; and I owed no little of my wisdom to the manner of observation that you taught me then. But if I remember right, you did n't put it to me quite so strongly, nor say anything about Botany Bay and Australia[1] — that 's a very strong point, our separation from our remote colonies and your connection territorially with yours. America, as we think of it, includes your Australia, your India, your Canada, your New Zealand. . . . I 'm very glad you 've done this thing; but good-humored as your laugh is, you must n't be surprised at being pitched into; for there 's a lot of people here who *don't want* to believe any good about America, and above all don't want to believe than an American can be like an English gentleman. . . .

Faithfully yours, H. H.

The publication in Edinburgh of the first two chapters of the book, which only the writer of this letter had seen, was entirely at the suggestion and request of the publisher, with whom I had had no previous communication, and who proposed it because he thought that it would be the means of diffusing some useful and much-needed information. Innocent bit of pleasantry as it was, and written with a kindly feeling which I am sure is apparent, it was made the subject of animadversion in a well-known London periodical, some of which was of such a nature that a particular examination of it may be not

[1] No; but I thought it quite proper to mingle what had been said to me, and what I had said on one occasion, with what had passed on another like occasion.

without profit, or perhaps even without interest. The little book seems to have disturbed the digestion, and certainly to have deranged the intellect, of the critic. He has even been wholly unable to apprehend its purpose. "It is meant," he says, "to give, so far as it goes, an essentially accurate picture of what English society actually is." This is amazing. Such a picture its writer had, indeed, endeavored to paint in a previous book, which has been found by some British critics almost too flattering. The purpose of "Mr. Washington Adams," on the contrary, was solely to give to the many British readers of "The Atlantic" some information (as simply and baldly true as that two and two are four) about "America and the Americans," which, as its intelligent and enterprising Edinburgh publisher saw, was really much needed by a very considerable part of the British public. That the ignorance thus assumed does really exist, even among many of the most cultivated, best bred, and most estimable members of that society, no one acquainted with it can doubt. Moreover, that booklet has already brought to the writer thankful confessions of this, of which the following extract from a letter from a gentleman of liberal politics, and of much better acquaintance with "America" than most of his countrymen, is a specimen: —

KENSINGTON SQUARE, W. LONDON, *September* 22, 1883.

. . . Mr. Washington Adams has given both my wife and myself much amusement and a considerable amount of knowledge. Not that I will plead guilty to the ignorance of some of the characters; but I should not like to be cross-examined either on the geography or the peculiarities of the United States. You are no doubt right in pointing out that the New Englanders and the Virginians *are* the real Americans. We have formed our opinions from Dickens and the appalling floods of so-called American humoristic literature. We know rather less of American geography than of European

The continent looks no larger on a map than does France; and hence, perhaps unconsciously, we people the American continent with a fair sprinkling of the type of Mr. Washington Adams, — though I hardly think any one could suppose that an Eastern type.[1]

Until quite lately few English have visited America. Your own compatriots (I can neither say fellow-subjects nor fellow-countrymen), who travel in Europe, are mostly of the inferior class, although rich enough, most of them; but I hope that increasing intercourse will lead to a juster appreciation of your ever-changing continent.

Believe me truly yours, etc., A. H.

A few lines from another quarter may show that there were people in England who could see that the point of the little story was not turned only against society in that country, — loved and honored by its writer.

—— —— Essex, *October* 28, 1883.

. . . I read it with some enlightenment and amusement. Of course W. A. is intentionally exaggerated in order to cast extreme ridicule upon the ignorance of our best people, who, by your account, only recognize an American in a brute of such tremendous proportions.

I hope your account of the political, judicial, and monetary corruption of your people is also overcharged. Our stock ex-

[1] My correspondent has here very surely touched upon the cause of much of the strange geographical misapprehension of the United States which prevails in England. I turned to a popular London geography (the "Victoria"), and in this found that on the maps England, Scotland, and Ireland were *each* represented in as large a figure as the whole United States, which extend 1,500 miles from north to south and 2,500 miles from east to west; and in the same book even Canada is represented on a scale which makes the island Newfoundland cover as much space, to the eye, as all the Eastern, Northern, and Middle States!

change, bad as it is, — so bad that we are out and out ashamed of it, — is not so bad as that. Our political corruption is a comparative trifle ; and the judicial bench is as pure as any mere human institution can be. And what a cruel cut that is when you make W. A. complain that he is not allowed to fire his pistol across the park ! " Th'r ain't no libberty here. *You 've allers got to be thinkin' baout somebody else.*" But I remember the " Saturday " [Review] remarking upon something of the same sort in " England Without and Within."

Yours always truly,

C. M. I.

Not to weary my readers or deploy my correspondence further, I will merely remark that these letters are examples characteristic of some dozen that I have received upon the same subject, all of which, with one exception, acknowledge the information received from the visitor to Toppington Priory.

On one or two special points the critic referred to takes exceptions, as to which it may be well that he should be put to his purgation. One of these is that a man of Lord Toppingham's rank and breeding is represented as dropping his final *g*'s in *ing* and the *r* in words like *pardon*. The language of the personages in Mr. Washington Adams was put into their mouths from my own observation ; but for it there is the best British authority. " Punch " is not without such talk by such people ; and it could not otherwise be faithful. For example, " Punch," September 6, 1873. Scene, a pastry cook's : a governess, with her young masculine charge, —

" *Lord Reginald.* Ain't yer goin' to have some puddin', Miss Richards ? It 's so jolly.

" *Governess.* There again, Reginald ! *Puddin'*, — *goin'* — *Ain't yer !* That 's the way Jim Bates and Dolly Maple speak ; and Jim 's a stable-boy, and Dolly 's a dairy-maid.

" *Lord Reginald.* Ah ! but that 's the way father and

mother speak, too! And father 's a *duke*, and mother 's a *duchess!* So, *there!*"

And again, the same volume, under the heading, "Fragment of Fashionable Conversation:" Scene, a first-class railway carriage: —

"*Little Swell* No. 1. Huntin', to-day," etc.

Indeed, the point is indisputable. There is no more authoritative observer upon this subject than Mr. Alexander Ellis, F. R. S., etc., the eminent author of the great work on English Pronunciation; and he represents (Part iv., p. 1211), no less a person than Professor Jowett, Master of Baliol College, Oxford, as saying in one of his lectures "*attachin' 'imself to 'im*," instead of "attaching himself to him." All this, however, is probably, as I have already conjecturally indicated in "England Without and Within," but a relic of the good usage of a not remote past.

As to the dropped *r*, the same high authority (Mr. Ellis) records the following examples (*Idem*, pp. 1212, 1213): Dr. Hooper, President of the British Association, said "*eitha, neitha, undataken*" (for either, neither, undertaken); a peer, "*obse'ving, brighta, conve'sant, direc'ta, pa'cels*" (for observing, brighter, conversant, director, parcels); certain professional and commercial men, "*futsha, boa'd, rema'ks*" (for future, board, remarks). [I look only to the consonants, and ask Mr. Ellis's pahdon, if I have thus misrepresented his vowel sounds.] This point may be dismissed without further consideration. But I admit with pleasure that I never heard a well-born, well-bred person in England say "yer" for *you;* possibly "Mr. Punch" might suggest, because the range of my social observation stopped one grade below the ducal rank.

Lady Boreham and the society at Boreham Hall seem chiefly to afflict this critic. He appears to resent as a

personal insult this slight passing glimpse of one limited variety of life in England; and although it is a mere link, a coupling between the first and the second parts of the little sketch, only an incidental bit of machinery to make the rest work together, he devotes most of his attention to it, and will have it that the Boreham people are set forth as "*the* English," just as the Washington Adams's have been held up for half a century in England as "*the* Americans." He is woful because Lady Boreham is represented "almost exactly as the French caricature Englishwomen." The coincidence is remarkable, and somewhat significant; for I have never been in France; and I have seen very few French caricatures of English people, except those in Gavarni's "London," in which I remember no such figure as Lady Boreham. She is as exact a picture as I could make, in the little time and space that I could give to her, of a sort of woman who is not very uncommon in England, but to whom this little sketch portrait is my first and only reference. I grieve that my reviewer takes her so sorely to heart; and if he really believes that she was presented as the typical Englishwoman, I sympathize with him warmly. For I do not say here for the first time how charming I found the sex in England, whatever their rank or condition. But is it not permitted to hint that there is one woman in England who is not absolute in feminine charm? And have our British friends become so sensitive, are their mental integuments so excoriated, that they cannot have it said that there is one household in England which is characterized by dull respectability? Truly it makes a difference when, the name being changed, of thee the fable is narrated. My critic seems, as he read, to have taken off his skin and sat in his nerves.

One grievance heavily alleged is that this lady "drops all her *h*'s;" this being done in a way that conveys a no-

tion that her speech is the representative English speech of the book, — an old and not very admirable device of injurious criticism. Moreover, the assertion is absolutely untrue. If I had so represented Lady Boreham's speech, I should have been guilty of deliberate slander. The truth is that she, the least important of the little array personages that appear, speaks just six times! In only one instance does she utter more than a dozen words! She uses words beginning with *h* only eleven times in all; and all of these, every one, she aspirates, just as the other personages do, except two, *home* and *hotel!* Now, if any general assertion may be safely made as to English-speaking in England, it is that only a very few among the highest bred and most thoroughly educated persons say *home* and *hotel*. A man who is so precise in his aspirations as to say *h*umor (which thirty years ago no one said), will yet say *'otel* always, and *'ome* whenever the the word is preceded by a consonant. With the exceptions made above, even the women, whose speech, in almost all conditions of life, it is worth a voyage to hear, say *'ome* and *'otel*.[1]

[1] It is worthy of remark that many persons do not perceive peculiarities in pronunciations to which they are accustomed. A little experience which I shall relate illustrates this point, and also another, — made by Lord Ronald Gower. During a summer trip on the Rhine a party of ladies and gentlemen, old and young, among whom I had friends, met and formed a traveling acquaintance with a similar British party. They did not take to them particularly, but did not wish to seem "offish." Two or three of the latter party thought it proper to be critical of things "American," particularly on the subject of language; and although they could find no occasion of reproach in the speech of these Yankees, they would frequently themselves use some slangish or slovenly phrase, or some uncouth pronunciation, with the addition "as you

My critic, however, makes one admission which atones for all his misrepresentation, intentional or unintentional. He says that my friend Humphreys, in his masquerade, "deliberately makes a beast of himself." I don't agree with him any more than Lady Toppingham does, or my correspondents do. Humphreys merely showed the company at the Priory a concentrated representation of certain rude, grotesque forms of life. But the personage which he "disfigured or presented" is not new to the British public; on the contrary, he is a very old acquaintance indeed. He is merely the man who has figured on their stage, in their fiction, in their serial literature, in their illustrated books, for more than half a century as "the American;" and my reviewer thus admits that during that time British authors and journalists and artists (see "Punch" *passim*) have been presenting "the Americans" to their world as — beasts. The word is his, not mine. With Phèdre I can say *C'est toi qui l'as nommé*. He has fully justified Mansfield Humphreys.

One point which ought not to be passed over is the queer notion that those "Americans" who are more or less without what are regarded in England as "American" peculiarities are "Europeanized Americans;" feeble imitations of English or other European originals; persons who have laid aside their national costume, mental, moral, and physical, and indued themselves with the ill-

Americans say," and a little laugh. This had gone on for two or three days, until finally the oldest lady of the company, touched once more by "as you Americans say," allowed herself to be provoked into replying, "Madam, your kind criticisms would have more effect if you could speak English yourselves. There 's not one of your party that can say such a simple English word as *home*." "'Ome, can't say 'ome! Why, we always say 'ome." "Yes, I see you do;" was the reply, and the subject was dropped.

fitting habits of a foreign people. This has been not a little insisted upon of late by certain British critics, who were, however, anticipated by Mansfield Humphreys. They are altogether wrong; as a highly esteemed, although personally unknown, correspondent also is, who makes much the same suggestion in the following letter, written after reading the little Edinburgh *brochure*: —

QUEEN'S GATE, S. W., LONDON, *September* 28, 1883.

. . . From it I gather that you think that the best type of Americans and Englishmen resemble each other so as to be almost indistinguishable; which is not my own experience. Even after years of London society, London tailors, and dressmakers, the American friends with whom I have had the pleasure of associating are no more English than they are Dutch. I do not see why we should wish to confuse ourselves with each other. Variety is pleasing; and it will be enough if by contact we borrow or learn from each other the best, not the worst, habits. . . . To grow an old English gentleman requires time and peculiar circumstances, as to grow an oak, — it cannot be done in a hurry, or in a light soil.

Believe me, yours faithfully, C. M. B.

My fair correspondent, to agree with whom I cannot doubt would be a pleasure, must allow me to say that here she is much from the purpose on every point. I am far from denying that time and peculiar circumstances are required for the production of a gentleman in England, and from implying that it can be done in a hurry or in a light soil; so far, that it seems to me that the production of a gentleman requires time and favorable circumstances in any country. The difficulty with my correspondent, and those whom she represents on this point, is that, from lack of knowledge, they assume that "America" is exceptional in this regard. Better acquaintance with the subject would also teach her that these "Americans" who are "almost indistinguishable" from Englishmen are

not, or are very rarely, those whose externals have been moulded by years of London society, London tailors, and dressmakers; the mention of which made me smile, so very different a sort of "American" did it suggest from that which I had in mind. Nor was that sort confined to the "best type of Americans," if by best is meant cultivated, highly educated, traveled. Mr. Matthew Arnold (who so strongly insists upon urbanity of tone in literature, and justly, unless in self-defense against unprovoked attack) in that sneer of linked sweetness long drawn out, "A Word about America," quotes with relish the descriptive phrase of a Boston writer, who describes certain Americans as "skipping backwards and forwards over the Atlantic." The "Americans" for whom Mansfield Humphreys speaks, although in these days it could hardly be but that some of them should have visited Europe, are not of that sort. Before the days of ocean steamers these "Americans" were just what they are now; and then not one in a thousand of them had crossed the Atlantic. If I could go into detail, I could specify, within my own acquaintance, more than twenty such who have been and are constantly (not to mention hundreds who might be) taken as a matter of course, without words or thought, as England-born by intelligent and observant persons, themselves England-born and bred. One of these, a gentleman now well in years, who has been engaged in trade all his life, who has never been outside of Sandy Hook, who has had very little intercourse with even those of our British cousins who come here, and in that little has been so unfortunate that he dislikes them, is spoken to always by those whom he does meet, with the quiet assumption that he and they are countrymen as well as of English race, and this when they have had for days the opportunity of observing and talking with him. I have seen Yankee and British artisans,

Yankee and British shop-girls, side by side, and have found my friends from England unable, by their own confession, to distinguish the one from the other until they spoke; and then the shibboleth was not a twang from one, but the maltreatment of *h* by the other. There is no greater evidence of want of knowledge on the subject than the assumption that the former is as common in "America" as the latter is in England. I feel safe in saying this because it is to me the most unpleasant sound produced by human creatures. The slightest vibration of it would mar for me the utterance of wisdom, or the announcement of coming happiness. In my boyhood I heard it so rarely that the rarity made me sensitive to it, and I therefore speak with confidence. There are families who are without it; and who have always been without it. There are circles of society in which its singularity would make it an obtrusive offense. But strange to say, there are also some families to be found of which half a dozen, or half a score, will show no trace of it, and one will have it so strongly as to offend the rest. The manner in which this unlovely sound is produced is easily explained; but the reason for it seems past conjecture, and above all why it is so very much more common here than in England. But the most aggressive and unpleasant exhibition of this peculiarity of speech that I ever heard was from an Englishman who had, in their most pronounced form, all British prejudices and habits.

European critics should dismiss this notion of the Europeanized American from their offensive armory. The people whom they call "Americans" are not the product of "America." There are no physical traits or habits of speech which are of American origin. A little reflection will show that there could not be. Those which are called American show merely the accidentally imperfect

or perverted development, in a certain numerous class, of English traits and English habits. "Americans" are merely a people who are, and who for two hundred and fifty years have been, Europeanizing America. This they have done with various degrees of imperfection, in various parts of the country; but in a very numerous class of individuals and families nothing of their original traits or habits has been lost, nor has anything more than the merest surface variation been contracted.[1] Even in those who are, or who fancy that they are, most strongly "American" in feeling, the ideal of character and of life is an English ideal. Nor is this anything new or consequent upon European travel. Very few "Americans" — too few — see much of England. They go to Europe to "have a good time," and that they find more easily attainable on the continent.[2]

This English ideal of life, consciously or unconsciously, prevailed fifty years ago as it does now. How could it be otherwise? Then nineteen twentieths of them were English by race; and their habits of mind, of speech, and of conduct were formed, as they are yet formed, by English literature. A very large proportion of them fail, as, from various causes, it is inevitable that they should fail, in attaining their ideal. But leaving emigrants, the children of emigrants, and the frontiersmen of the Far West

[1] Perhaps I may well remind some of my readers that I am here speaking of, and have all along been considering, only the people of the original thirteen States, and their descendants, now scattered through thirty-seven; and not of foreigners or their children.

[2] If by this process there is produced a creature *sui generis* who must or may be called the Europeanized American, with him also I have no concern, and little sympathy; perhaps because I have not yet seen the continent of Europe except from Dover cliff.

out of consideration, and confining our view to the moderately well to do and well educated people of all other sorts, it is beyond dispute or doubt, that if every man should act and speak as his friends wish that he should act and speak, every man would act and speak like a well-conducted Englishman in his condition of life. Although they might shrink from the confession in words, the defects in his conduct and in his speech would be merely in his shortcomings of that standard. Nor could it be otherwise without an eradication of all the instincts of race, and a nullification of all moral and social influences. A new word or a new phrase cannot come into use in England sufficiently to appear in literature, even colloquially, without its becoming speedily familiar to all educated persons in the United States.[1] The key to this whole

[1] Quite recently I saw in a London weekly paper a citation of the use of "cad" and "fad" as evidences of affectation consequent upon Europeanization. Only the next day I heard them both used by a very young man, furiously "American," who had never been in England, and who had just returned from a sojourn of five years in the Far West. But he was an educated gentleman, and he used these words as unconsciously as he used any others. They are used frequently by such novelists as Anthony Trollope, Charles Kingsley, and Mrs. Oliphant, and others of their class, whose books have a hundred readers in the United States for one that they have in Great Britain. They come into general use here just as they come into general use there, for the same reasons and by the same processes.

I have seen also a doubt expressed as to the propriety of Mansfield Humphreys' exclamation, "My stars and garters!" As to which it is only to be said that I hear it every day, and have heard it in my family and among my friends from my boyhood up; just as I hear and have heard, "mad as a hatter" (of which I don't know the origin or the meaning), and "make a spoon or spoil a horn," which I also find

problem is the fact, a denial of which by a sane man I cannot conceive possible, that "Americans" are not the product of America, but Europeans who are living in America. A perfectly well-bred "American" must have the manners of a perfectly well-bred Englishman, modified only by the absence of the influence of established rank. Theoretically this seems undeniable; in fact it will be

in *The Way we Live Now*. As well carp at these as at "cad" and "fad," and "in the swim." So, too, I hear every day children speaking of pennies, although there has not been a penny in circulation here for more than half a century; and one is told (in the humbler quarters of New York) that the price of a thing is "a shillin'" or "two shillin'" (a shilling being 12 or 12½ cents), although such a coin as a shilling (even the Spanish real, called a York shilling), has been unknown here for more than a generation; yet I find even in a newspaper published in Leadville (in the Rocky Mountains, fifteen hundred miles from New York and not ten years old) this shilling price advertised. The grocers in New York always sell sugar (neither they nor their customers know why) at such or such a price for seven pounds; the reason being that seven pounds is half a stone. Lord Ronald Gower tells of Lady Palmerston saying "*Me* dear, you are cutting *me* leather case," and of her pronouncing gold, *gould*, china, *cheeny*, and lilac, *layloc*. This is just what middle-aged men in New England and New York heard in their childhood from old people, the contemporaries of Lady Palmerston. If these critics (on both sides of the ocean) would but remember that men are English or French whether they like it or not, and that when,

> Rejecting all temptations
> To be born of other nations,

they are of English race, although they may declare themselves independent of the British government, and maintain their declaration, they cannot make themselves independent of their English blood and their English brains.

confirmed by observation. As to language there is but one and the same standard in both countries, the normal speech of the most cultivated society in England. Those who fail to attain this, either in pronunciation or in phrase, merely — fail. Those who attain it do not do so by any exoteric process of "Europeanization." The notion of a distinctive American literature is a mere *ignis fatuus*. Literature is a product of race and of language, not of soil and political institutions.[1]

Politically, municipally, however, and therefore to a certain degree socially, there is something — a condition, a process, an influence, one or all — which may be called Americanization. Nor it seems to me can any observant and thoughtful man be without some sympathy with those of our British cousins who, Liberal as well as Conservative, look with apprehension upon a possible Americanization of their institutions. The problem presented to them by the present tendencies of society and politics in England is a perplexing one. That the movement will and must be more or less strongly, more or less quickly, toward liberalism, that is toward what is called democracy, few will venture to dispute. But even such an advocate of democracy and equality as Mr. Matthew Arnold wishes to have this done without Americanization. In his essay on "Democracy" — a notable one both for breadth of view and subtlety of thought, and yet for unmistakable signs of the blindness that comes of ignorance — he says: —

"In other words, and to use a short and significant modern expression which every one understands, what influence may help us to prevent the English people from becoming *Americanized?*"

and again: —

"The course taken in the next fifty years by the middle

[1] No new notion. See *National Hymns*, 1861.

classes of this nation will probably give a decisive turn to its history. If they will not seek the alliance of the State for their own elevation . . . that will not prevent them probably from getting the rule of their country for a season, but they will certainly *Americanize* it. They will rule it by their energy, but they will deteriorate it by their low ideals and their want of culture."

Mr. Arnold and the Liberals whom he represents would have "equality," and that "expansion," and that "progress" about which he writes with such serious elegance, without having the inevitable consequences of equality, of expansion, and of that sort of progress which accompanies them. Equality, social and political, means simply — equality; and you cannot have social and political equality without having all men socially and politically equals. But when in a people numbering between twenty and fifty millions, whether East or West of the Atlantic, all men have not only equal protection of their rights by the law, but actually the same rights, political and other, and when every man's vote counts one and no more, to spend time and words in showing that political power will fall into their hands who form the most numerous of the classes and conditions of such a people, and that they will use that power, not for the best interests of the nation, not even for their own highest interests, but for their present profit, would be burning candles in daylight. Now this is precisely what has happened in "America." This it is to Americanize the institutions of a country. Mr. Matthew Arnold himself says, in his essay on "The Future of Liberalism:"—

"A class of men may often itself not either fully understand its own wants, or adequately express them; but it has a nearer interest and a more sure diligence in the matter than any of its proctors, and therefore a better chance of success. Let the agricultural laborer become articulate, let him speak

for himself. In his present case we have the last left of our illusions, that one class is capable of properly speaking for another, answering for another; and it is an illusion, like the rest."

Just what Mr. Arnold asks for has happened in "America." We have swept away the illusion that one class is capable of speaking properly for another; the agricultural laborer has become articulate, and speaks for himself; not only he, but every other laborer; not only every laborer, but every man. The result brought about within fifty years is that condition of politics and society which Mr. Arnold dreads and stigmatizes under the name Americanization. This process may be briefly described as the introduction of the worship of one god; not the god of Abraham, nor, perhaps of Isaac, but certainly the god of Jacob — self. It is the making of selfishness a religion. The result of the democracy and the equality that Mr. Arnold pleads for with so much earnestness and so much ability is, that the great mass of so-called "Americans" — some of them rich, most of them comfortable, some of them poor, but consisting (whether of the old stock or of the new-comers from Europe) of those who elsewhere would be politically inarticulate — look upon the world and all the things and thoughts in it, not omitting, but on the contrary very earnestly including, politics, with the single eye of self-interest, — self-interest of the barest and most material kind. The first question that they ask about any proposed change political or social is the dollar question. Perhaps it would be well for Mr. Arnold and his friends to consider and see whether these "Americans" are in this respect notably different from the corresponding classes in England? The next question that they ask is as to how it will affect them socially, how it will help or hinder them in "getting on." And perhaps a like comparison to that just suggested

might here be made with advantage. With these two questions their inquiry stops. Hence a single-eyed pursuit of personal profit by all means within the law (and sometimes without it); hence a lack of reverence for everything but money and its possessors; hence the degradation of politics to a trade, pursued for profit by tricks and "machinery;" hence legislative corruption unequaled in the present day, however it may be as to the past; hence the violation of trust in affairs to such a degree that it seems, sometimes, as if it were a regular course of business; hence in the very young a coarse selfishness of tone accompanying a notably good-natured mildness of manners.

Mr. Arnold, erring through ignorance, like most of his countrymen, even 'varsity men like himself, whether of the higher class or the superior middle class, supposes that the Americanism of society and of politics which he and they so dread comes of an original lack in "America" of anything better. He says, "In America perhaps we see the disadvantages of having social equality before there has been any such high standard" [as in England] "of social life and manners formed."

Here is the great and essential error which is a constant factor in the general British judgment of "American" society; an error which is blindly fostered by those who most dread Americanization. For the fact is that what they call Americanism in society (including politics) is the result of a deterioration, certainly accompanying, if not consequent upon, that democracy, equality, and expansion which Mr. Matthew Arnold advocates. No man who has passed forty and who remembers the old people of his childhood, whose characters and whose manners were formed before democracy and emigration set in, would think of expressing a doubt as to this deterioration, which, it should be remarked, accompanies an un-

precedented diffusion of education, and also an increase of higher education. A thoughtful correspondent of the New York "Tribune," in the course of a communication headed "Does Education Educate," says: —

"I don't say the young folks are not smart or ambitious. They have lost little in these respects, if anything. But I do say that they used to have some manners and that they have none now, and this I think, though I may be wrong, is a really serious change for the worse. More than this, their want of manners seems to grow out of an indifference to anybody but themselves, which is painful to see in children, and I am sorry to say that this indifference increases as they grow older. We were brought up to think much of others and little of ourselves. We were taught to reverence our elders even when they were strangers. We were made to repress and restrain ourselves, and given to understand that the world was not our heritage, but that we had to deserve and earn before we could enjoy and possess.

"It is all different now. Every boy and girl thinks he or she has a perfect right to look out for Number One alone, and this brings bad results. And the worst comes when childhood has passed and the generation so brought up is settling down."

In the course of a leading article ("How we Prepare our Successors") upon this communication, the "Tribune" (March 23, 1884) remarks: —

"Undoubtedly that method of training children which aims at smoothing their path so effectually that they learn nothing of self-sacrifice, self-repression, or deference to the wishes of others, must tend to cultivate in them the lowest forms of selfishness, must educate them in the belief that their individuality is of supreme importance, and must by consequence unfit them for the proper performance of those social and domestic duties which demand reciprocal surrenders at every step. The child who has been brought up without discipline, whose parents have indulged his every caprice, in

whom the spirit of reverence has never been awakened, will be an offensive egotist, intolerant of contradiction in any form, and incapable of making any allowances for those who are brought in contact with him. Such children there are at the present day, beyond doubt, and the future prepared for them cannot be either happy or prosperous. . . .

"The attempt to dispense with the homely Christian virtues which our ancestors prized and practiced has in fact not been successful. We have imported into our civilization a barbaric selfishness, an inflexibility of character which prevents harmonious assimilation, and an irreverence which gives fresh force to the materialism of the age, and which comes in aid of all the disintegrating and demoralizing agencies in operation."

The very first step necessary to the learning what Americanization (*i. e.*, democracy, equality, and expansion) means and leads to is the full recognition of this fact of the existence in "America" a generation or two ago, and before that time, of what Mr. Matthew Arnold calls "a high standard of life and manners" (upon which he insists so constantly that his note, even to those who love it, begins to be a little monotonous), and that this standard was very widely recognized and conformed to. To be convinced of this Mr. Arnold has only to think of the first President, and the second, of the United States; men who in their training represented large classes. George Washington was born and brought up in a little house like a small farm-house in England, and he was by profession and by occupation a land-surveyor. Yet his character and his manners were such that he has been jocosely, but not inaptly, called "Sir Charles Grandison in regimentals." Nor had John Adams in his youth the advantages and opportunities accompanying even the most moderate wealth, or of any particularly fortunate social position, and he was inferior, if inferior, in character and manners only, to his predecessor. Mr. Arnold is

hardly able to compare, as I have compared, the private correspondence of "American" families of that period with the collected and published private letters of contemporary people of rank in England; but let him compare the published letters of John Adams and his wife with, let us say, the Lady Suffolk correspondence, and tell us frankly which is the more admirable, which, particularly, is the superior in tone.

No, there is no way of uniting equality with the rule of the best, or expansion with the selecting influence of exclusiveness. If our British friends, however, must make some change, and wish, as I should wish in their place, to do it without Americanization, let them in their changing shun: —

First of all, — a paid legislature; the unavoidable consequences of which are, that politics become a trade, and that trading politicians must surely soon become corrupt: next, — the caucus, which places the management of politics entirely in the hands of professional politicians, who manage them in their own interest: next, — manhood suffrage, which, by making every man articulate, makes the halls of legislature vocal with the speeches and the votes of venal legislators: next, — frequent elections and changes in office, which serve ends of professional politicians, keep up petty political excitement with no higher purpose than the struggle for office, and divert the attention of people from other and better affairs: last, not least, — an elective judiciary, the absurdity and the evils of which need not be pointed out to any reasonable, observant man. In a community so pure and so intelligent that its judges may be safely elected, judges are not needed. Let them shun these changes in their political constitution, and do what else they will, they may dismiss all fear of the Americanization of their society and their politics.

Hitherto — until the appearance of the younger active

generation — the "American" has been, except in a few isolated places, only a kind of Englishman; in the older States mostly an Englishman of a very true and respectable sort in all conditions of life, the humbler as well as the higher. In his best development, among those of whom Washington, John Adams, Franklin, Hamilton, Quincy, Irving, John Quincy Adams, Prescott, Wendell Phillips, Motley, Sumner, Hawthorne, Longfellow, and others of like grade, were mere examples raised by talent and by circumstances into conspicuity, he was well able to bear unprejudiced comparison with any others of his race. It could not be otherwise. No volition of the individual, no choice of place where his mother should be when he was born, no calling him American, Virginian, or Yankee can make man other than he is by blood, and by the influence of laws, of religion, and of literature.

The question is interesting, whether this is to continue, whether the "American" will always be a more or less perfect or imperfect sort of Englishman. The probability seems to be that this will continue for a very long time. Community of blood cannot be eradicated. Community of language, of literature, of religion, and of moral standards, — the great shaping social forces, will continue, and will increase rather than diminish. The influence which for many generations has been almost wholly on the side of the elder nation has now become mutual. The political spirit, the literature, even the art, of the younger are producing a visible effect upon the elder. Mutual respect and consideration, notwithstanding the adverse efforts of the prejudiced and the small-minded on both sides, are beginning to be manifested by two communities in which individuals have never ceased to have strong bonds of sympathy and friendship. Intercourse is becoming year by year more frequent and more intimate. Each will hereafter take on more the likeness

of the other. Culture will develop in the "American" the best qualities of his inherited nature.

Emigration, however, is a factor in this problem which must be largely allowed for in the consideration of any but the immediate future. And thus far emigration has, in this respect had little effect, although it has been unprecedented in the history of the world; unless we rate as emigrations those outgoings of the swarms of the Aryan peoples from their hidden hive, which have resulted in the formation of the great Indo-European nations. But emigration will spread as well as increase. The men in Europe who raise cattle, but eat no meat; who grow corn for others, to fill their own bellies with husks; who make wine for tables at which they may serve but cannot sit; who are cold and hungry in winter, and hot and hungry in summer; who are a countless multitude constantly illustrating Vergil's *Sic vos non vobis*, but who pay taxes and bear arms; these men, and the women who more than share their privations and their toils, will come in multiplying thousands to the country where there is food for the hungry and freedom for the oppressed. If knowledge of the plenty and the liberty of this land were general in Europe, and ability to remove were equal to knowledge, there are countries there which would be left almost as bare of their human product as the country of the Angles was by that armed emigration which made Britain England.

Thus far there has been little intermixture between the emigrants and "Americans" of the old stock; and this is notably the case in the humbler walks of life. Nor have they thus far mingled much socially with each other. Irish associate with Irish, and Germans with Germans. Marriages between members of the two races do of course take place; but they are so rare, in comparison to the numbers of the two respectively, that their blending effect is inappreciable. There are isolated com-

munities of Scandinavians in the North West. Of Hebrews we have enough to re-Judaise Palestine. Italians have begun to pour in upon us. The Chinese cannot be excluded; nor will they all return to the Celestial Empire. Of negroes we have millions. Thus far, however, all these are socially isolated. Their children call themselves "Americans," and show the effects, not always the most admirable, of the atmosphere into which they have been transplanted; but they are still in blood, in mental and in moral traits, what their fathers were. It is only in name, and in some habits of life, that they are "American."

This cannot continue forever. There must come a time when all will be intermingled, — Anglo-Saxon, Celt, Teuton, Scandinavian, Hebrew, Mongol, Negro; and then indeed there will be a people that may be rightly called "American." But then "American" will mean simply "man." Generations must pass away, yes, centuries become a part of our scrap of measured eternity, before this can be accomplished; but in the "America" of that hereafter the blood of all the races of the earth will have converged from its dispersion, to unite in the veins of an English-speaking, English-thinking people; and when the real American does appear, he will be of no race whatever, but simply an unmitigated human creature — Man. There are possibly some natures which are large enough, and loose enough, to rejoice at the prospect of this obliteration of race distinctions; but I am so uncosmopolitan, so narrow-minded, and so toughly egoistic, that I shrink from this absorption of my proper people into the great ocean of humanity, with a dread kindred to that with which I contemplate the resolution of my own individuality into the elements; although a heaven that is for all may lie beyond.

R. G. W.

PUBLISHERS' NOTICE.

THE first three chapters of this book, having been published in Edinburgh in 1883 under the title "MR. WASHINGTON ADAMS IN ENGLAND," elicited criticisms of which the first two here following are fair examples, and upon the second of which the third is significant comment.

[*From the London Freeman.*]

"Mr. Washington Adams" is one of the raciest and wittiest "importations" we have received from America for a long time. Mr. White has shown in previous works how accurately he has observed our English scenery and customs. He is, too, a skillful artist, whose pictures are full of life and color, while his judgment of men and things is sound and discriminating. His present venture, however, reveals other characteristics. The vein of fine sentiment which runs throughout his works is here lighted up with broad, genial humor. His burlesque is inimitable and his sarcasm trenchant. The main purpose of his story is to expose the shallow and ignorant ideas of American life and character which prevail (we can scarcely say throughout England, but) among the upper classes of England. Lord Toppingham is no doubt a typical character; so, too, are the occupants of Boreham Hall. The manner in which Humphreys contrives to send to Toppington Priory a specimen of a "real Ameri-

can" is delightfully amusing. The caricature of American life, which in this country is too often taken for the real thing, is singularly effective, and we can enjoy the veiled indignation with which the writer resents the absurd mistakes which are so frequently made on a point on which we should be better informed. If the author laughs at us, we have certainly exposed ourselves to his ridicule, and his resentment does but prove that he has the old English blood in his veins.

[*From* Sir Lepel Henry Griffin *in the Fortnightly Review.*]

"Mr. Washington Adams in England," a novel by Mr. R. G. White, amusingly reviewed last October in the *Saturday Review,* is as good an illustration as could be found of the worst type of American critic, — ignorant and presumptuous, — who, from the internal evidence of his book, could never have crossed the ocean, discussing English life and manners. It is some consolation to find that Mr. White does not reserve his thunders for a subject of which he knows nothing.

[*From the Saturday Review, July* 30, 1881.]

Mr. Richard Grant White's "England Without and Within" is in pleasant contrast to various books which have been written by Englishmen about America as well as by Americans about England. Mr. White was received with that cordial hospitality which both English and Americans are prompt to show one another. He had introductions to the best society of the mother country. . . . The general result of his visit seems to be a somewhat enthusiastic admiration of the best characteristics of Englishmen and Englishwomen. According to Mr. White, a thoroughbred English gentleman is about the finest type of cultivated humanity.

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